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THE SPEAKER'S GARLAND

EDITED BY

PHINEAS GARRETT

COMPRISING 100 CHOICE SELECTIONS
Nos. 9, 10, 11 and 12

VOLUME III

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Speaker's Garland, No. 3.

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No. 9.

SINCERITY THE SOUL OF ELOQUENCE.—GOETHE.

How shall we learn to sway the minds of men
By eloquence?—to rule them, or persuade?—
Do you seek genuine and worthy fame?
Reason and honest feeling want no arts
Of utterance, ask no toil of elocution!
And, when you speak in earnest, do you need
A search for words? Oh! these fine holiday phrases,
In which you robe your worn-out commonplaces,
These scraps of paper which you crimp and curl
And twist into a thousand idle shapes,
These filigree ornaments, are good for nothing,—
Cost time and pains, please few, impose on no one;
Are unrefreshing as the wind that whistles,
In autumn, 'mong the dry and wrinkled leaves.
If *feeling* does not prompt, in vain you strive.
If from the soul the language does not come,
By its own impulse, to impel the hearts
Of hearers with *communicated power*,
In vain you strive, in vain you study earnestly!
Toil on forever, piece together fragments,
Cook up your broken scraps of sentences,
And blow, with puffing breath, a struggling light,
Glimmering confusedly now, now cold in ashes;
Startle the school-boys with your metaphors,—
And, if such food may suit your appetite,
Win the vain wonder of applauding children,—
But never hope to stir the hearts of *men*,
And mould the souls of many into one,
By words which come not native *from the heart!*

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT.

England's sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kiss'd the forehead of a man and maiden fair,
He with step so slow and weakened, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with sad bowed head, and thoughtful, she with lips so cold and white,
Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its walls so dark and gloomy,—walls so dark, and damp, and cold,—
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew strangely white,
As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her young heart
Like a thousand gleaming arrows—like a deadly poisoned dart;
"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old, I will not miss it; girl, the Curfew rings to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her heart's deep centre, Bessie made a solemn vow;
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew—Basil Underwood *must die.*"
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew *must not* ring to-night!"

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man coming slowly, paths he'd trod so oft before;

Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro:
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying: "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell;
See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now—
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with sudden light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck below;
There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung to and fro;
And the half-deaf Sexton ringing (years he had not heard the bell,)
And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's funeral knell;
Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating—"*Curfew shall not ring to-night.*"

It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hundred years before
Human foot had not been planted; and what she this night had done,
Should be told in long years after—as the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires with heads of white,
Tell their children why the Curfew did not ring that one sad night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie saw him, and her brow,
Lately white with sickening terror, glows with sudden beauty now;

At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised and torn:
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad and worn.
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes with misty light;
"Go, your lover lives!" cried Cromwell; "Curfew shall not ring to-night."

ELOCUTION.—N. H. GILLESPIE.

A great deal has been said and written on the subject of Elocution. Authors and teachers have furnished excellent rules for pronunciation and the correct modulation of the voice; they have explained the nature and use of stress, volume, pitch, slides, inflections, and all the other elements which enter into correct reading and speaking.

This drill, however, though very useful and even necessary to a successful cultivation of the art of speaking, will never make an elocutionist. It may render a man a good mimic or imitator, but that is all.

To become an elocutionist in the true sense of the word, one must learn to do what Dr. Johnson declared was done by Garrick, the celebrated actor. When asked his opinion of the reputation attained by that wonderful interpreter of Shakspeare, he replied; "Oh, sir, he deserves everything he has acquired, for having seized the soul of Shakspeare, for having embodied it in himself, and for having expanded its glory over the world!" Yes, herein lies the secret of elocution: one must seize the soul of the author whose thoughts he would reproduce: he must embody that soul in himself, making it a part of his own being, and then he will speak with that forcible eloquence which alone deserves the name of elocution.

It is quite evident that if a man does not fully comprehend the meaning of the author whom he wishes to reproduce, he cannot, with any degree of precision, present the thoughts of that author to his hearers. Hence, the first step toward good speaking consists in mastering the thoughts,—the meaning—involved in the piece to be rendered. This is

accomplished by a careful analysis of the author's work, noting the logical connection of ideas, and determining the object which the author had in view when he wrote the piece in question. This is the first step, but by no means the most important.

Having ascertained the meaning of the author, the next and most important step is, as Dr. Johnson has it, to seize and embody in one's self the soul of the author. This is accomplished by studying carefully the character of the man, ascertaining his peculiarities, his habits of thought, his natural disposition and temper—in a word, the tone of his mind.

Then comes the last step, which consists in putting one's self in that man's place, creating in one's self, for the time at least, a tone and habit of thought similar to his, and striving to feel as he most likely felt while writing, or as he would probably feel were he to deliver orally what he had written.

Thus prepared, and "worked up" into the spirit of the author, the speaker may fearlessly come forward, and feel perfectly confident that with ordinary speaking ability he will express forcibly the thoughts of the author. And this is true elocution.

THE BACHELORS.

The naturalists say that these singular creatures
Are alike in their habits, their form, and their features;
The Benedicks think that their senses are small,
Whilst women affirm they have no sense at all,
But are curious compounds of very strange stuff,
Inflexible, hard, and exceedingly tough:—
The old ones have wigs, and the young ones have hair,
And they scent it, and curl it, and friz it with care,
And turn it to dark should it chance to be fair.

They are ramblers and wanderers, never at home,
Making sure of a welcome wherever they roam;
And every one knows that the Bachelor's den
Is a room set apart for these singular men—
A nook in the clouds, perhaps five by four,
Though sometimes, indeed, it may be rather more—
With skylight, or no light, ghosts, goblins, and gloom,
And every where known as the Bachelor's Room.

These creatures, 'tis said, are not valued at all,
Except when the herd give a Bachelor's ball;
Then dress'd in their best, in their gold-broidered vest,
'Tis allowed, as a fact, that they act with much tact,
And they lisp out, "How do?" and they coo and they sue,
And they smile for awhile, their guests to beguile,
Condescending and bending, for fear of offending:
Though inert, they expect to be pert, and to flirt,
And they turn and they twist, and are great hands at whist;
And they whirl and they twirl—they whisk and are brisk,
And they whiz and they quiz, and they spy with their eye,
And they sigh as they fly,
For they meet to be sweet, and are fleet on their feet,
Pattering, and flattering, and chattering—
Spluttering, and fluttering, and buttering—
Advancing, and glancing, and dancing, and prancing,
And bumping and jumping, and stumping, and thumping—
Sounding and bounding around and around,
And sliding and gliding with minuet pace—
Pirouetting, and sitting with infinite grace.

They like dashing and flashing, lashing and splashing,
Racing and pacing, chasing and lacing;
They are flittering and glittering, gallant and gay,
Yawning all morning, and lounging all day;
Love living in London, life loitering away
At their clubs in the dubs, or with beaux in the rows,
Or, what's propera, at the opera,
Reaching home in the morning—fie! fie! sirs, for shame—
At an hour, for their sakes, I won't venture to name.

But when the bachelor-boy grows old,
And these butterfly days are past—
When threescore years their tale have told,
And the days are wet, and the nights are cold,
And something more is required than gold
His heart to cheer, and his hearth uphold—
When, in fact, he finds he's completely sold,
And the world can grumble, and women can scold—
His sun setting fast, and his tale being told,
He then repents at last!

When he, at length, is an odd old man,
With no warmer friend than a warming-pan,
He is fidgety, fretful, and frowsty—in fine,
Loves self, and his bed, and his dinner, and wine;
And he rates and he prates, and reads the debates,
And abuses the world, and the women he hates,
And is cosing and prosing, and dozing all day,
And snoring, and roaring, and boring away;

And he's huffy, and stuffy, and puffy, and snuffy,
And musty, and fusty, and rusty, and crusty;
Sneezing, and wheezing, and teasing, and freezing,
And grumbling, and fumbling, and mumbling, and stumbling;
Falling, and bawling, and crawling, and sprawling,
Withering, and dithering, and quivering, and shivering
Waking, and aching, and quaking and shaking,
Ailing, and wailing, and always bewailing,
Weary, and dreary, and nothing that's cheery,
Groaning, and moaning, his selfishness owning;
And crying, and sighing, while lying and dying,
Grieving and heaving, though naught he is leaving
But wealth and ill health, and his pelf, and himself.

Then he sends for a doctor to cure or to kill,
With his wonderful skill,
And a very big bill,
All of which is worth nil,
But who gives him offense, as well as a pill,
By dropping a hint about *making his will;*
For the game's up at last,
The grave die is cast,
Never was fretful antiquity mended—
So the lonely life of the bachelor's ended.
Nobody mourns him, nobody sighs,
Nobody misses him, nobody cries;
For whether a fool, or whether he's wise,
Nobody grieves when a bachelor dies.

Now, gentlemen! mark me, for this is the life
That is led by a man never bless'd with a wife;
And this is the way that he yields up his breath,
Attested by all who are in at the death.

WE SHALL KNOW.—Annie Herbert.

When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read Love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray,
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away,—
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

If we err in human blindness
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that hides away,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away,—
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the silvery mist has veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day,
Never love nor blame unduly,
If the mists were cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the mists have risen above us,
As our Father knows his own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known;
Love, beyond the orient meadows,
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we bide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away.
We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
When the Day of Light is dawning,
And the mists have cleared away.

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

She stood at the bar of justice,
A creature wan and wild,
In form too small for a woman,
In features too old for a child,

For a look so worn and pathetic
Was stamped on her pale young face,
It seemed long years of suffering
Must have left that silent trace.

"Your name," said the judge, as he eyed her
With kindly look yet keen,
"Is Mary McGuire, if you please sir,"
"And your age?"—"I am turned fifteen."
"Well, Mary," and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read,
"You are charged here—I'm sorry to say it—
With stealing three loaves of bread.

"You look not like an offender,
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me,
Are you guilty of this, or no?"
A passionate burst of weeping
Was at first her sole reply,
But she dried her eyes in a moment,
And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you just how it was, sir,
My father and mother are dead,
And my little brother and sisters
Were hungry and asked me for bread.
At first I earned it for them
By working hard all day,
But somehow times were bad, sir,
And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment;
The weather was bitter cold,
The young ones cried and shivered—
(Little Johnny 's but four years old;)—
So, what was I to do, sir?
I am guilty, but do not condemn,
I *took*—oh, was it *stealing?*—
The bread to give to them."

Every man in the court-room—
Gray-beard and thoughtless youth—
Knew, as he looked upon her,
That the prisoner spake the truth,
Out from their pockets came kerchiefs,
Out from their eyes sprung tears,
And out from old faded wallets
Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study—
  The strangest you ever saw,
As he cleared his throat and murmured
  Something about the *law*.
For one so learned in such matters,
  So wise in dealing with men,
He seemed, on a simple question,
  Sorely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him or wondered,
  When at last these words they heard
"The sentence of this young prisoner
  Is, for the present, deferred."
And no one blamed him or wondered
  When he went to her and smiled,
And tenderly led from the court-room,
  Himself, the "guilty" child.

ODE FOR DECORATION DAY.

HENRY PETERSON.

Bring flowers to strew again
With fragrant purple rain
Of lilacs, and of roses white and red,
The dwellings of our dead, our glorious dead!
Let the bells ring a solemn funeral chime,
And wild war-music bring anew the time
  When they who sleep beneath
  Were full of vigorous breath,
And in their lusty manhood sallied forth,
  Holding in strong right hand
  The fortunes of the land,
The pride and power and safety of the North!
It seems but yesterday
The long and proud array—
But yesterday when ev'n the solid rock
Shook as with earthquake shock,—
As North and South, like two huge icebergs, ground
Against each other with convulsive bound,
And the whole world stood still
  To view the mighty war,
  And hear the thunderous roar,
While shocted lightnings wrapped each plain and hill.

Alas! how few came back
From battle and from wrack!
Alas! how many lie
Beneath a Southern sky,
Who never heard the fearful fight was done,
And all they fought for won.
Sweeter, I think their sleep,
More peaceful and more deep,
Could they but know their wounds were not in vain,
Could they but hear the grand triumphal strain,
And see their homes unmarred by hostile tread.
Ah! let us trust it is so with our dead—
That they the thrilling joy of triumph feel,
And in that joy disdain the foeman's steel.

We mourn for all, but each doth think of one
More precious to the heart than aught beside—
Some father, brother, husband, or some son
Who came not back, or coming, sank and died,—
In him the whole sad list is glorified!
"He fell 'fore Richmond, in the seven long days
When battle raged from morn till blood-dewed eve,
And lies there," one pale, widowed mourner says,
And knows not most to triumph or to grieve.
"My boy fell at Fair Oaks," another sighs;
"And mine at Gettysburg!" his neighbor cries,
And that great name each sad-eyed listener thrills.
I think of one who vanished when the press
Of battle surged along the Wilderness,
And mourned the North upon her thousand hills.

Oh! gallant brothers of the generous South,
Foes for a day and brothers for all time,
I charge you by the memories of our youth,
By Yorktown's field and Montezuma's clime,
Hold our dead sacred—let them quietly rest
In your unnumbered vales, where God thought best!
Your vines and flowers learned long since to forgive,
And o'er their graves a 'broidered mantle weave;
Be you as kind as they are, and the word
Shall reach the Northland with each summer bird,
And thoughts as sweet as summer shall awake
Responsive to your kindness, and shall make
Our peace the peace of brothers once again,
And banish utterly the days of pain.

And ye! O Northmen! be ye not outdone
In generous thought and deed.
We all do need forgiveness, every one;
And they that give shall find it in their need.

Spare of your flowers to deck the stranger's grave,
Who died for a lost cause—
A soul more daring, resolute, and brave
Ne'er won a world's applause!
(A brave man's hatred pauses at the tomb.)
For him some Southern home was robed in gloom,
Some wife or mother looked with longing eyes
Through the sad days and nights with tears and sighs,—
Hope slowly hardening into gaunt Despair.
Then let your foeman's grave remembrance share;
Pity a higher charm to Valor lends,
And in the realms of Sorrow all are friends.

Yes, bring fresh flowers and strew the soldier's grave,
Whether he proudly lies
Beneath our Northern skies,
Or where the Southern palms their branches wave!
Let the bells toll and wild war-music swell,
And for one day the thought of all the past—
Of all those memories vast—
Come back and haunt us with its mighty spell!
Bring flowers, then once again,
And strew with fragrant rain
Of lilacs, and of roses white and red,
The dwellings of our dead.

BUCK FANSHAW'S FUNERAL.—Mark Twain.

Somebody has said that in order to know a community, one must observe the style of its funerals and know what manner of men they bury with most ceremony. I can not say which class we buried with most eclat in our "flush times," the distinguished public benefactor or the distinguished rough—possibly the two chief grades or grand divisions of society honored their illustrious dead about equally; and hence, no doubt, the philosopher I have quoted from would have needed to see two representative funerals in Virginia before forming his estimate of the people.

There was a grand time over Buck Fanshaw when he died. He was a representative citizen. He had "killed his man," not in his own quarrel to be sure, but in defense of a stranger beset by numbers. He had kept a sumptuous saloon. He had

been the proprietor of a dashing helpmeet, whom he could have discarded without the formality of a divorce. He had held a high position in the fire department, and had been a very Warwick in politics. When he died there was great lamentation throughout the town, but especially in the vast bottom-stratum of society.

On the inquest it was shown that Buck Fanshaw, in the delirium of a wasting typhoid fever, had taken arsenic, shot himself through the body, cut his throat, and jumped out of a four-story window and broken his neck, and, after due deliberation, the jury, sad and tearful, but with intelligence unblinded by its sorrow, brought in a verdict of "death by the visitation of Providence." What could the world do without juries!

Prodigious preparations were made for the funeral. All the vehicles in town were hired, all the saloons were put in mourning, all the municipal and fire-company flags were hung at half-mast and all the firemen ordered to muster in uniform, and bring their machines duly draped in black.

Now—let us remark in parenthesis—as all the peoples of the earth had representative adventurers in the Silverland, and as each adventurer had brought the slang of his nation or his locality with him, the combination made the slang of Nevada the richest and the most infinitely varied and copious that had ever existed anywhere in the world, perhaps, except in the mines of California in the "early days." Slang was the language of Nevada. It was hard to preach a sermon without it, and be understood. Such phrases as "You bet!" "Oh, no I reckon not!" "No Irish need apply," and a hundred others, became so common as to fall from the lips of a speaker unconsciously—and very often when they did not touch the subject under discussion and consequently failed to mean anything.

Regretful resolutions were passed and various committees appointed; among others, a committee of one was deputed to call on the minister—a fragile, gentle, spiritual new fledgling from an eastern theological seminary, and as yet unacquainted with the ways of the mines. The committee-man, "Scotty" Briggs, made his visit.

Being admitted to his presence, he sat down before the clergyman, placed his fire-hat on an unfinished manuscript sermon under the minister's nose, took from it a red silk handkerchief, wiped his brow, and heaved a sigh of dismal impressiveness, explanatory of his business. He choked and even shed tears, but with an effort he mastered his voice, and said, in lugubrious tones:

"Are you the duck that runs the gospel-mill next door?"

"Am I the—pardon me, I believe I do not understand."

With another sigh and a half sob, Scotty rejoined:

"Why you see we are in a bit of trouble, and the boys thought maybe you'd give us a lift, if we'd tackle you, that is, if I've got the rights of it, and you're the head clerk of the doxology works next door."

"I am the shepherd in charge of the flock whose fold is next door."

"The which?"

"The spiritual adviser of the little company of believers whose sanctuary adjoins these premises."

Scotty scratched his head, reflected a moment, and then said:

"You ruther hold over me, pard. I reekon I can't call that card. Ante and pass the buck."

"How? I beg your pardon. What did I understand you to say?"

"Well, you've ruther got the bulge on me. Or maybe we've both got the bulge, somehow. You don't smoke me and I don't smoke you. You see one of the boys has passed in his checks, and we want to give him a good send off, and so the thing I'm on now is to roust out somebody to jerk a little chin-music for us, and waltz him through handsome."

"My friend, I seem to grow more and more bewildered. Your observations are wholly incomprehensible to me. Can you not simplify them some way? At first I thought perhaps I understood you, but I grope now. Would it not expedite matters if you restricted yourself to categorical statements of fact unincumbered with obstructing accumulations of metaphor and allegory?"

Another pause and more reflection. Then Scotty said:

"I'll have to pass, I judge."

"How?"

"You've raised me out, pard."

"I still fail to catch your meaning."

"Why, that last lead of your'n is too many for me—that's the idea. I can't neither trump nor follow suit."

The clergyman sank back in his chair perplexed. Scotty leaned his head on his hand, and gave himself up to reflection. Presently his face came up, sorrowful, but confident.

"I've got it now, so's you can savvy," said he. What we want is a gospel-sharp. See?"

"A what?"

"Gospel-sharp. Parson."

"Oh! Why did you not say so before? I am a clergyman—a parson."

"Now you talk! You see my blind, and straddle it like a man. Put it there!"—extending a brawny paw, which closed over the minister's small hand and gave it a shake indicative of fraternal sympathy and fervent gratification.

"Now we're all right, pard. Let's start fresh. Don't you mind me snuffling a little, becuz we're in a power of trouble. You see one of the boys has gone up the flume—"

"Gone where?"

"Up the flume—throw'd up the sponge, you know."

"Thrown up the sponge?"

"Yes—kicked the bucket—"

"Ah—has departed to that mysterious country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

"Return? Well I reckon not. Why, pard, he's *dead!*"

"Yes, I understand."

"Oh, you do? Well, I thought maybe you might be getting tangled some more. Yes, you see he's dead again—"

"*Again!* Why, has he ever been dead before?"

"Dead before? No. Do you reckon a man has got as many lives as a cat? But you bet he's awful dead now, poor old boy, and I wish I'd never seen this day. I don't want no better friend than Buck Fanshaw. I know'd him by the back; and when I know a man like him, I freeze to him—you hear *me*. Take him all round, pard, there never was a bullier man in the mines. No man ever know'd Buck Fanshaw to go back on a friend. But it's all up, you know; it's all up.

It ain't no use. They've scooped him!"

"Scooped him?"

"Yes—death has. Well, well, well, we've got to give him up. Yes, indeed. It's a kind of a hard world after all, ain't it? But, pard, he was a rustler. You ought to seen him get started once. He was a bully boy with a glass eye! Just spit in his face, and give him room according to his strength, and it was just beautiful to see him peel and go in. He was the worst son of a thief that ever draw'd breath. Pard, he was on it. He was on it bigger than an injun!"

"On it? On what?"

"On the shoot. On the shoulder. On the fight. Understand? *He* didn't give a continental—for *any*body. *Beg* your pardon, friend, for coming so near saying a cuss word—but you see I'm on an awful strain in this palaver, on account of having to cramp down and draw everything so mild. But we've got to give him up. There ain't any getting around that, I don't reckon. Now if we can get you to help plant him—"

"Preach the funeral discourse? Assist at the obsequies?"

"Obs'quies is good. Yes. That's it; that's our little game. We are going to get up the thing regardless, you know. He was always nifty himself, and so you bet you his funeral ain't going to be no slouch; solid silver door-plate on his coffin, six plumes on the hearse, and a nigger on the box, with a biled shirt and a plug hat on—how's that for high? And we'll take care of *you*, pard. We'll fix you all right. There will be a kerridge for you; and whatever you want you just 'scape out, and we'll tend to it. We've got a shebang fixed up for you to stand behind in No. 1's house, and don't you be afraid. Just go in and toot your horn, if you don't sell a clam. Put Buck through as bully as you can, pard, for anybody that know'd him will tell you that he was one of the whitest men that was ever in the mines. You can't draw it too strong. He never could stand it to see things goin' wrong. He's done more to make this town peaceable than any man in it. I've seen him lick four greasers in eleven minutes, myself. If a thing wanted regulating, *he* warn't a man to go browsing around after somebody to do it, but he would prance in and regulate it himself. He warn't a Catho-

nie; but it did'nt make no differenee about that when it eame down to what a man's rights was—and so, when some roughs jumped the Catholic boneyard and started to stake out town lots in it, he went for 'em, and he cleaned 'em too! I was there, pard, and I seen it myself."

"That was very well, indeed—at least the impulse was—whether the act was entirely defensible or not. Had deceased any religious convictions? That is to say, did he feel a dependence upon, or aeknowledge allegianee to a higher power?"

More refleetion.

"I reekon you've stumped me again, pard. Could you say it over once more, and say it slow?"

"Well, to simplify it somewhat, was he, or rather, had he ever been eonnected with any organization sequestered from seeular eoneerns and devoted to self-saerifice in the interests of morality?"

"All down but nine—set 'em up on the other alley, pard."

"What did I understand you to say?"

"Why, you're most too many for me, you know. When you get in with your left, I hunt grass every time. Every time you draw, you fill; but I don't seem to have any luck. Let's have a new deal."

"How? Begin again?"

"That's it."

"Very well. Was he a good man, and—"

"There—I see that; don't put up another ehip till I look at my hand. A good man says you? Pard, it ain't no name for it. He was the best man that ever—pard, you would have doted on that man. He eould lam any galoot of his inches in America. It was him that put down the riot last eleetion before it got a start; and everybody said that he was the only man that could have done it. He waltzed in with a trumpet in one hand and a spanner in the other, and sent fourteen men home on a shutter in less than three minutes. He had that riot all broke up and prevented nice befo.e anybody had a ehance to strike a blow. He was always for peaee, and he would *have* peace—he eould not stand disturbanees. Pard, he was a great loss to this town. It would please the boys if you could chip in something like that and

do him justice. Here once when the Micks got to throwing stones through the Methodist Sunday-school windows, Buck Fanshaw, all of his own notion, shut up his saloon, and took a couple of six-shooters and mounted guard over the Sunday-school. Says he, 'No Irish need apply.' And they did'nt. He was the bulliest man in the mountains, pard; he could run faster, jump higher, hit harder, and hold more tangle-foot whiskey without spilling it than any man in seventeen counties. Put that in, pard; it'll please the boys more than anything you could say. And you can say, pard, that he never shook his mother."

"Never shook his mother?"

"That's it—any of the boys will tell you so."

"Well, but why *should* he shake her?"

"That's what I say—but some people does."

"Not people of any repute?"

"Well, some that averages pretty so-so."

"In my opinion, a man that would offer personal violence to his mother, ought to—"

"Cheese it, pard; you've banked your ball clean outside the string. What I was a-drivin' at was that he never *throwed off* on his mother—don't you see? No indeedy! He give her a house to live in, and town lots, and plenty of money; and he looked after her and took care of her all the time; and when she was down with the small-pox, I'm cuss'd if he did'nt set up nights and nuss her himself! *Beg* your pardon for saying it, but it hopped out too quick for yours truly. You've treated me like a gentleman, and I ain't the man to hurt your feelings intentional. I think you're white. I think you're a square man, pard. I like you, and I'll lick any man that don't. I'll lick him till he can't tell himself from a last year's corpse! Put it there!"

[Another fraternal handshake—and exit.]

The obsequies were all that "the boys" could desire. Such funeral pomp had never been seen in Virginia. The plumed hearse, the dirge-breathing brass bands, the closed marts of business, the flags drooping at half-mast, the long plodding procession of uniformed secret societies, military battalions and fire companies, draped engines, carriages of officials and citizens in vehicles and on foot, attracted mul-

titudes of spectators to the sidewalks, roofs and windows; and for years afterward, the degree of grandeur attained by any civic display was determined by comparison with Buck Fanshaw's funeral.

From "Roughing It."

ONLY SIXTEEN.

"When last seen, he was considerably intoxicated, . . . and was found dead in the highway."

Only sixteen so the papers say,
Yet there on the cold, stony ground he lay;
'Tis the same sad story we hear every day—
He came to his death in the public highway.
Full of promise, talent, and pride,
Yet the rum fiend conquered him—so he died.
Did not the angels weep over the scene?
For he died a drunkard—and only sixteen,—
Only sixteen.

Oh! it were sad he must die all alone;
That of all his friends, not even one
Was there to list to his last faint moan,
Or point the suffering soul to the throne
Of grace. If, perchance, God's only Son
Would say, "Whosoever will may come—"
But we hasten to draw a veil over the scene,
With his God we leave him—only sixteen,—
Only sixteen.

Rumseller, come view the work you have wrought!
Witness the suffering and pain you have brought
To the poor boy's friends. They loved him well,
And yet you dared the vile beverage to sell
That beclouded his brain, his reason dethroned,
And left him to die out there all alone.
What if 'twere *your* son instead of another?
What if your wife were that poor boy's mother,—
And he only sixteen?

Ye free-holders who signed the petition to grant
The license to sell, do you think you will want
That record to meet in the last great day,
When heaven and earth shall have passed away,

When the elements, melting with fervent heat,
Shall proclaim the triumph of RIGHT complete?
Will you wish to have his blood on your hands
When before the great throne you each shall stand,—
And he only sixteen?

Christian men! rouse ye to stand for the right,
To action and duty; into the light
Come with your banners, inscribed "Death to rum!"
Let your conscience speak. Listen, then, come;
Strike killing blows; hew to the line;
Make it a felony even to sign
A petition to license; you would do it I ween,
If that were your son, and he only sixteen,
Only sixteen.

THE YEAR THAT IS TO COME.

FRANCES DANA GAGE.

What are we going to do, dear friends,
In the year that is to come,
To baffle that fearful fiend of death
Whose messenger is rum?
Shall we fold our hands and bid him pass,
As he has passed heretofore,
Leaving his deadly-poisoned draught
At every unbarred door?

What are we going to do, dear friends?
Still wait for crime and pain,
Then bind the bruises, and heal the wound,
And soothe the woe again?
Let the fiend still torture the weary wife,
Still poison the coming child,
Still break the suffering mother's heart,
Still drive the sister wild?

Still bring to the grave the gray-haired sire,
Still martyr the brave young soul,
Till the waters of death, like a burning stream,
O'er the whole great nation roll,
And poverty take the place of wealth,
And sin and crime and shame
Drag down to the very depths of hell
The highest and proudest name?

Is this our *mission* on earth, dear friends,
In the years that are to come?
If not, let us rouse and do our work
Against this spirit of rum.
There is not a soul so poor and weak,
In all this goodly land,
But against this evil a word may speak,
And lift a warning hand;

And lift a warning hand, dear friends,
With a cry for her home and hearth,
Adding voice to voice, till the sound shall sweep,
Like rum's death-knell, o'er the earth,—
And the weak and wavering shall hear,
And the faint grow brave and strong,
And the true, and good, and great, and wise
Join hands to right this wrong,—

Till a barrier of bold and loving hearts,
So deep and broad, is found,
That no spirit of rum can overleap,
Pass through, or go around.
Then the spirit of rum shall surely die;
For its food is human lives,
And only on hourly sacrifice
The demon lives and thrives.

And can we not do this, dear friends,
In the years that are to come?
Let each one work to save and keep
Her loved ones and her home;
Then the ransomed soul shall send to heaven
A song without alloy,
And "the morning stars together sing,
And God's sons shout for joy."

THE REFORM WILL GO ON.

Intemperance is not a mere local affair, but strikes at the very vitals of the nation. The liquor traffic is the fruitful source of woe, crime, misery, taxation, pauperism, and death.

Bear me witness if I exaggerate when I say that the country is rapidly becoming one vast grog-shop, to which half a million of its youth are yearly introduced, and over whose thresh-

old sixty thousand are annually carted to a drunkard's grave. The streets of our cities echo to the shouts and oaths of drunken revellers, from whom society seeks protection through police regulations; and within hovel and mansion alike, not entirely smothered either by physical fear or social pride, is heard the sound of insane violence and wailing.

There are some who say the temperance movement is a sentimental affair, and that the reform will not go on. *The reform will go on.* Point me to a reform which ever stopped. Why, reform is motion, and motion ceaselessly acted upon by the impulse of acceleration; so is it with the temperance movement. From whatever standpoint you look at it, it is seen to be in exact harmony with the age;—nay, it is a part of the age itself. The great civil revolution is to be supplemented with a great social revolution. God has so written it down. He has blessed the efforts of its friends until it has already taken a strong hold on the popular heart. Its champions are not fanatics; they are not sentimentalists;—only terribly in earnest. Back of them are memories which will not let them pause. Broken circles, and ruined altars, and fallen roof-trees, and the cold, sodden ashes of once genial fires, urge them on. No fear such men and women will falter, until you can take out of the human mind painful recollection; until you can make the children forget the follies and vices of the parents, over which they mounted to usefulness and to honor; until the memory will surrender from its custody the oaths of drunken blasphemy and the pains of brutal violence; until you can do these things, no man, no combination of men, can stop this reform. Its cause lies deep as human feeling itself. It draws its current from sources embedded in the very fastnesses of man's nature. The reform, then, will *go on.* It will go on because its principles are correct and its progress beneficent. The wave which has been gathering force and volume for these fifty years will continue to roll, because the hand of the Lord is under and back of it, and the denunciations of its opponents, and the bribed eloquence of the unprincipled, cannot check,—no, nor *retard*,—the onward movement of its flow. Upon its white crest thousands will be lifted to virtue and honor, and thousands more who put themselves in front of it will be submerged and swept away.

The crisis through which this reform is passing will do good. It will make known its friends, and unmask its foes. The concussions above and around us will purify the atmosphere: and when the clouds have parted and melted away, we shall breathe purer air and behold sunnier skies.

We know not, indeed, what is ahead; what desertion of apparent friends may occur; what temporary defeat we may have to bear; nor against what intrigues we may be called upon to guard. For one, I count on the opposition of parties. I anticipate the double-dealing of political leaders. The cause more than once may be betrayed into the hands of its foes; more than once be deserted by those who owe to it whatever of prominence they have. But these reflections do not move me. They stir no ripple of fear on the surface of my hope. No good cause can ever be lost by the faithlessness of the unfaithful; no true principle of government overthrown by the opposition of its enemies; nor the progress of any reform, sanctioned by God and promotive of human weal, long retarded by any force or combination which can be marshaled against it. Over throne and proud empires the gospel has marched, treading bayonets, and banners, and emblems of royalty proudly under its feet; and out of that gospel no principle or tendency essential to the kingdom that is yet to be established on the earth can be selected so weak or so repugnant to fallen men as not to receive, ere the coming of that kingdom, its triumphant vindication. On this rock I plant my feet, and from its elevation contemplate the future, as a traveler gazes upon a landscape waving in golden-headed fruitfulness underneath the azure of a cloudless sky.

HOW TO CURE A COUGH.

One Biddy Brown, a country dame,
As 'tis by many told,
Went to a doctor—Drench by name—
For she had caught a cold.

And sad, indeed, was Biddy's pain,
The truth must be confest,

Which she to ease found all in vain,
For it was at her chest.

The doctor heard her case—and then,
Determined to assist her,
Prescribed—oh! tenderest of men,
Upon her *chest* a blister!

Away went Biddy, and next day
She called on Drench again.
"Well, have you used the blister, pray,
And has it eased your pain?"

"Ah, zur," the dame, with curtsey cries,
"Indeed, I never mocks;
But, bless ye! I'd no *chest* the size.
So I put it on a *box*.

"But la! zur, it be little use,
It never *rose* a bit;
And you may see it if you choose,
For there it's sticking yet!"

O'CONNELL'S HEART.—A. H. Dorsey.

The last words of this great and extraordinary man were, "My body to Ireland, my heart to Rome, and my soul to God."

Bear it on tenderly,
Slowly and mournfully!
That heart of a nation which pulsates no more,
The fount that gushed ever with Freedom's high lore.
Through years over Erin it brooded and wept,
It watched while she slumbered, and prayed when she slept,
And the Saxon raged on that their chains had not crushed
The faith of a nation whose harp they had hushed.

Bear it on tenderly,
Slowly and mournfully!
It was broken at last when the famine-plague's glaive
And the spade turned the shamrock in grave after grave;
When the angels of God turned weeping away
From the want-stricken earth and its famishing clay,
And the wail of the dying arose from the sod—
The dying, those martyrs to faith and their God—
Came like the wild knell of his hope's fairest day,
Is it strange that its life-tide ebbed quickly away?

Bear it on tenderly,
Slowly and mournfully!
O God! how it struggled to burst the vile chain
That fettered thee, Erin, but struggled in vain!
How humble to God! to the Saxon what scorn!
To thy friends true and loving, thy foes proud and stern!
How strong, like a barrier of angels it stood,
Crying, "Justice! we struggle for justice, not blood!"
And in Christ's holy name chided back the mad throngs
Who, indiguant, were thirsting for blood for their wrongs.

Bear it on tenderly,
Slowly and mournfully!
From Erin's sad sunset to Italy's light,
Where the sunshine of glory hath sprung from the night,
Where the golden-eyed spirit of Freedom's new birth,
Aroused by a voice which thrills o'er the earth,
Will with the fair angels keep vigils around thee,
Rejoicing that, freed from the fetters that bound thee,
Released from its anguish, its watchings, its weeping,
It rests far above where its ashes are sleeping.

Yes; bear it on tenderly,
Slowly and mournfully!
From Lough Foyle's dark waters to Shannon's broad wave
To the rough Munster coast which the ocean tides lave,
Comes a sad note of wailing; it swells like the sea,
It sounds from the hill-tops, it shrieks o'er the lea!
O Erin! O Erin! what crime hast thou done,
That the light should be blotted away from thy sun,
Thy faith be downtrodden, thy blessings all flee,
And thy sons and thy daughters be martyred with thee?

Bear it on tenderly,
Slowly and mournfully!
Where sleep the apostles, where martyred saints rest,
Lay it tenderly down near the shrines of the blest;
For the spirit that lit up its casket of clay
Hath gone with the lustre of faith round its way,
Appealing before the tribunal of Heaven,
O Erin! for thee that thy chains may be riven,
And the day hasten on when the Saxon shall wonder,
And flee from the wrath of its answering thunder.

I'LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES.—W. Hoyle.

'Twas in the flow'ry month of June,
The sun was in the west,
When a merry, blithesome company
Met at a public feast.

Around the room rich banners spread,
And garlands fresh and gay;
Friend greeted friend right joyously
Upon that festal day.

The board was filled with choicest fare;
The guests sat down to dine;
Some called for "bitter," some for "stout,"
And some for rosy wine.

Among this joyful company,
A modest youth appeared;
Scarce sixteen summers had he seen,
No specious snare he feared.

An empty glass before the youth
Soon drew the waiter near.
"What will you take, sir?" he inquired,
"Stout, bitter, mild, or clear?

"We've rich supplies of foreign port,
We've first-class wine and cakes."
The youth with guileless look replied,
"*I'll take what father takes.*"

Swift as an arrow went the words
Into his father's ears,
And soon a conflict deep and strong
Awoke terrific fears.

The father looked upon his son,
Then gazed upon the wine,
Oh God! he thought, were he to taste.
Who could the end divine?

Have I not seen the strongest fall,
The fairest led astray?
And shall I on my only son
Bestow a curse this day?

No; heaven forbid! "Here, waiter, bring
Bright water unto me.
My son will take what father takes:
My drink shall water be."

HOW MR. COVILLE COUNTED THE SHINGLES ON HIS HOUSE.—James M. Bailey.

There are men who dispute what they do not understand. Mr. Coville is such a man. When he heard a carpenter say that there were so many shingles on the roof of his house, because the roof contained so many square feet, Coville doubted the figures; and, when the carpenter went away, he determined to test the matter, by going up on the roof and counting them. And he went up there. He squeezed through the scuttle—Coville weighs 230—and then sat down on the roof, and worked his way carefully and deliberately toward the gutter. When he got part way down, he heard a sound between him and the shingles, and became aware that there was an interference, some way, in further locomotion. He tried to turn over and crawl back, but the obstruction held him. Then he tried to move a little, in hopes that the trouble would prove but temporary, but an increased sound convinced him that either a nail or a sliver had hold of his cloth, and that if he would save any of it, he must use caution. His folks were in the house, but he did not make them hear, and besides he didn't want to attract the attention of the neighbors. So he sat there until after dark, and thought. It would have been an excellent opportunity to have counted the shingles, but he neglected to use it. His mind appeared to run in other channels. He sat there an hour after dark, seeing no one he could notify of his position. Then he saw two boys approaching the gate from the house, and reaching there, stop. It was light enough for him to see that one of the two was his son, and although he objected to having the other boy know of his misfortune, yet he had grown tired of holding on to the roof, and concluded he could bribe the strange boy into silence. With this arrangement mapped out, he took his knife and threw it so that it would strike near to the boys and attract their attention. It struck nearer than he anticipated. In fact, it struck so close as to hit the strange boy on the head, and nearly brained him. As soon as he recovered his equilibrium, he turned on Coville's boy, who, he was confident, had attempted to kill him, and

introduced some astonishment and bruises in his face. Then he threw him down, and kicked him in the side, and banged him on the head, and drew him over into the gutter, and pounded his legs, and then hauled him back to the walk again, and knocked his head against the gate. And all the while the elder Coville sat on the roof, and screamed for the police, but couldn't get away. And then Mrs. Coville dashed out with a broom, and contributed a few novel features to the affair at the gate, and one of the boarders dashed out with a double-barreled gun, and hearing the cries from the roof, looked up there, and espying a figure which was undoubtedly a burglar, drove a handful of shot into its legs. With a howl of agony, Coville made a plunge to dodge the missiles, freed himself from the nail, lost his hold to the roof, and went sailing down the shingles with awful velocity, both legs spread out, his hair on end, and his hands making desperate but fruitless efforts to save himself. He was so frightened that he lost his power of speech, and when he passed over the edge of the roof, with twenty feet of tin gutter hitched to him, the boarder gave him the contents of the other barrel, and then drove into the house to load up again. The unfortunate Coville struck into a cherry tree, and thence bounded to the ground, where he was recognized, picked up by the assembled neighbors, and carried into the house. A new doctor is making a good day's wages picking the shot out of his legs. The boarder has gone into the country to spend the summer, and the junior Coville, having sequestered a piece of brick in his handkerchief, is laying low for that other boy. He says, that before the calm of another Sabbath rests on New England, there will be another boy in Danbury who can't wear a cap.

MR. COVILLE'S EASY CHAIR.—James M. Bailey.

Since the unfortunate accident to Mr. Coville while on the roof counting the shingles, he has been obliged to keep pretty close to the house. Last Wednesday he went out into the yard for the first time; and on Friday Mrs. Coville got him an easy chair, which proved a great comfort to him. It

is one of those chairs that can be moved by the occupant to form almost any position by means of ratchets. Mr. Coville was very much pleased with this new contrivance, and the first forenoon did nothing but sit in it and work it in all ways. He said such a chair as that did more good in this world than a hundred sermons. He had it in his room, the front bed-room up stairs, and there he would sit and look out of the window, and enjoy himself as much as a man can whose legs have been ventilated with shot. Monday afternoon he got in the chair as usual. Mrs. Coville was out in the back yard hanging up clothes, and the son was across the street drawing a lath along a picket fence. Sitting down, he grasped the sides of the chair with both hands to settle it back, when the whole thing gave way, and Mr. Coville came violently to the floor.

For an instant the unfortunate gentleman was benumbed by the suddenness of the shock, the next he was aroused by acute pain in each arm, and the great drops of sweat oozed from his forehead when he found that the little finger of each hand had caught in the little ratchets and was as firmly held as in a vice. There he lay on his back with the end of a round sticking in his side, and both hands perfectly powerless. The least move of his body aggravated the pain which was chasing up his arms. He screamed for help, but Mrs. Coville was in the back yard telling Mrs. Coney, next door, that she didn't know what Coville would do without that chair, and so she didn't hear him. He pounded the floor with his stockinged feet, but the younger Coville was still drawing emotion from the fence across the way, and all other sounds were rapidly sinking into insignificance. Besides, Mr. Coville's legs were not sufficiently recovered from the late accident to permit their being profitably used as mallets.

How he did despise that offspring, and how fervently he did wish the owner of that fence would light on that boy and reduce him to powder! Then he screamed again and howled and shouted "Maria!" But there was no response. What if he should die alone there in that awful shape! The perspiration started afresh, and the pain in his arms assumed an awful magnitude. Again he shrieked "Maria!" but the matinee across the way only grew in volume, and the un-

conscious wife had gone into Mrs. Coney's and was trying on that lady's redingote. Then he prayed, and howled, and coughed, and swore, and then apologized for it, and prayed and howled again, and screamed at the top of his voice the awfullest things he would do to that boy if heaven would only spare him and show him an axe.

Then he opened his mouth for one final shriek, when the door opened and Mrs. Coville appeared with a smile on her face, and Mrs. Coney's redingote on her back. In one glance she saw that something awful had happened to Joseph, and with wonderful presence of mind she screamed for help, and then fainted away, and ploughed headlong into his stomach. Fortunately the blow deprived him of speech, else he might have said something that he would ever have regretted, and before he could regain his senses Mrs. Coney dashed in and removed the grief-stricken wife. But it required a blacksmith to cut Coville loose. He is again back in bed, with his mutilated fingers resting on pillows, and there he lies all day concocting new forms of death for the inventor of that chair, and hoping nothing will happen to his son until he can get well enough to administer it himself.

—*Danbury News.*

THE LIKENESS.

William was holding in his hand
  The likeness of his wife,
Fresh as if touched by fairy hand,
  With beauty, grace, and life.

He almost thought it spoke—he gazed
  Upon the treasure still;
Absorbed, delighted, and amazed,
  He viewed the artist's skill.

"This picture is yourself, dear Jane,
  'Tis drawn to nature true;
I've kissed it o'er and o'er again,
  It is so much like you."

"And has it kissed you back, my dear?"
  "Why, no, my love," said he.
"Then, William, it is very clear,
  'Tis not at all like me."

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

It was a laboring bark that slowly held its way,
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay;
And on the deck a lady sat who looked with tearful gaze
Upon the fast-receding hills within the distant haze.
The past was fair, like those dear hills so far behind her bark;
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark.
One gaze again, one long, last gaze: "Adieu, dear France, to thee!"
The breeze comes forth—she's there alone upon the wide, wide sea.

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood
Sat Mary, listening to the rain and sighing with the winds,
That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.
The touch of care had blanched her cheeks, her smile was sadder now,
The weight of royalty had lain too heavy on her brow;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field;
The Stuart *sceptre* well she swayed, but the *sword* she could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes, the dreams of youth's brief day,
And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in early years, the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs perchance that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar:
They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles,
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal and fierce domestic broils.

But hark, the tramp of armed men? the Douglas' battle-cry!
They come, they come! and lo! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye!
Around an unarmed man they crowd—Ruthven in mail complete,
George Douglas, Ker of Fawdonside, and Rizzio at their feet!
With rapiers drawn and pistols bent they seized their wretched prey,
Wrenched Mary's garments from his grasp, and stabbed him where he lay.
I saw George Douglas raise his arm, I saw his dagger gleam;
Then sounded Rizzio's dying cry and Mary's piteous scream.

I saw her writhe in Darnley's arms as in a serpent's fold:
The coward! he was pale as death, but would not loose his hold.
And then the torches waved and shook, and louder grew the din,
And up the stairs and through the doors the rest came trooping in.
But Mary Stuart brushed aside the burning tears that fell:
"Now for my father's arm!" she gasped; "my woman's heart, farewell!"

The scene was changed. It was a lake with one small lonely isle,
And there within the prison walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood menaciug their queen till she should stoop to sign
The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from her ancestral line.
"My lords, my lords," the captive said, "were I but once more free,
With ten good knights on yonder shore to aid my cause and me,
That parchment would I rend and give to any wind that blows,
And reign a queen, a Stuart yet, in spite of all my foes!"
A red spot burned upon her cheek—streamed her rich tresses down,
She wrote the words; she stood erect—a queen without a crown!

The scene was changed. A royal host a royal banner bore,
And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling queen once more;
She checked her steed upon a hill, she saw them marching by,
She heard their shouts, she read success in every flashing eye.
The tumult of the strife begins; it roars, it dies away,
And Mary's troops and banners now—oh, where and what are they!
Scattered, struck down or flying far, defenseless and undone—
Ah, me! to see what she has lost, to think what guilt has won!
Away, away! her gallant steed must act no laggard's part;
Yet vain his speed to bear her from the anguish at her heart.

Last scene of all. Beside the block a sullen headsman stood,
Gleamed in his hand the murderous axe that soon must drip with blood.
With slow and stately step there came a lady thro' the hall,
And breathless silence chained the lips and touched the hearts of all:

Rich were the sable robes she wore; her white veil round her fell,
And from her neck there hung a cross—the cross she loved so well!
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its bloom—
Though grief and care had decked it out, an offering for the tomb.
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly shone;
I knew the voice, still musical, that thrilled with every tone;
I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of living gold;
I knew that bounding step of grace, that symmetry of mold.
And memory sought her far away in that calm convent aisle,
Could hear her chant her vesper-hymn, could mark her holy smile;
Could see her as in youth she looked upon her bridal morn,
A new star in the firmanent to light and glory born!
Alas, the change! her daring foot had touched a triple throne—
Now see her on the scaffold stand, beside the block, *alone!*
A little dog that licks her hand the last of all the crowd
Who sunned themselves beneath her glance or round her footsteps bowed!
Her neck is bare—the axe descends—the soul has passed away!
The bright, the beautiful, is now a bleeding piece of clay.

LAST PRAYER OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

W. G. Clarke

It was the holy twilight hour, and clouds in crimson pride,
Sailed through the golden firmament, in the calm evening tide,
The peasants' cheerful song was hushed, by every hill and glen,
The city's voice stole faintly out, and died the hum of men,
And as night's sombre shades came down, o'er day's resplendent eye,
A faded face, from a prison cell, gazed out upon the sky;
For to that face the glad bright sun of earth, for aye had set,
And the last time had come to mark eve's starry coronet.

Oh! who can paint the bitter thoughts, that o'er her spiri.
stole
As her pale lips gave utterance to feeling's deep control!
While, shadowed from life's vista back, thronged mid her
falling tears,
The phantasies of early hope, dreams of departed years.
When pleasure's light was sprinkled, and silver voices flung
Their rich and echoing cadences, her virgin hours among;
When there came no shadow on her brow, no tear to dim
her eye,
When there frowned no cloud of sorrow, in her being's fes-
tal sky.

Perchance at that lone hour the thought of early vision came,
Of the trance that touched her lip with song at love's mys-
terious flame,
When she listened to the low breathed tones of him—the
idol one,
Who shone in her imaginings first ray of pleasure's sun.
Perchance the walk in evening hour, the impassioned kiss
or vow,
The warm tear on the kindling cheek, the smile upon the
brow—
But they came like flowers that wither, and the light of all
had fled,
As a hue from April's pinion, o'er earth's budding bosom shed.

And thus as star came after star into the boundless Heaven,
Were her deep thoughts, and eloquent, in pensive num-
bers given,
They were the offerings of a heart, where grief had long held
sway,
And now the night, the hour had come to give her feelings
way;—
It was the last dim night of life; the sun had sunk to rest,
And the blue twilight haze had crept o'er the far mountain's
breast;
And thus as in her saddened heart, the tide of love grew
strong,
Poured her meek quiet spirit forth, this flood of mournful
song.

"The shades of evening gather now o'er this mysterious
earth,
The viewless winds are whispering in wild capricious mirth,
The gentle moon hath come to shed a flood of glory round,
That, through this soft and still repose, sleeps richly on the
ground,
And in the free sweet gales that sweep along my prison bar
Seem borne the pure deep harmonies of every kindling star.

I see the blue streams glancing in the mild and chastened light,
And the gem-lit fleecy clouds, that steal along the brow of night.

"Oh! must I leave existence now, while life should be like spring,—
While joy should cheer my pilgrimage with sunbeams from his wing?
Are the songs of hope forever flown? the syren voice which flung
The chant of youth's warm happiness from the beguiler's tongue?
Shall I drink no more the melody of babbling streams or bird,
Or the scented gales of summer, as the leaves of June are stirred?
Shall the pulse of love wax fainter, and the spirit shrink from death,
As the bud-like thoughts that lit my heart, fade in its chilling breath?

"I have passed the dreams of childhood, and my loves and hopes are gone,
And I turn to Thee, Redeemer! O thou blest and Holy One!
Though the rose of health has vanished, though the mandate has been spoken,
And one by one the golden links, of life's fond chain are broken,
Yet can my spirit turn to THEE, thou chastener! and can bend
In humble suppliance at thy throne, my father, and my friend!
Thou, who hast crowned my youth with hope, my early days with glee,
Give me the eagle's fearless wing—the dove's to mount to Thee!

"I lose my foolish hold on life, its passions, and its tears,
How brief the yearning ecstasies, of its young, and careless years!
I give my heart to earth no more, the grave may clasp me now;
The winds whose tone I loved, may play in the cypress bough!
The birds, the streams, are eloquent; yet I shall pass away,
And in the light of Heaven shake off, this cumbrous load of clay,—
I shall join the lost, the loved of earth, and meet each kindred breast,—
'Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'"

A NIGHT OF TERROR.—Paul Louis Courier.

I was one day traveling in Calabria; a country of people who, I believe, have no great liking to anybody, and are particularly ill-disposed towards the French. To tell you why would be a long affair. It is enough that they hate us to death, and that the unhappy being who should chance to fall into their hands would not pass his time in the most agreeable manner. I had for my companion a worthy young fellow; I do not say this to interest you, but because it is the truth. In these mountains the roads are precipices, and our horses advanced with the greatest difficulty. My comrade going first, a track which appeared to him more practicable and shorter than the regular path, led us astray. It was my fault. Ought I to have trusted to a head of twenty years? We sought our way out of the wood while it was yet light; but the more we looked for the path, the further we were off it.

It was a very black night, when we came close upon a very black house. We went in, and not without suspicion. But what was to be done? There we found a whole family of charcoal-burners at table. At the first word they invited us to join them. My young man did not stop for much ceremony. In a minute or two we were eating and drinking in right earnest—he at least; for my own part I could not help glancing about at the place and the people. Our hosts, indeed, looked like charcoal-burners; but the house! you would have taken it for an arsenal. There was nothing to be seen but muskets, pistols, sabres, knives, cutlasses. Everything displeased me, and I saw that I was in no favor myself. My comrade, on the contrary, was soon one of the family. He laughed, he chatted with them; and with an imprudence which I ought to have prevented, he at once said where we came from, where we were going, and that we were Frenchmen. Think of our situation. Here we were among our mortal enemies—alone, benighted, and far from all human aid. That nothing might be omitted that could tend to our destruction, he must, forsooth, play the rich man,

promising these folks to pay them well for their hospitality; and then he must prate about his portmanteau, earnestly beseeching them to take care of it, and put it at the head of his bed, for he wanted no other pillow. Ah, youth, youth! how art thou to be pitied! Cousin, they might have thought that we carried the diamonds of the crown: and yet the treasure in his portmanteau, which gave him so much anxiety, consisted only of some private letters.

Supper ended, they left us. Our hosts slept below; we on the story where we had been eating. In a sort of platform raised seven or eight feet, where we were to mount by a ladder, was the bed that awaited us—a nest into which we had to introduce ourselves by jumping over barrels filled with provisions for all the year. My comrade seized upon the bed above, and was soon fast asleep, with his head upon the precious portmanteau. I was determined to keep awake, so I made a good fire, and sat myself down. The night was almost passed over tranquilly enough, and I was beginning to be comfortable, when just at the time it appeared to me that day was about to break, I heard our host and his wife talking and disputing below me; and, putting my ear into the chimney, which communicated with the lower room, I perfectly distinguished these exact words of the husband: "Well, well, let us see—*must we kill them both?*" To which the wife replied, "Yes!" and I heard no more.

How should I tell you the rest? I could scarcely breathe; my whole body was as cold as marble; had you seen me you could not have told whether I was dead or alive. Even now, the thought of my condition is enough. We two were almost without arms; against us, were twelve or fifteen persons who had plenty of weapons. And then my comrade was overwhelmed with sleep. To call him up, to make a noise, was more than I dared; to escape alone was an impossibility. The window was not very high; but under it were two great dogs, howling like wolves. Imagine, if you can, the distress I was in. At the end of a quarter of an hour, which seemed to be an age, I heard some one on the staircase, and through the chink of the door, I saw the old man with a lamp in one hand, and one of his great knives in the other.

The crisis was now come. He mounted—his wife followed him; I was behind the door. He opened it; but before he entered he put down the lamp, which his wife took up, and coming in, with his feet naked, she being behind him, said in a smothered voice, hiding the light partially with her fingers—"Gently, go gently." On reaching the ladder he mounted, with his knife between his teeth, and going to the head of the bed where that poor young man lay with his throat uncovered, with one hand he took the knife, and with the other—ah, my cousin!—he SEIZED—a ham which hung from the roof,—cut a slice, and retired as he had come in!

When the day appeared, all the family, with a great noise, came to arouse us as we had desired. They brought us plenty to eat; they served us up, I assure you, a capital breakfast. Two chickens formed a part of it, the hostess saying, "You must eat one, and carry away the other." When I saw them, I at once comprehended the meaning of those terrible words, "Must we kill them *both?*"

INDEMBERANCE.—CARL PRETZEL.

"Vill der times efer come, vill dot day efer break,
Vhen der peobles forefer dot trinking forsake?"
—BAYRUM.

Der many wrecks of human peobles vat efery tay we see, as we walk dot shtreet ofer, should been a shtrong incendif to bring to your minds der trooth of dot old atferb vich did said, "nefer don'd put dot teif in your mouth vot vould shteal your prains right avay gwick oud." Dose vas a dhrue remarks in some inshdances, und in odders it don'd abbly to der cases; for der man vat vould trink himself dot fatal combounds, commonly called vhisky, vas mitout sences, und der man mitout sences he could fool dot teif, on ackound he *got no prains* to shteal right avay gwick oud.

How many young mans hafe been cut down, shust as der brightest brosbects vas looming him ub, by a kobious use of dot fatal fire waters; und vat shtronger incendif do you

vant, dhen to saw der young mans trunk like a post-hole, mitout a fife or dhree-cent pieces in der dwo-dimes National Pank, or a rag of a new bair of clothes to his backs.

Who ish der reason of dot decay, und how is der matter mit dot lowness down of der yooth? Yoost look you back und say, who makes oben der flood-gates of all dot zin und unhabbiness. Vas dot der drinker? nein; vas dot der dealer? nein; vas dot der manufackdure? vell, I baed you. He vas der feller, und mine brayer vos dot he should been combelled to look down indo his deep shtills, filled shuepfull of dheir outsites in mit dher tears of wifes, modhers and sisders, und been made to feel himself der hefy emotions of greif und sorrows, vat causes each leedle dear-drob to drickle dheir feadures down. I yoost dink dot der zin of Mister Kain vould been notting, in kombarison to der afflictions of his soul, on dot periods.

Young mans, nefer don'd trink some tings. Demberance vas der froot of goot tings. Indemberance vas ids destroyer. Der first makes you habby like der deuce; vhile der seckond brings on your head misery und crime, und in der eshtimation of your friends you vas a toadshtool, mitout one redeeming feadures. Enyhow, your feadures would soon brove it, of you shduck to it.

HOW HE SAVED ST. MICHAEL'S.

So you beg for a story, my darling, my brown-eyed Leopold,
And you, Alice, with face like morning, and curling locks of gold;
Then come, if you will, and listen—stand close beside my knee—
To a tale of the Southern city, proud Charleston by the sea.

It was long ago, my children, ere ever the signal gun
That blazed above Fort Sumpter had wakened the North as one;
Long ere the wondrous pillar of battle-cloud and fire
Had marked where the unchained millions marched on to their hearts' desire.

On the roofs and the glittering turrets, that night, as the sun
went down,
The mellow glow of the twilight shone like a jeweled crown;
And, bathed in the living glory, as the people lifted their
eyes,
They saw the pride of the city, the spire of St Michael's rise

High over the lesser steeples, tipped with a golden ball,
That hung like a radiant planet caught in its earthward fall,--
First glimpse of home to the sailor who made the harbor-
round,
And last slow-fading vision dear to the outward bound.

The gently gathering shadows shut out the waning light;
The children prayed at their bedsides, as you will pray to-
night;
The noise of buyer and seller from the busy mart was gone;
And in dreams of a peaceful morrow the city slumbered on.

But another light than sunrise aroused the sleeping street;
For a cry was heard at midnight, and the rush of trampling
feet;
Men stared in each other's faces through mingled fire and
smoke,
While the frantic bells went clashing, clamorous stroke on
stroke.

By the glare of her blazing roof-tree the houseless mother fled,
With the babe she pressed to her bosom shrieking in name-
less dread,
While the fire-king's wild battalions scaled wall and cap-
stone high,
And planted their flaring banners against an inky sky.

For the death that raged behind them, and the crash of ruin
loud,
To the great square of the city, were driven the surging
crowd;
Where yet, firm in all the tumult, unscathed by the fiery flood,
With its heavenward-pointing finger the Church of St. Mich-
ael stood.

But e'en as they gazed upon it there rose a sudden wail,—
A cry of horror, blended with the roaring of the gale,
On whose scorching wings up-driven, a single flaming brand
Aloft on the towering steeple clung like a bloody hand.

"Will it fade?" The whisper trembled from a thousand
whitening lips;
Far out on the lurid harbor, they watched it from the ships,—

A baleful gleam that brighter and ever brighter shone,
Like a flickering, trembling will-o'-wisp to a steady beacon grown.

"Uncounted gold shall be given to the man whose brave right hand,
For the love of the periled city, plucks down yon burning brand'"
So cried the mayor of Charleston, that all the people heard;
But they looked each one at his fellow; and no man spoke a word.

Who is it leans from the belfry, with face upturned to the sky,
Clings to a column, and measures the dizzy spire with his eye?
Will he dare it, the hero undaunted, that terrible sickening height?
Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze in his veins at the sight?

But see! he has stepped on the railing; he climbs with his feet and his hands;
And firm on a narrow projection, with the belfry beneath him, he stands;
Now once, and once only, they cheer him,—a single tempestuous breath,—
And there falls on the multitude gazing a hush like the stillness of death.

Slow, steadily mounting, unheeding aught save the goal of the fire,
Still higher and higher, an atom, he moves on the face of the spire.
He stops! Will he fall? Lo! for answer, a gleam like a meteor's track,
And, hurled on the stones of the pavement, the red brand lies shattered and black.

Once more the shouts of the people have rent the quivering air:
At the church-door mayor and council wait with their feet on the stair;
And the eager throng behind them press for a touch of his hand,—
The unknown savior, whose daring could compass a deed so grand.

But why does a sudden tremor seize on them while they gaze?
And what meaneth that stifled murmur of wonder and amaze?

He stood in the gate of the temple he had periled his life
to save;
And the face of the hero, my children, was the sable face of
a slave!

With folded arms he was speaking, in tones that were clear
not loud,
And his eyes, ablaze in their sockets, burnt into the eyes of
the crowd:—
"You may keep your gold: I scorn it!—but answer me, ye
who can,
If the deed I have done before you be not the deed of a
man?"

He stepped but a short space backward; and from all the
women and men
There were only sobs for answer; and the mayor called for
a pen,
And the great seal of the city, that he might read who ran:
And the slave who saved St. Michael's went out from its
door, a man.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S SLEEP.—Ben Wood Davis.

The schoolmaster was weary,
Was weary, old and gray;
And heaviness came o'er him
Upon that summer day,—

A heaviness of spirit
And nameless sense of pain,
He struggled hard to banish,
But struggled all in vain.

The drowsy schoolroom murmur
He heard, and in his trance,
He knew his school were watching
His face with stealthy glance.

He knew, and for a moment,
He aroused himself again,
To battle off the stupor
That crushed his weary brain.

In vain! for with the effort,
His head dropped on his breast,
His breath came faint and fainter,
And soon he sank to rest.

And then arose an uproar.
And boundless was the glee
Among those little scholars,
The schoolmaster to see.

The dunce tried all his antics,
His vacant stare and grin,
To gain one shout of laughter
And multiply the din.

See, now he points his finger
At the master's face so white,
And rolls his eyes and chatters
With ludicrous affright!

And all the little urchins
And maidens shout with joy;
And with the tears of laughter
Cry, "What a funny boy!"

An hour now was passing,
But still the master slept;
And greater grew the tumult
These little scholars kept,

Until a little maiden,
Who watched the haggard face,
With grave concern and wonder,
Stole softly from her place,—

Stole softly to the master
And gently touched his head,
And started back in terror—
The schoolmaster was dead!

"HEZ" AND THE LANDLORD.

In a quiet little Ohio village, many years ago, was a tavern where the stages always changed, and the passengers expected to get breakfast. The landlord of the said hotel was noted for his tricks upon travelers, who were allowed to get fairly seated at the table, when the driver would blow his horn (after taking his "horn,") and sing out, "Stage ready, gentlemen!"—whereupon the passengers were obliged to hurry out to take their seats, leaving a scarcely-tasted breakfast behind them, for which, however, they had to fork over

fifty cents. One day, when the stage was approaching the house of this obliging landlord, a passenger said that he had often heard of the landlord's trick, and he was afraid they would not be able to eat any breakfast.

"What!—how? No breakfast!" exclaimed the rest.

"Exactly so, gents, and you may as well keep your seats and tin."

"Don't they expect passengers to breakfast?"

"Oh, yes! they expect you to it, but not to *eat* it. I am under the impression that there is an understanding between the landlord and the driver, that for sundry and various drinks, &c., the latter starts before you can scarcely commence eating."

"What on earth air you all talking about? Ef you calkelate I'm goin' to pay four-and-ninepence for my breakfast, and not get the valee on't, yo're mistakin," said a voice from a back seat, the owner of which was one Hezekiah Spaulding —though "tew hum" they call him "Hez" for short. "I'm goin' to get my breakfast here, and not pay nary red cent till I do."

"Then you'll be left."

"Not as you knows on, I won't."

"Well, we'll see," said the other, as the stage drove up to the door, and the landlord, ready "to do the hospitable," says—

"Breakfast just ready, gents! Take a wash, gents? Here's water, basins, towels, and soap."

After performing the ablutions, they all proceeded to the dining-room, and commenced a fierce onslaught upon the edibles, though Hez took his time. Scarcely had they tasted their coffee, when they heard the unwelcome sound of the horn, and the driver exclaim—"Stage ready!" Up rise eight grumbling passengers, pay their fifty cents, and take their seats.

"All on board, gents?" inquires the host.

"One missing," said they.

Proceeding to the dining-room, the host finds Hez very coolly helping himself to an immense piece of steak, the size of a horse's hip.

"You'll be left, sir! Stage going to start!"

"Well, I hain't nothing to say agin it," drawled out Hez.

"Can't wait sir—better take your seat."

"I'll be gall-darned ef I dew, nother, till I've got my breakfast! I paid for it, and I'm goin' to get the valee on't; and ef you calkelate I hain't, you are mistakin."

So the stage did start, and left Hez, who continued his attack upon the edibles. Biscuits, coffee, &c., disappeared before the eyes of the astonished landlord.

"Say, squire, them there cakes is 'bout eat—fetch on another grist on 'em. You" (to the waiter,) "'nother cup of that ere coffee. Pass them eggs. Raise your own pork, squire? This is 'mazin' nice ham. Land 'bout here tolerable cheap, squire? Hain't much maple timber in these parts, hev ye? Dew right smart trade, squire, I calkelate?" And thus Hez kept quizzing the landlord until he had made a hearty meal.

"Say, squire, now I'm 'bout to conclude paying my *devowers* to this ere table, but jest give us a bowl of bread and milk to top off with, and I'd be much obleeged tew ye."

So out go the landlord and waiter for the bowl, milk, and bread, and set them before him.

"Spoon, tew, ef you please."

But no spoon could be found. Landlord was sure he had plenty of silver ones lying on the table when the stage stopped.

"Say, dew ye? dew ye think them passengers is goin' to pay ye for breakfuss and not get no *compensashun?*"

"Ah, what? Do you think any of the passengers took them?"

"Dew I *think?* No, I don't think, but I'm sartin. Ef they air all as green as yew 'bout here, I'm goin' to locate immediately, and tew wonst.

The landlord rushes out to the stable, and starts a man off after the stage, which had gone about three miles. The man overtakes the stage, and says something to the driver in a low tone. He immediately turns back, and on arriving at the hotel, Hez comes out, takes his seat, and says—

"How air yew, gents? I'm rotted glad to see yew."

"Can you point out the man you think has the spoons?" asked the landlord.

"Pint him out? Sartinly I ken. Say, squire, I paid yew four-and-ninepence for a breakfuss, and I calkelate *I got the valee on't!* You'll find them spoons in the coffee-pot."

"*Go ahead! All aboard, driver.*"

The landlord stared.

TRUE SOURCE OF CONTENTMENT.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gaily-dressed wife by his side;
In satin and lace she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as they passed;
The carriage and couple he eyed,
And said, as he worked with his saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife,
"One thing I would do if I could—
I'd give all my wealth for the strength and the health
Of the man who is sawing the wood."

A pretty young maid with a bundle of work,
Whose face as the morning was fair,
Went tripping along with a smile of delight,
While humming a love-breathing air.

She looked in the carriage, the lady she saw,
Arrayed in apparel so fine,
And said, in a whisper, "I wish from my heart,
Those satins and laces were mine."

The lady looked out on the maid with her work,
So fair in her calico dress,
And said, "I'd relinquish position and wealth
Her beauty and youth to possess."

Thus it is in this world, whatever our lot,
Our minds and our time we employ
In longing and sighing for what we have not,
Ungrateful for what we enjoy.

We welcome the pleasure for which we have sighed,
The heart has a void in it still,
Growing deeper and wider the longer we live,
That nought but Religion can fill.

THERE'S A SILVER LINING TO EVERY CLOUD.

ELIZA COOK.

The poet or priest who told us this
Served mankind in the holiest way,
For it lit up the earth with the star of bliss
That beacons the soul with cheerful ray.
Too often we wander despairing and blind,
Breathing our useless murmurs aloud;
But 'tis kinder to bid us seek and find
"A silver lining to every cloud."

May we not walk in the dingle ground
Where nothing but autumn's dead leaves are seen,
But search beneath them, and peeping around
Are the young spring tufts of blue and green.
'Tis a beautiful eye that ever perceives
The presence of God in mortality's crowd;
'Tis a saving creed that thinks and *believes*
"There's a silver lining to every cloud."

Let us look closely before we condemn
Bushes that bear nor bloom nor fruit,
There may not be beauty in leaves or stem,
But virtue may dwell far down at the root;
And let us beware how we utterly spurn
Brothers that seem all cold and proud,
If their bosoms were opened, perchance we might learn
"There's a silver lining to every cloud."

Let us not cast out mercy and truth,
When guilt is before us in chains and shame.
When passion and vice have cankered youth,
And age lives on with a branded name;
Something of good may still be there,
Though its voice may never be heard aloud,
For while black with the vapors of pestilent air,
"There's a silver lining to every cloud."

Sad are the sorrows that oftentimes come,
Heavy and dull and blighting and chill,
Shutting the light from our heart and our home,
Marring our hopes and defying our will;
But let us not sink beneath the woe,
'Tis well perchance we are tried and bowed,
For be sure, though we may not oft see it below,
"There's a silver lining to every cloud."

And when stern Death, with skeleton hand,
Has snatched the flower that grew in our breast,
Do we not think of a fairer land,
Where the lost are found, and the weary at rest!
Oh, the hope of the unknown future springs
In its purest strength o'er the coffin and shroud!
The shadow is dense, but faith's spirit-voice sings
"*There's a silver lining to every cloud.*"

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF PRESENCE OF MIND.

In a solitary house on Wandsworth Common, about the beginning of the present century, lived a gentleman and his niece, their domestics consisting of a butler and two female servants. This gentleman possessed a great deal of valuable family plate, and having occasion to go from home, he gave the key of the strong closet in which it was kept to his niece, requesting that she would herself take charge of it. This she promised to do; and, having every reason to suppose that he was leaving his family under safe guardianship, her uncle set out on his intended journey.

A day or two afterward, the butler came to his mistress, saying that he thought it would be a good opportunity for him to clean this plate, as he knew his master was particular about its being nicely kept, and requesting that he might have the key of the closet for that purpose. Not supposing for a moment that he had any other motive in asking for the key, she was on the point of giving it to him, when something in the expression of the man's eye made her hesitate, and replacing the key in her pocket, she merely said that her uncle had left no orders to that effect, and she should, therefore, prefer its being left until his return. Surprised to find that the butler still persisted in his request, the young lady spoke still more decidedly, saying that she never interfered in her uncle's arrangements; and the discomfited butler went down stairs, leaving his young mistress not a little astonished at his strange behavior.

That night, after locking her bedroom door as usual, as she was walking towards the dressing-table with the candle-

stick in her hand, she was not a little startled to observe this man crouching down behind an easy chair which stood near the wall. In an instant his conduct in the morning flashed across her mind, and she was no longer at a loss to account for his motive in wishing to possess himself of the key. Determined not to betray, by look or gesture, that she was aware of his presence, she quietly put down the candlestick, and seating herself in a chair beside the dressing-table, took up her Bible and endeavored to read, praying most earnestly that she might be enabled to do whatever was right. Human help she had no means of obtaining; for even were he to allow her to leave the room (which was not very probable,) she wisely judged that to call two terrified maids to her assistance would be worse than having no help at all; and therefore, commending herself to the protection of an all-powerful Saviour, she remained for some time with her eyes fixed upon her Bible, now and then turning over its sacred pages, and gradually becoming calm and self-possessed.

At length, having resolved what to do, she rose from her seat and proceeded to undress, as usual, first taking the key of the plate-closet from her pocket and putting it down with some little noise, that the man might know where to find it. She then knelt by her bed-side, and after silently imploring the protection and wisdom she so sorely needed, lit the rushlight on the hearth, and extinguished her candle. As this extraordinary girl laid her head upon the pillow, it was in the firm assurance that nothing could happen to her without her Heavenly Father's knowledge.

After awhile she heard the chair gently pushed, and through her closed eyelashes she could see the man cross the room and take up the key and the candlestick. He then lit the candle and came to her bed-side. She had just time to perceive some kind of instrument in his hand, but lay perfectly still, breathing as regularly as a little child. Not by the quiver of an eyelid, nor by the slightest flutter of the breath, did she show that she was awake, even when she felt the bed-clothes drawn down from her face, and knew that the robber was stooping over her, watching her countenance most intently. He then went to the foot of the

bed, and stood for some minutes shading his eyes with his hand, so as to throw the full light of the candle upon the quiet face before him. At last, to her intense relief, he appeared satisfied and left the room, leaving the chamber door partly open. She then heard him unlock the strong closet at the end of the gallery (into which her own and the other principal bed-rooms opened) and begin to move the plate about, as though he were proceeding to pack it up. Believing that he would leave the key in the door, she instantly resolved, if possible, to save her uncle's plate, and to secure the thief. Throwing something around her, she stole along the gallery, and finding the key where she had expected, she suddenly closed the door and locked him in. In vain did the man alternately call, threaten, and promise what he would do if she would only let him out. With the key in her hand, she ran up stairs to rouse the women-servants, who were not a little amazed to see their young lady standing beside them with such a story to tell. Neither of them wished for any more sleep that night; and, as soon as they were dressed, they all sat up together, watching and waiting for the daylight.

When morning came, the thief was soon removed to prison by the proper officers, and when tried for the offense, he admitted that had he believed it possible for any young lady to behave as his mistress had done, he should certainly have murdered her; but she had completely thrown him off his guard; and when he saw her, as he thought, so soundly asleep, he did not like to hurt her, for she had always been kind to him, and he had no personal grudge against her.

The presence of mind displayed by this young lady was most exemplary. Absence of fear, on occasions of sudden and peculiar danger, is a rare quality, and is the result of moral training, as well as constitutional courage. Nervous fears are never so easily overcome as in early years, and the habit of overcoming them is of inestimable value in preparing for the vicissitudes and trials of life. At the same time, we sincerely hope that no lady, young or old, may ever have her presence of mind tested by the unwelcome apparition of a man concealed behind her easy chair.

TRIALS OF A TWIN.

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reached a fearful pitch;
For one of us was born a twin,
And not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse,
Before our names were fixed,
As we were being washed by nurse,
We got completely mixed;
And thus, you see, by fate's decree,
Or rather nurse's whim,
My brother John got christened me,
And I got christened him.

This fatal likeness ever dogged
My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogged,
When John turned out a fool.
I put this question, fruitlessly,
To every one I knew,
"What would you do, if you were me,
To prove that you were you."

Our close resemblance turned the tide
Of my domestic life,
For somehow, my intended bride
Became my brother's wife.
In fact, year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on,
And *when I died*, the neighbors came
And *buried brother John*.

THE DOORSTEP.—E. C. Stedman.

The conference-meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past
Like snowbirds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, who stepped before them all,
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no; she blushed, and took my arm!
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm
Along a kind of lover's by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
'T was nothing worth a song or story;
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor, if you could but mould it!—
So lightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone,—
'T was love and fear and triumph blended.
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home;
Her dimpled hand the latches fingered,
We heard the voices nearer come,
Yet on the doorstep still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you Ned," dissembled
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never! do it! *do it!*"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss, of mother and of sister,
But somehow full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!

Perhaps 't was boyish love, yet still,
Oh, listless woman! weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
I'd give—but who can live youth over?

NOBODY THERE.

I was the last new boy at school:
I must pay my "initiation fee,"—
Twelve boys wanted a thieving tool;
The latter the reason, the former the plea.
With boast and bluster and bullying air,
They won consent from "the last boy there."

A stealthy walk 'neath a silver moon;
Then an orchard wall looking e'er so high;
Next, "Here's the plunder! climb like a coon,"
From the biggest boy with the blackest eye.
"What a ninny you are; and how you stare!
Nobody will hurt you: nobody's there."

They knew the place for scaling well,
And pushed me up with eager hands,
Till, trembling and weak, their victim fell
On the broad ledge guarding the Bellair lands.
"A crooked tree leans down like a stair,"
They told me; and there it was,—right there!

Right there! And, on that stairway swung,
I crouched like a coward amid the leaves:
To right, to left, the ripe fruit hung
On that first and fairest of autumn eves,—
Crimson and gold, in a silver air,
Apple on apple, pear on pear,

Just within reach of my tempting hold,
The air astir with their fruity breath;—
Globe of crimson, pendant of gold:
What was to hinder loitering Seth?
Silent I hung on the old tree stair:
As silent the orchard,—nobody there.

High in the heavens hung the harvest moon:
Strange!—but it brought my mother's smile.
"Tell me all that happens, and write me soon,"
She said, through smiles and tears the while.
There were two of us only: God took one,—
A sister, the sweetest under the sun.

Somehow in that silvery hush,
Came the murmur of mother's prayer;
And a little stream, 'mid banks of rush,
Caught the gleam of my sister's hair.
Still, crimson and gold, in a silver air,
Hung apple on apple, pear on pear.

Down in the dark some tiny thing,
Under the daisies' silken hood,
Smote the quiet with bell-like ring,
Bringing an answer out of the wood,—
Two together: they make me reel,
Chiming in chorus, "Thou shalt not steal."

The twelve in waiting saw me bound
Over the wall with empty hands,
Panting,—breathless. They flee the ground:
Far beyond lay the tempting lands.
"Was it Box?" said the bully, "or old Bellair?"
"Neither," I answered: "God was there."

LAND POOR.—J. W. Donovan.

I've had another offer, wife—a twenty acres more,
Of high and dry prairie land, as level as a floor.
I thought I'd wait and see you first, as lawyer Brady said,
To tell how things will turn out best, a *woman* is ahead.

And when this lot is paid for, and we have got the deed,
I'll say that I am satisfied— it's all the land we need;
And next we'll see about the yard, and fix the house up some,
And manage in the course of time to have a better home.

WIFE.

There is no use of talking, Charles—you buy that twenty more
And we'll go scrimping all our lives, and always be *land poor*.
For thirty years we've tugged and saved, denying half our needs,
While all we have to show for it is *tax receipts and deeds!*

I'd *sell* the land if it were mine, and have a better home,
With broad, light rooms to front the street, and take life as it come.
If we could live as others live, and have what others do,
We'd live enough sight pleasanter, and have a plenty too.

While others have amusements and luxury and books,
Just think how stingy we have lived, and how this old place looks.
That other farm you bought of Wells, that took so many years
Of clearing up and fencing in, has cost me many tears.

Yes, Charles, I've thought of it a hundred times or more,
And wondered if it really *paid* to always be land poor,—
That had we built a cozy house, took pleasure as it come,
Our children, once so dear to us, had never left our home.

I grieve to think of wasted weeks and years and months and days,
While for it all we never yet have had one word of praise.
Men call us rich, but we are poor—would we not freely give
The land with all its fixtures *for a better way to live?*

Don't think I'm blaming you, Charles—you're not a whit to blame,
I've pitied you these many years, to see you tired and lame.
It's just the way we started out, our plans too far ahead;
We've worn the cream of life away, *to leave too much when dead.*

'Tis putting off enjoyment long after we enjoy,—
And after all too much of wealth seems useless as a toy,—
Although we've learned, alas, too late! what all must learn at last,
Our brightest earthly happiness is buried in the past,

That life is short and full of care, the end is always nigh,
We seldom half begin to live before we're doomed to die.
Were I to start my life again, I'd mark each separate day,
And never let a single one pass unenjoyed away.

If there were things to envy, I'd have them now and then,
And have a home that was a home, and not a cage or pen.
I'd sell some land if it were mine, and fit up well the rest,
I've always thought, and think so yet—small farms well worked are best.

THE LAWYERS AND THE CAT.

Two Arkansas lawyers were domesticated in the rude hotel of a country town. The hotel was crowded, and the room allotted to our heroes was also occupied by six or eight others. Shake down beds, enough to accommodate the guests, were disposed about the room, against the four walls, leaving an open space in the centre of the apartment.

Judge Clark lay with his head to the north, on one side, and Judge Thomas lay with his head to the south on the other side of the room. So far as that room was concerned, it might be said that their heads represented the north and south poles respectively.

All the other beds in the room were occupied. The central part of the room was deemed neutral ground, in which the occupants of the different beds had equal rights. Here, in picturesque confusion lay the boots, hats, coats, and breeches of the sleepers. There were no windows, and though the door was open, there being no moon, the night was very dark in that room.

The wily lawyers, who had been opposing counsel in a case tried in the town court that day, and had opposed each other with the contumacity of wild pigs, were now the very incarnations of meekness, for when the hungry swarm of mosquitoes settled down and bit them on the one cheek they slowly turned the other to be bitten also.

But hush! hark!

A deep sound strikes the ear like a rising knell.

"Me-ow-ow!"

Judge Clark and Thomas were wide awake, and sitting bolt upright in an instant.

Again the startling cry!

"Ye-ow, ye-ow!"

"There's a cat!" whispered Clark. "Scat you!" hissed Thomas.

Cat paid no attention to these demonstrations, but gave vent to another yowl.

"Oh, gracious!" cried Clark, "I can't stand this! Where is he, Thomas?"

"On your side of the room somewhere," replied Thomas.

"No, he's on your side." said Clark.

"Ye-ow-ow-ow!"

"There I told you he was on your side," they both exclaimed in a breath.

And still the howl went on.

The idea now entered the heads of both the lawyers, that by the exercise of a certain strategy they might be enabled to execute a certain flank movement on the cat, and totally

demoralize him. Practically each determined to file "a motion to quash" the cat's attachment for that room.

Each kept his plan to himself, and in the dark, unable to see each other, prepared for action.

Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that the same plan suggested itself to both. In words, the plan would be about as follows:

The yowler is evidently looking and calling for another cat, with whom he has made an appointment. I will imitate a cat, and this cat will think t' other cat's around. This cat will come toward me, and when he shall have arrived within reach, I'll blaze away with anything I can get hold of, and knock the mew-sic out of him.

So each of the portly judges, noiselessly as cream comes to the surface of the milk, hoisted himself onto his hands and and hippopotamus fashion advanced to the neutral ground occupying the central portion of the room.

Arriving there Judge Clark selected a boot-jack, and Judge Thomas a heavy cow hide boot from the heap, and settled themselves down to the work.

Clark tightened his grip on the boot-jack, and throwing up his head, gave vent to a prolonged and unearthly "ye-ow-ow" that would have reflected credit upon ten of the largest kind of cats.

"Aha," thought Thomas, who was not six feet away, "he's immediately close around. Now I'll inveigle him!" and he gave the regular dark-night call of a feminine cat.

Each of the judges advanced a little closer, and Clark produced a questioning "Ow-ow!"

Thomas answered by a reassuring "purow-purow!" and they advanced a little more.

They were now within easy reach, and each imagining the cat had but a moment more to live, whaled away, the one with his boot, the other with his boot-jack.

The boot took Clark square in the mouth, demolishing his teeth, and the boot-jack came down on Thomas' head just as he was in the midst of a triumphant "ye-ow!"

When the lights were brought the cat had disappeared, but the *catastrophe* was in the opposite corners of the room, with heels in the air, swearing blue streaks.

DDD

WHAT IS THAT TO THEE?—Thomas D. James.

When I am called to die,
To yield my spirit to His sacred keeping,
To rest my body in the long, long sleeping,
I fain would not belie
My trust in Him who doeth all things well,
Whose will alone my every wish should quell.

I would not vainly choose
What road shall lead me up the holy mountain,
What path conduct me to the crystal fountain;
Nor willing be to lose
The guidance of the hand that e'er has led
In ways I knew not, but with mercies spread.

If gentle be the call,
If faint and feeble be the distant warning,
Like dimmest daystreak of the early morning,
Tipping the pine trees tall,
And brighter growing, till the red east shines
With fullest glory on the glowing pines.

How grateful should I feel!
That I might still behold my loved ones longer,
Might tarry till my timid faith grew stronger,
Might linger to reveal
The loves that buoyant life can ne'er unveil,
Like odors evening only can exhale.

If sudden be the stroke,
If all unheralded His solemn coming,—
Like flash, fast followed by the thunder's booming
That scales the skyward oak,
While pale with fear we hold our bated breath,
In awe of the swift messenger of death,—

How blest the favored lot!
A lot to few departing spirits given—
Painless to pass from earth and sin to Heaven.
Oh! surely it were not
Departure we should dread, at once to rise
On whirlwind pinions to the opening skies.

So I repose my trust;
And whether speedy messenger obeying,
Or waiting patiently my Lord's delaying
To summon me to rest,
On his dear love my willing trust would dwell;
He knoweth best; He doeth all things well.

HANNAH BINDING SHOES—Lucy Larcom.

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window, binding shoes!
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree;—
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor
Passing, nod or answer will refuse
To her whisper,
"Is there from the fishers any news?"
Oh, her heart's adrift with one
On an endless voyage gone;—
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben the sunburnt fisher, gaily woos;
Hale and clever,
For a willing heart and hand he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing;
'Mid the apple-boughs a pigeon coos;
Hannah shudders,
For the mild south-wester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound a schooner sped;
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'Tis November:
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews,
From New Foundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely; "Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?"
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleak and drear the ragged shore she views,
Twenty seasons!
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea;—
Hopeless, faithful
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

APPEAL OF THE MISSAGANS.

The following "Appeal of the Missagans" was sent by their Chief to the white people of Canada, to stay the plague of intemperance among the tribes.

Five villages are all that remain of the mighty Missagan tribe of Indians. Save us, our white brothers, from destruction! Long ago you came to us and asked for a place to build your wigwam. We gave you a country; was it not worth giving? We now ask you to deliver us from an enemy which we cannot conquer alone; like everything else of the white man, it is too strong for us. We love our homes, and we fight this enemy; but our tribe is thinner and weaker every day. My white brothers, could the souls of the dead Chippewas and Mohawks, killed by fire-water, come from the Land of Shade, and camp by the door of the whiskey trader, from the City of Rock, to the head-waters of Big Lake, town and village would be crowded by the pale outcasts—*red* no more, scorched pale by the blue flame! Warriors no more, the totems of their fathers lost. The track of a canoe can not be seen upon the waters, nor the trail of an eagle in the clouds; so dies the poor drunken Indian! His canoe shoots down the stream, struck by the poison the white man brought; his spirit flies into a dark cloud—he is gone! Who cares? In a few winters so will our race pass away. Scattered, weak, hopeless! Who cares? Give us back our woods and the deer! Give us back our bark wigwams and our fathers' virtue! Save us, our white brothers, save us! A dying race implores you! Put out the blue flame that is consuming us.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS BY MISS TABITHA PRIMROSE.

My hearers—male and female—Squenchin' my native modesty, which is nateral to all uv the weaker vessels uv whom I am which, I feel impelled to speak to yoo this evenin' on the subjeck uv woman—her origin, her mission, her destiny—a subjeck, bein' ez I am a woman myself, I hev given much attention to.

Man, my hearers, claims to be the sooperior uv woman! Is it so? and ef so, in what, and how much? Wuz he the fust creation? He wuz, my hearers; but what does that prove? Man wuz made fust, but the experience gained in makin' man wuz applied to the makin uv a betterer and more finerer bein', uv whom I am a sample. Nacher made man, but saw in a breef space uv time that he coodent take care uv hisself alone, and so he made a woman to take care uv him, and that's why we wuz created, though seein' all the trouble we hev I don't doubt that it would hev been money in our pockets ef we hedn't been made at all.

Imagine, my antiquated sisters, Adam afore Eve wuz made! Who sewed on his shirt buttons? Who cooked his beefsteak? Who made his coffee in the mornin', and did his washin'? He wuz mizable, he wuz—he must hev boarded out and eat hash! But when Eve come the scene changed. Her gentle hand soothed his akin brow when he come in from a hard day's work. She hed his house in order. She hed his slippers and dressin'-gown ready, and after tea he smoked his meerschaum in peace.

Men, cruel, hard, hard-hearted men, assert that Eve wuz the cause uv his expulsion from Eden—that she plucked the apple and give him half, oh, my sisters, is true! it's too true, but what uv it? It proves, fustly, her goodness. Hed Adam plucked the apple, ef it hed bin a good one, he'd never thought uv his wife at home, but would hev gobbled it all. Eve, angel that we all are, thought uv him, and went havers with him. Secondly, it wuz the means uv good, anyhow. It introdoost death into the world, which separated 'em while they still hed love for each other. I appeal to the sterner sex present to-night. Would you, oh would you desire for

immortality, onless indeed, you lived in Injeany, where you could git divorces and change your names wunst in 10 or 15 years? S'pos'n' all uv you hed bin fortunate enough to win sich virgin souls ez me, could you endure charms like mine for a eternity? Methinks not. I know that ef I hed a husband he would bless Eve for interdoosin' death into the world.

I progress. Woman then, is man's ekal, but is she okkepyin, her proper speer? Alas not! we are deprived uv the ballot, and ain't allowed to make stump speeches or take part in pollitix. Is it right? True we ain't ez yit learned in these matters, but what uv that? How many men vote who know what they'r votin' for, and how many stump speakers know what they'r talkin' about? I demand the ballot. I want to be a torch-light procession. I want to sit in Congris among the other old grannies. I want to demonstrate my fitness for governin' by comin' home elevated on 'leckshun nights. I want to assoom that speer which Nacher fitted me for ekally with man, but from which maskeline jealousy hez thus far excluded me. Don't say we're weak and frivolus! Weak! why I wunst know'd a female friend uv mine who hed strength reglerly to carry her husband, who weighed 200 pounds averdupois, into the house every night, after he was lifted off from a dray onto which his friends which could stand more fluids than he could hed deposited him. Many a time I've seed her lift that barrel uv whiskey with a man outside uv it.

Ez I heard some wicked boys who wuz a playin cards say I pass.

Matrimony, thus far in the world's history, hez bin our only destiny. I am glad I hed allus strength uv mind enough to resist all propositions lookin' to my enslavement. I hed too much respeck for myself to make myself the slave uv a man. Wunst, indeed, I might hev done so, but the merest accident in the world saved me. A young man, in my younger days, when the bloom wuz on the peach, ere sleepless nights spent in meditatin' the wrongs uv my sex hed worn furrows into these wunst blushin cheeks, a young man come to our house and conversed sweetly with me. It wuz my fust beau; and oh, my sisters, hed he that night asked me to be his'n I should hev bin weak enough to hev sed yes,

and I would hev bin a washer uv dishes and a mender uv stockins for life. But fate saved me. HE DIDN'T ASK ME—that night nor never afterwards—and, hallelujy! I'm free!

Again. I demand the right uv standin up in the cars the same as men, instead of havin' a dozen uv 'em start up when I enter coz I'm a woman! Why should they? Wuz these limbs given me by Nacher, for what? I resent with skor-r-r-n the implied insult. I hev seen bearded men stand up to let a little chit uv 18 (O, my sisters, ef there is a provokin' objick in this world it's a smooth-faced girl uv 18; they know so little of life and let on they know so much,) set down, when the night afore that same girl hed waltzed 20 miles, and ef she hadn't tired all her partners out, could hev waltzed 20 more. I'm disgusted with sich.

There hev bin women in the world who hev done suthin. There wuz the queen uv Sheba, who wuz eggselled only by Solomon, and all that surprized her in him wuz that he could support 3000 women. Bless Solomon's heart, I'd like to see him do it now! Where could he find a house big enough to hold 'em? He'd hev to put a wing on each side of the temple, and put another story on top uv it. And there wuz Joan of Arc, who walloped the English, who wuz maid uv Orleans, which wuzn't the same as Noah's Ark, for that wuz *made* of gopher wood, besides the latter was pitched without and pitched within. There wuz Queen Elizabeth, who wuz the Virgin Queen, and—but I propel.

How shall we gain our lost rights, and assume that position in the world to which we are entitled to? O, my sisters, these is a question upon which I have cogitated long and vigorously. We might do it by pisenin' all the men, but we would be robbed uv one-half uv our triumph, for they wouldn't be alive to see how well we did things without 'em; and besides, who'd pay our bills, and then what would become uv the next generation? We might resolve to do no more uv the degradin' work they hev imposed onto us, but if we didn't who would? One week's eatin' what they would cook would sicken a well-regulated woman; and besides, they might not let us eat at all. We can't be nothin' else but women, but let us be women in a grand style. Let's refuse to

kiss 'em or be kissed by 'em till they come to terms; let's preserve a keerful coldness toward 'em till they acknowledge our ekality. This I have practiced for years. I allow no young man to throw his arms around my waist, and pressin' me to his buzzum, imprint upon my virgin lips the impassioned kiss uv love. Ef one should attempt it this minute, I should exclaim, "My *civil* rights fust, the *marriage* rights afterward!" Try it, young sisters! and ef that don't fetch 'em to terms, write me post-paid, and I'll send suthin' that will.

ONLY A CURL.—E. B. Browning.

Friends of faces unknown, and a land
  Unvisited over the sea,
Who tell me how lonely you stand
With a single gold curl in the hand,
  Held up to be looked at by me,—

While you ask me to ponder, and say
  What a father and mother can do
With the bright fellow-locks put away,
Out of reach, beyond kiss, in the clay,
  Where the violets press nearer than you,—

Shall I speak like a poet, or run
  Into weak woman's tears for relief?
Oh, children—I never lost one;
Yet my arm's round my own little son,
  And love knows the secret of grief.

And I feel what it must be and is,
  When God draws a new angel so,
Through the house of a man up to His,
What a murmur of music you miss,
  And a rapture of light you forego:

How you think, staring on at the door
  Where the face of your angel flashed in,
That its brightness, familiar before,
Burns off from you ever the more
  For the dark of your sorrow and sin.

"God lent him and takes him," you sigh.
Nay, there let me break with your pain:
God's generous in giving, say I,
And the thing which he gives, I deny
That he ever can take back again.

He *gives* what he gives: I appeal
To all who bear babes; in the hour
When the veil of the body we feel
Rent around us—while torments reveal
The motherhood's advent in power,

And the babe cries—has each of us known
By apocalypse—God being there
Full in nature—the child is our own,
Life of life, love of love, moan of moan,
Through all changes, all times, everywhere,

He's ours, and forever. Believe,
O father!—O mother, look back
To the first love's assurance! To give
Means, with God, not to tempt or deceive,
With a cup thrust in Benjamin's sack.

He gives what he gives. Be content!
He resumes nothing given—be sure!
God lend? Where the usurers lent
In his temple, indignant he went,
And scourged away all those impure.

He lends not, but gives to the end,
As he loves to the end. If it *seem*
That he draws back a gift, comprehend
'Tis to add to it, rather, amend,
And finish it up to your dream,—

Or keep as a mother may, toys
Too costly, though given by herself,
Till the room shall be stiller from noise,
And the children more fit for such joys,
Kept over their heads on the shelf.

So look up friends! you who indeed
Have possessed in your house a sweet piece
Of the heaven which men strive for, must need
Be more earnest than others are—speed
When they loiter, persist where they cease.

You know how one angel smiles there,—
Then, courage. 'Tis easy for you
To be drawn by a single gold hair
Of that curl, from earth's storm and despair
To the safe place above us. Adieu.

MY CHILD.—John Pierpont.

I cannot make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes,—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed,
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When at the cool gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up with joy,
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer;
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked;—he is not there!

He lives!—In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now,
And on his angel brow
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there!*"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'T will be our heaven to find that—he is there!

CHARITY.—Thomas N. Talfourd.

The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter
Have their own season. 'T is a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which, by daily use,
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned, 't will fall
Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye
With gentle tears; relax the knotted hand
To know the bonds of fellowship again,—
And shed on the departing soul a sense
More precious than the benison of friends
About the honored death-bed of the rich,—
To him who else were lonely, that another
Of the great family is near, *and feels.*

THE YANKEE AND THE DUTCHMAN'S DOG.

Hiram was a quiet, peaceable sort of a Yankee, who lived on the same farm on which his fathers had lived before him, and was generally considered a pretty cute sort of a fellow,—always ready with a trick, whenever it was of the least utility; yet, when he did play any of his tricks, 'twas done in such an innocent manner, that his victim could do no better than take it all in good part.

Now, it happened that one of Hiram's neighbors sold a farm to a tolerably green specimen of a Dutchman,—one of the real unintelligent, stupid sort.

Von Vlom Schlopsch had a dog, as Dutchmen often have, who was less unintelligent than his master, and who had, since leaving his "faderland," become sufficiently civilized not only to appropriate the soil as common stock, but had progressed so far in the good work as to obtain his dinners from the neighbors' sheepfold on the same principle.

When Hiram discovered this propensity in the canine department of the Dutchman's family, he walked over to his new neighbor's to enter complaint, which mission he accomplished in the most natural method in the world.

"Wall, Von, your dog Blitzen's been killing my sheep."

"Ya! dat ish bace—bad. He ish von goot tog: ya! dat ish bad!"

"Sartin, it's bad; and you'll have to stop 'im."

"Ya! dat ish allas goot; but ich weis nicht."

"What's that you say? *he was niched?* Wall, now look here, old fellow! nickin's no use. Crop 'im; cut his tail off close, chock up to his trunk; that'll cure 'im."

"Vat ish dat?" exclaimed the Dutchman, while a faint ray of intelligence crept over his features. "Ya! dat ish goot. Dat cure von sheep steal, eh?"

"Sartin it will: he'll never touch sheep-meat again in this world," said Hiram gravely.

"Den come mit me. He von mity goot tog; all the way from Yarmany: I not take von five dollar—but come mit me, and hold his tail, eh? Ich chop him off."

"Sartin," said Hiram: "I'll hold his tail if you want me tew; but you must cut it up close."

"Ya! dat ish right. Ich make 'im von goot tog. There, Blitzen, Blitzen! come right here, you von sheep steal rash-cull: I chop your tail in von two pieces."

The dog obeyed the summons; and the master tied his feet fore and aft, for fear of accident, and placing the tail in the Yankee's hand, requested him to lay it across a large block of wood.

"Chock up," said Hiram, as he drew the butt of the tail close over the log.

"Ya! dat ish right. Now, you von tief sheep, I learns you better luck," said Von Vlom Schlopsch, as he raised the axe.

It descended; and as it did so, Hiram, with characteristic presence of mind, gave a sudden jerk, and brought Blitzen's neck over the log; and the head rolled over the other side.

"Wall, I swow!" said Hiram with apparent astonishment, as he dropped the headless trunk of the dog: "that was a *leetle* too close."

"Mine cootness!" exclaimed the Dutchman, "*you shust cut 'im off de wrong end!*"

THE MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.—Seba Smith.

The cold wind swept the mountain height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night
A mother wandered with her child,—
As through the drifting snow she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder yet the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifts of snow—
Her limbs were chilled; her strength was gone.
"O God!" she cried, in accents wild,
"If I must perish, save my child."

She stripped her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
Then round the child she wrapped the vest,

And smiled to think the babe was warm:
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sank upon a snowy bed.

At dawn a traveler passed by,
And saw her 'neath a snowy veil—
The frost of death was on her eye,
Her cheek was hard, and cold, and pale:
He moved the robe from off the child—
The babe looked up, and sweetly smiled.

THE ENSIGN BEARER.

Never mind me, Uncle Jared! never mind my bleeding breast!
They are charging in the valley and you're needed with the rest.
All the day long from its dawning till you saw your kinsman fall,
You have answered fresh and fearless to our brave commander's call;
And I would not rob my country of your gallant aid to-night,
Though your presence and your pity stay my spirit in its flight.

All along that quivering column see the death steed trampling down
Men whose deeds this day are worthy of a kingdom and a crown.
Prithee hasten, Uncle Jared! what's the bullet in my breast
To that murderous storm of fire raining tortures on the rest?
See! the bayonets flash and falter—look! the foe begins to win;
See! oh, see our falling comrades! God! the ranks are closing in.

Hark! there's quickening in the distance and a thundering in the air,
Like the roaring of a lion just emerging from his lair.
There's a cloud of something yonder fast unrolling like a scroll—
Quick! oh, quick! if it be succor that can save the cause a soul!
Look! a thousand thirsty bayonets are flashing down the vale,
And a thousand thirsty riders dashing onward like a gale!

Raise me higher, Uncle Jared, place the ensign in my hand!
I am strong enough to float it while you cheer that flying band;
Louder! louder! shout for Freedom with prolonged and vigorous breath—
Shout for Liberty and Union, and the victory over death!—
See! they catch the stirring numbers and they swell them to the breeze—
Cap and plume and starry banner waving proudly through the trees.

Mark our fainting comrades rally, see that drooping column rise!
I can almost see the fire newly kindled in their eyes.
Fresh for conflict, nerved to conquer, see them charging on the foe—
Face to face with deadly meaning—shot and shell and trusty blow.
See the thinned ranks wildly breaking—see them scatter to the sun—
I can die now, Uncle Jared, for the glorious day is won!

But there's something, something pressing with a numbness on my heart,
And my lips with mortal dumbness fail the burden to impart.
Oh! I tell you, Uncle Jared, there is something back of all
That a soldier cannot part with when he heeds his country's call.
Ask the mother what, in dying, sends her yearning spirit back
Over life's rough, broken marches, where she's pointed out the track.

Ask the dear ones gathered nightly round the shining household hearth,
What to them is dearer, better, than the brightest things of earth.
Ask that dearer one whose loving, like a ceaseless vestal flame,
Sets my very soul a glowing at the mention of her name;
Ask her why the loved in dying feels her spirit linked with his
In a union death but strengthens, she will tell you what it is.

And there's something, Uncle Jared, you may tell her if you will—
That the precious flag she gave me, I have kept unsullied still

And—this touch of pride forgive me—where death sought our gallant host—
Where our stricken lines were weakest, there it ever waved the most.
Bear it back and tell her fondly, brighter, purer, steadier far,
'Mid the crimson tide of battle, shone my life's fast setting star.

But forbear, dear Uncle Jared, when there's something more to tell,
When her lips with rapid blanching, bid you answer how I fell;
Teach your tongue the trick of slighting, though 'tis faithful to the rest,
Lest it say her brother's bullet is the bullet in my breast;
But if it must be that she learn it despite your tenderest care,
'Twill soothe her bleeding heart to know my bayonet pricked the air.

Life is ebbing, Uncle Jared—my enlistment endeth here;—
Death, the Conqueror has drafted—I can no more volunteer,—
But I hear the roll-call yonder and I go with willing feet—
Through the shadows of the valley where victorious armies meet.
Raise the ensign, Uncle Jared! let it's dear folds o'er me fall—
Strength and Union for my country—and God's banner over all.

EVA'S DEATH.—H. B. Stowe.

Eva, after this, declined rapidly: there was no more any doubt of the event; the fondest hope could not be blinded. Her beautiful room was avowedly a sick-room: and Miss Ophelia, day and night, performed the duties of a nurse, and never did her friends appreciate her value more than in that capacity. With so well-trained a hand and eye, such perfect adroitness and practice in every art which could promote neatness and comfort and keep out of sight every disagreeable incident of sickness,—with such a perfect sense of time, such a clear, untroubled head, such exact accuracy in remembering every prescription and direction of the doc-

tors,—she was everything to St. Clare. They who had shrugged their shoulders at the little peculiarities and setnesses—so unlike the careless freedom of Southern manners—acknowledged that now she was the exact person that was wanted.

Uncle Tom was much in Eva's room. The child suffered much from nervous restlessness, and it was a relief to her to be carried; and it was Tom's greatest delight to carry her little frail form in his arms, resting on a pillow, now up and down her room, now out into the veranda; and when the fresh sea-breezes blew from the lake,—and the child felt freshest in the morning,—he would sometimes walk with her under the orange-trees in the garden, or sitting down in some of their old seats, sing to her their favorite old hymns.

Her father often did the same thing; but his frame was slighter, and when he was weary, Eva would say to him,—

"Oh, papa, let Tom take me. Poor fellow! it pleases him; and you know it's all he can do now, and he wants to do something!"

"So do I, Eva!" said her father.

"Well, papa, you can do everything, and are everything to me. You read to me,—you sit up nights; and Tom has only this one thing, and his singing; and I know, too, he does it easier than you can. He carries me so strong!"

The desire to do something was not confined to Tom. Every servant in the establishment showed the same feeling, and in their way did what they could. But the friend who knew most of Eva's own imaginings and foreshadowings was her faithful bearer, Tom. To him she said what she would not disturb her father by saying. To him she imparted those mysterious intimations which the soul feels as the cords begin to unbind ere it leaves its clay forever.

Tom, at last, would not sleep in his room, but lay all night in the outer veranda, ready to rouse at every call.

"Uncle Tom, what alive have you taken to sleeping anywhere and everywhere, like a dog, for?" said Miss Ophelia. "I thought you was one of the orderly sort that liked to lie in bed in a Christian way."

"I do, Miss Feely," said Tom, mysteriously. "I do; but now—"

"Well, what now?"

"We mustn't speak loud; Mas'r St. Clare won't hear on't, but Miss Feely, you know there must be somebody watchin' for the bridegroom."

"What do you mean, Tom?"

"You know it says in Scripture, 'At midnight there was a great cry made. Behold the bridegroom cometh.' That's what I'm spectin' now, every night, Miss Feely; and I couldn't sleep out o' hearin', no ways."

"Why, Uncle Tom, what makes you think so?"

"Miss Eva she talks to me. The Lord, He sends his messenger in the soul. I must be thar, Miss Feely; for when that ar blessed child goes into the kingdom they'll open the door so wide, we'll all get a look in at the glory, Miss Feely."

"Uncle Tom, did Miss Eva say she felt more unwell than usual, to-night?"

"No; but she telled me this morning she was comin' nearer—thar's them that tells it to the child, Miss Feely. It's the angels,—'it's the trumpet sound afore the break o' day,'" said Tom, quoting from a favorite hymn.

This dialogue passed between Miss Ophelia and Tom, between ten and eleven, one evening, after her arrangements had all been made for the night, when on going to bolt her outer door, she found Tom stretched along by it, in the outer veranda.

She was not nervous or impressible; but the solemn, heartfelt manner struck her. Eva had been unusually bright and cheerful that afternoon, and had sat raised in her bed, and looked over all her little trinkets and precious things, and designated the friends to whom she would have them given; and her manner was more animated, and her voice more natural, than they had known it for weeks. Her father had been in, in the evening, and had said that Eva appeared more like her former self than ever she had done since her sickness; and when he kissed her for the night, he said to Miss Ophelia, "Cousin, we may keep her with us after all: she is certainly better;" and he had retired with a lighter heart in his bosom than he had had there for weeks.

But at midnight,—strange, mystic hour!—when the veil

between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin, —then came the messenger!

There was a sound in that chamber, first of one who stepped quickly. It was Miss Ophelia, who had resolved to sit up all night with her little charge, and who at the turn of the night had discerned what experienced nurses significantly call "a change." The outer door was quickly opened and Tom, who was watching outside, was on the alert in a moment.

"Go for the doctor, Tom! Lose not a moment," said Miss Ophelia; and stepping across the room she rapped at St. Clare's door.

"Cousin," she said, "I wish you would come."

Those words fell on his heart like clods upon a coffin. Why did they? He was up and in the room in an instant, and bending over Eva, who still slept.

What was it he saw that made his heart stand still? Why was no word spoken between the two? Thou canst say, who hast seen that same expression on the face dearest to thee,—that look indescribable, hopeless, unmistakable, that says to thee that thy beloved is no longer thine.

On the face of the child, however, there was no ghastly imprint,—only a high and almost sublime expression,—the overshadowing presence of spiritual natures, the dawning of immortal life in that childish soul.

They stood there so still, gazing upon her, that even the ticking of the watch seemed too loud. In a few moments Tom returned with the doctor. He entered, gave one look, and stood silent as the rest.

"When did this change take place?" said he, in a low whisper to Miss Ophelia.

"About the turn of the night," was the reply.

Marie, roused by the entrance of the doctor, appeared hurriedly, from the next room.

"Augustine! Cousin!—Oh!—what!" she hurriedly began.

"Hush!" said St. Clare, hoarsely, "*She is dying!*"

Mammy heard the words and flew to awaken the servants. The house was soon roused,—lights were seen, footsteps heard, anxious faces thronged the veranda and looked tearfully through the glass doors; but St. Clare heard and

said nothing,—he saw only *that look* on the face of the little sleeper.

"Oh, if she would only wake, and speak once more!" he said; and stooping over her, he spoke in her ear,—"Eva, darling!"

The large blue eyes unclosed,—a smile passed over her face; she tried to raise her head, and speak.

"Do you know me, Eva?"

"Dear papa," said the child, with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck. In a moment they dropped again; and as St. Clare raised his head he saw a spasm of mortal agony pass over the face; she struggled for breath, and threw up her little hands.

"O God, this is dreadful!" he said, turning away in agony, and wringing Tom's hand, scarce conscious what he was doing. "Oh, Tom, my boy, it is killing me!"

Tom had his master's hands between his own, and with tears streaming down his dark cheeks, looked up for help where he had always been used to look.

"Pray that this may be cut short!" said St. Clare: "this wrings my heart!"

"Oh, bless the Lord! it's over,—it's over, dear master!" said Tom. "Look at her."

The child lay panting on her pillows as one exhausted,—the large clear eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah, what said those eyes that spoke so much of heaven? Earth was past, and earthly pain; but so solemn, so mysterious, was the triumphant brightness of that face, that it checked even the sobs of sorrow. They pressed around her, in breathless stillness.

"Eva!" said St. Clare, gently. She did not hear.

"Oh, Eva, tell us what you see! What is it?" said her father.

A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she said, brokenly, "Oh! love—joy—peace!" gave one sigh, and passed from death unto life!

Farewell, beloved child! the bright, eternal doors have closed after thee; we shall see thy sweet face no more. Oh, woe for them who watched thy entrance into heaven, when they shall wake and find only the cold gray sky of daily life, and thou gone forever!

THE SUICIDAL CAT.

There was a man named Ferguson,
He lived on Market street,
He had a speckled Thomas cat
That couldn't well be beat;
He'd catch more rats and mice, and sich,
Than forty cats could eat.

This cat would come into the room
And climb upon a cheer,
And there he'd set and lick hisself,
And purr so awful queer,
That Ferguson would yell at him—
But still he'd purr—severe.

And then he'd climb the moon-lit fence,
And loaf around and yowl,
And spit and claw another cat
Alongside of the jowl;
And then they both would shake their tails
And jump around and howl.

Oh, this here cat of Ferguson's
Was fearful then to see;
He'd yell precisely like he was
In awful agony;
You'd think a first-class stomach-ache
Had struck some small baby.

And all the mothers in the street,
Waked by the horrid din,
Would rise right up and search their babes
To find some worrying pin;
And still this viperous cat would keep
A hollerin' like sin.

And as for Mr. Ferguson,
'Twas more than he could bear,
And so he hurled his boot-jack out
Right through the midnight air;
But this vociferous Thomas cat,
Not one cent did he care.

For still he yowled and kept his fur
A standin' up on end,
And his old spine a doublin' up
As far as it would bend,
As if his hopes of happiness
Did on his lungs depend.

But while a curvin' of his spine,
And waitin' to attack
A cat upon the other fence,
There come an awful crack;—
And this here speckled Thomas cat
Was busted in the back!

When Ferguson came home next day,
There lay his old feline,
And not a life was left in him,
Although he had had nine.
"All this here comes," said Ferguson,
"Of curvin' of his spine."

Now all you men whose tender hearts
This painful tale does rack,
Just take this moral to yourselves,
All of you, white and black;
Don't ever go like this here cat,
To gettin' up your back.

OTHELLO'S APOLOGY.—Shakspeare.

Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors:
My very noble, and approved good masters:
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more.

Rude am I in speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore, little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking of myself.

Yet by your patience,
I will, a round, unvarnished tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic—
For such proceedings I am charged withal—
I won his daughter with.

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life
From year to year: the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I had past.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances:
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hairbreadth 'scapes, in the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history.

All these to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear,
Devour up my discourse. Which, I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;
Whereof, by parcels, she had something heard,
But not distinctly.

I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.
She swore in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful; 'twas wondrous pitiful;
She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man.

She thanked me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. On this hint I spake;
She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This is the only witchcraft which I've used.

THE LITTLE MARTYR.

The whistle, shrill,
Went up the hill,
And echoed through the valley still;

"Danger ahead!"
We thought it said,
As on the heavy night-train sped.

The black wheels grate!
"Too late! too late!"
(How *could* they stop at such a rate!)
The lightning's glow
But served to show
A mangled mass of flesh below!

What did they find!
Tears always blind
My eyes, as I recall to mind
The fearful sight,
Which on that night,
We saw by "the red lantern's" light.

"The bridge is gone—
Send some one on!
'Twere worse for *hundreds* than for *one!*"
The pleading mild
Came from a child,
Down in the rain that midnight wild.

The stifled sound
Of groans around
Told what a place these words had found,
As strong men thought
Of what was wrought,
By his young life which theirs had bought.

"I knew you'd slack,
If on the track,
I'd drop this ugly, poor hunchback!
But—don't you know—
In heaven I'll grow
As straight as any one below!

"I saw it go—
Some—one—stoop low!"
His voice grew very faint and slow,
"No one would care—
God made me dare
To give what—all—could—so well spare."

They raised his head—
He smiled—was dead—
Without one look of pain or dread.
Friends love to trace
His resting place,
Where bloom the lilies—types of grace.

THE JESTER'S SERMON.—Walter Thornbury.

The jester shook his hood and bells, and leaped upon a chair;
The pages laughed; the women screamed, and tossed their scented hair;
The falcon whistled; stag-hounds bayed; the lap-dog barked without;
The scullion dropped the pitcher brown; the cook railed at the lout;
The steward, counting out his gold, let pouch and money fall,—
And why? Because the jester rose to say grace in the hall.

The page played with the heron's plume, the steward with his chain;
The butler drummed upon the board, and laughed with might and main;
The grooms beat on their metal cans, and roared till they were red,
But still the jester shut his eyes, and rolled his witty head,
And when they grew a little still, read half a yard of text,
And, waving hand, struck on the desk, and frowned like one perplexed.

"Dear sinners all," the fool began, "man's life is but a jest.
A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapor at the best.
In a thousand pounds of law, I find not a single ounce of love.
A blind man killed the parson's cow in shooting at the dove.
The fool that eats till he is sick must fast till he is well.
The wooer who can flatter most will bear away the belle.

"Let no man halloo he is safe, till he is through the wood.
He who will not when he may must tarry when he should.
He who laughs at crooked men should need walk very straight.
Oh! he who once has won a name may lie abed till eight.
Make haste to purchase house and land: be very slow to wed.
True coral needs no painter's brush, nor need be daubed with red.

"The friar, preaching, cursed the thief, (the pudding in his sleeve.)
To fish for sprats with golden hooks is foolish—by your leave.
To travel well,—an ass's ears, ape's face, hog's mouth, and ostrich legs.
He does not care a pin for thieves, who limps about and begs.

Be always first man at a feast, and last man at a fray.
The short way round, in spite of all, is still the longest way.
When the hungry curate licks the knife, there's not much for the clerk.
When the pilot, turning pale and sick, looks up,—the storm grows dark."

Then loud they laughed; the fat cook's tears ran down into the pan;
The steward shook, that he was forced to drop the brimming can;
And then again the women screamed, and every stag-hound bayed,—
And why? Because the motley fool so wise a sermon made.

CAUDLE'S WEDDING-DAY.—Douglas Jerrold.

Caudle, love, do you know what next Sunday is? *No!* You don't! Well, was there ever such a strange man! Can't you guess, darling? Next Sunday, dear? Think, love, a minute—just think. What! and you don't know now? Ha! If I hadn't a better memory than you I don't know how we should ever get on. Well then, pet—shall I tell you, dear what next Sunday is? Why, then, it's our wedding-day. What are you groaning at, Mr. Caudle? I don't see anything to groan at. If anybody should groan, I'm sure it isn't you No; I rather think it's I who ought to groan!

Oh, dear! That's fourteen years ago. You were a very different man then, Mr. Caudle. What do you say?—*And I was a very different woman?* Not at all—just the same. Oh, you needn't roll your head about on the pillow in that way: I say, just the same. Well, then, if I'm altered, whose fault is it? Not mine, I'm sure—certainly not. Don't tell me that I couldn't talk at all then—I could talk just as well then as I can now; only then I hadn't the same cause. It's you have made me talk. What do you say? *You're very sorry for it?* Caudle you do nothing but insult me.

Ha! You were a good-tempered, nice creature fourteen years ago, and would have done anything for me. Yes, yes,

If a woman would be always cared for she should never marry. There's quite an end of the charm when she goes to church! We're all angels while you're courting us; but once married, how soon you pull our wings off! No, Mr. Caudle, I'm not talking nonsense; but the truth is, you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. Nobody ever tells me that I talk nonsense but you. Now, it's no use your turning and turning about in that way; it's not a bit of— What do you say? *You'll get up?* No, you won't Caudle; you'll not serve me that trick again, for I've locked the door and hid the key. There's no getting hold of you in day-time—but here, you can't leave me. You needn't groan, Mr. Caudle.

Now, Caudle, dear, do let us talk comfortably. After all, love, there's a good many folks who, I dare say, don't get on half so well as we've done. We've both our little tempers, perhaps, but you are aggravating, you must own that, Caudle. Well, never mind; we won't talk of it; I won't scold you now. We'll talk of next Sunday, love. We never have kept our wedding-day, and I think it would be a nice day to have our friends. What do you say? *They'd think it hypocrisy?* No hypocrisy at all. I'm sure I try to be comfortable; and if ever a man was happy, you ought to be. No, Caudle, no; it isn't nonsense to keep wedding-days; it isn't a deception on the world: and if it is, how many people do it? I'm sure it's only a proper compliment that a man owes to his wife. Look at the Winkles—don't they give a dinner every year? Well, I know, and if they do fight a little in the course of the twelvemonth, that's nothing to do with it. They keep their wedding-day, and their acquaintance have nothing to do with anything else.

As I say Caudle, it's only a proper compliment a man owes to his wife to keep his wedding-day. It is as much as to say to the whole world, "There, if I had to marry again, my blessed wife's the only woman I'd choose!" Well, I see nothing to groan at, Mr. Caudle—no, nor to sigh at either; but I know what you mean; I'm sure, what would have become of you if you hadn't married as you have done—why, you'd have been a lost creature! I know it; I know your habits, Caudle; and—I don't like to say it—but you'd have been little better than a ragamuffin. Nice scrapes you'd have got into,

I know, if you hadn't had me for a wife. The trouble I've had to keep you respectable—and what's my thanks? Ha! I only wish you'd had some women!

But we won't quarrel, Caudle. No; you don't mean any thing, I know. We'll have this little dinner, eh? Just a few friends? Now don't say you don't care—that isn't the way to speak to a wife; and especially the wife I've been to you, Caudle. Well, you agree to the dinner, eh? Now don't grunt, Mr. Caudle, but speak out. You'll keep your wedding-day? What? *If I'll let you go to sleep?* Ha, that's unmanly, Caudle; can't you say, "Yes," without any thing else? I say—can't you say "Yes?" There bless you! I knew you would.

And now, Caudle, what shall we have for dinner? No—we won't talk of it to-morrow; we'll talk of it now, and then it will be off my mind. I should like something particular—something out of the way—just to show that we thought the day something. I should like—Mr. Caudle, you're not asleep? *What do I want?* Why, you know I want to settle about the dinner. *Have what I like?* No, as it is your fancy to keep the day, it's only right that I should try to please you. We never had one, Caudle; so what do you think of a haunch of venison? What do you say? *Mutton will do?* Ha! that shows what you think of your wife: I dare say if it was with any of your club friends—any of your pot-house companions—you'd have no objection to venison? I say if—What do you mutter? *Let it be venison?* Very well. And now about the fish? What do you think of a nice turbot? No, Mr. Caudle, *brill* won't do—it shall be turbot, or there shan't be any fish at all. Oh! what a mean man you are, Caudle! Shall it be turbot? *It shall?* And now about — the soup—now Caudle, don't swear at the soup in that manner; you know there must be soup. Well, once in a way, and just to show our friends how happy we've been, we'll have some real turtle. *No you won't; you'll have nothing but mock?* Then, Mr. Caudle, you may sit at the table by yourself. Mock-turtle on a wedding-day! Was there ever such an insult? What do you say? *Let it be real then, for once?* Ha, Caudle! as I say, you were a very different person fourteen years ago.

And, Caudle, you look after the venison! There's a place I know, somewhere in the city, where you'll get it beautiful. You'll look at it? *You will?* Very well.

And now who shall we invite? *Who I like?* Now you know, Caudle, that's nonsense; because I only like whom you like. I suppose the Prettymans must come. But understand, Caudle, I don't have *Miss* Prettyman: I am not going to have my peace of mind destroyed under my own roof: if she comes, I don't appear at the table. What do you say? *Very well?* Very well be it, then.

And now Caudle, you'll not forget the venison? In the city, my dear! You'll not forget the venison? A haunch, you know: a nice haunch. And you'll not forget the venison? (*A loud snore.*) Bless me, if he ain't asleep! Oh, the unfeeling men!

THE WHISTLER.

"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood
While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline,—
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood:
I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.
"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side and would there take her place."

"Is that all you wish for? Why, that may be yours
Without any magic!" the fair maiden cried:
"A favor so slight one's good-nature secures;"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth; "and the charm
Would work so that not even modesty's check
Would be able to keep from my neck your white arm."
She smiled and she laid her white arm round his neck.

"Yet once more I would blow; and the music divine
Would bring me a third time an exquisite bliss,—
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine;
And your lips stealing past it would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee,—
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make!
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

THE GREENWOOD SHRIFT.—R. & C. Southey.

A SCENE IN WINDSOR FOREST, ENGLAND.

Outstretched beneath the leafy shade
Of Windsor forest's deepest glade,
A dying woman lay;
Three little children round her stood,
And there went up from the greenwood
A woful wail that day.

"O mother!" was the mingled cry,
"O mother, mother! do not die,
And leave us all alone."
"My blessed babes!" she tried to say,
But the faint accents died away
In a low sobbing moan.

And then, life struggling hard with death,
And fast and strong she drew her breath,
And up she raised her head;
And, peering through the deep wood maze
With a long, sharp, unearthly gaze,
"Will she not come?" she said.

Just then the parting boughs between,
A little maid's light form was seen,
All breathless with her speed;
And following close, a man came on
(A portly man to look upon,)
Who led a panting steed.

"Mother!" the little maiden cried,
Or e'er she reached the woman's side,
And kissed her clay-cold cheek,—
"I have not idled in the town,
But long went wandering up and down,
The minister to seek.

"They told me here, they told me there,—
I think they mocked me everywhere;
And when I found his home,
And begged him on my bended knee
To bring his book and come with me,
Mother! he would not come.

"I told him how you dying lay,
And could not go in peace away
Without the minister:

I begged him, for dear Christ his sake,
But O, my heart was fit to break,—
Mother! he would not stir.

"So, though my tears were blinding me,
I ran back, fast as fast could be,
To come again to you;
And here—close by—this squire I met,
Who asked, so mild, what made me fret;
And when I told him true,—

"'I will go with you, child,' he said,
'God sends me to this dying bed,'—
Mother, he's here, hard by."
While thus the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye.

The bridle on his neck hung free,
With quivering flank and trembling knee,
Pressed close his bonny bay;
A statelier man, a statelier steed,
Never on greensward paced, I rede,
Than those stood there that day.

So, while the little maiden spoke,
The man, his back against an oak,
Looked on with glistening eye
And folded arms, and in his look
Something that, like a sermon-book,
Preached,—"All is vanity."

But when the dying woman's face
Turned toward him with a wishful gaze,
He stepped to where she lay;
And, kneeling down, bent over her,
Saying, "I am a minister,
My sister! let us pray."

And well, withouten book or stole,
(God's words were printed on his soul!)
Into the dying ear
He breathed, as 'twere an angel's strain,
The things that unto life pertain,
And death's dark shadows clear.

He spoke of sinners' lost estate,
In Christ renewed, regenerate,—
Of God's most blest decree,
That not a single soul should die
Who turns repentant, with the cry
"Be merciful to me."

He spoke of trouble, pain, and toil,
Endured but for a little while
In patience, faith, and love,—
Sure, in God's own good time, to be
Exchanged for an eternity
Of happiness above.

Then as the spirit ebbed away,
He raised his hands and eyes to pray
That peaceful it might pass;
And then—the orphans' sobs alone
Were heard, and they knelt, every one,
Close round on the green grass.

Such was the sight their wandering eyes
Beheld, in heart-struck, mute surprise,
Who reined their coursers back,
Just as they found the long astray,
Who, in the heat of chase that day,
Had wandered from their track.

But each man reined his pawing steed,
And lighted down, as if agreed,
In silence at his side;
And there, uncovered all, they stood,—
It was a wholesome sight and good
That day for mortal pride.

For of the noblest of the land
Was that deep-hushed, bareheaded band;
And central in the ring,
By that dead pauper on the ground,
Her ragged orphans clinging round,
*Knelt their anointed king.**

THE RIGHTEOUS NEVER FORSAKEN.

It was Saturday night, and the widow of the pine cottage sat by her blazing fagots with her five tattered children at her side, endeavoring, by listening to the artlessness of their juvenile prattle, to dissipate the heavy gloom that pressed

*George III.

upon her mind. For a year, her own feeble hands had provided for her helpless family, for she had no supporter; she thought of no friend in all the wide, unfriendly world around. But that mysterious Providence, the wisdom of whose ways are above human comprehension, had visited her with wasting sickness, and her little means had become exhausted. It was now, too, midwinter, and the snow lay heavy and deep through all the surrounding forests, while storms still seemed gathering in the heavens, and the driving wind roared amidst the bending pines, and rocked her puny mansion.

The last herring smoked upon the hearth before her: it was the only article of food she possessed; and no wonder her forlorn desolate state brought up in her lone bosom all the anxieties of a mother, when she looked upon her children; and no wonder, forlorn as she was, if she suffered the heart-swellings of despair to rise, even though she knew that He whose promise is to the widow and the orphan cannot forget his word. Many years before, her eldest son had left his forest home to try his fortune on the billowy wave—of him she had heard no note or tidings; and in latter times Providence had deprived her of the companion and staff of her worldly pilgrimage, in the person of her husband. Yet to this hour she had been upborne; she had not only been able to provide for her little flock, but had never lost an opportunity of ministering to the wants of the miserable and destitute.

The indolent may well bear with poverty while the ability to gain sustenance remains. The individual who has but his own wants to supply may suffer with fortitude the winter of want; his affections are not wounded, his heart not wrung. The most desolate in populous cities may hope, for charity has not quite closed her hand and heart, and shut her eyes on misery. But the industrious mother of helpless and depending children, far from the reach of human charity, has none of these to console her. And such a one was the widow of the pine cottage; but as she bent over the fire and took up the last scanty remnant of food to spread before her children, her spirits seemed to brighten up, as by some sud-

den and mysterious impulse, and Cowper's beautiful lines came uncalled across her mind—

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

The smoked herring was scarce laid upon the table, when a gentle rap at the door and loud barking of a dog attracted the attention of the family. The children flew to open it, and a weary traveler, in tattered garments, and apparently indifferent health, entered and begged a lodging and a mouthful of food. Said he, "It is now twenty-four hours since I tasted bread." The widow's heart bled anew, as under a fresh complication of distresses; for her sympathies lingered not round her fireside. She hesitated not even now; rest and share of all she had, she proffered to the stranger. "We shall not be forsaken," said she, "or suffer deeper for an act of charity."

The traveler drew near the board; but when he saw the scanty fare, he raised his eyes towards heaven with astonishment. "And is this all your store?" said he; "and a share of this do you offer to one you know not? Then never saw I charity before! But, madam," he continued, "do you not wrong your children by giving a part of your last mouthful to a stranger?" "Ah," said the poor widow, and the tear-drops gushed from her eyes as she said it, "I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere on the face of the wide world, unless heaven has taken him away, and I only act towards you as I would that others should act towards him. God, who sent manna from heaven, can provide for us as he did for Israel; and how should I this night offend him, if my son should be a wanderer, destitute as you, and should have provided for him a home even poor as this, were I to turn you unrelieved away!"

The widow ended, and the stranger springing from his seat clasped her in his arms. "God indeed has provided just such a home for your wandering son, and has given him wealth to reward the goodness of his benefactress. My mother! O my mother!"

It was her long-lost son, returned to her bosom from the Indies. He had chosen that disguise, that he might the

more completely surprise his family; and never was surprise more perfect, or followed by a sweeter cup of joy. That humble residence in the forest was exchanged for one comfortable, indeed beautiful, in the valley, and the widow lived long with her dutiful son in the enjoyment of worldly plenty and in the delightful employments of virtue; and at this day, the passer-by is pointed to the luxuriant willow that spreads its branches broad and green above her grave, while he listens to the recital of this simple and homely, but not altogether worthless tale.

SCHNEIDER'S RIDE.—Gus Phillips.

From agroos der rifer, ad der broke of day,
Bringin' of Brooklyn vresh dismay,
Der noos vas broughd by a Dootchman dhrue,
Dot der officers of der refenue
Voult be ofer in less as a' hour or two,
To confershkate all der vhiskey dher got
In Schneider's blace, or near dot shpot.

Und vilder yet der roomers flew,
Dill Schneider didn't know vhat ter do;
So he glosed der door, und he barr't 'em dight,
Saying, "Dhey may hammer avay mit all dheir might;
But ofe dhey got in, dhen ve shall see,
Vhich vas der shmartest—dhem or me."
For a' hour or dhree no resht he got,
Shtill Schneider shtayed right on der shpot.

But dhere is a shtreed in Brooklyn town,
Dot ishn't bafed—dot leads right down
To Coney Island; und vot ish more,
It's a voonder dot nefer vas used pefore—
It vas right in vrondt of der back of der shtore;
Und dhere on dot shtreed vos nine drucks und a card,
All loaded mit vhiskey und ready to shtard;
Dhey're most all loaded, und Schneider ish gay,
For in ten minutes he'll be more as a mile avay.

Dhey're ofe, und nodings ish left ter show
Vich vay dhey made up dheir mints ter go;

Efery dhinks ish mofed, yet not a sound
But der noise of der wheels agoin' around,
Ash so shwiftly dhey go ofer der ground;
Und Schneider turns round und says, "Good-day,"
For now he vas more as fife miles avay.

Shtill shumps der horses, shtill on dhey go,
Und der vay dhey mofes dot ishn't shlow;
Dhey're goin' down hill, und faster und faster
Dhey're drifen aheadt by Schneider, dheir master,
Who shtucks to 'em now like a poor-man's blaster;
For vell he knows dot if now he vos dook't,
He could make up his mint dot his goose vas gooked—
So efery muscles he prings in blay,
'Cause dhey ain'd any more as ten miles avay.

Under dheir vlyin' hoofs der roat
Like a great big mud-gutter dot flowed,
Und efen der flies dot comed from town,
Got tired at last, und had to lay down
Und dook a shmall resht on der ground;
For Schneider und der horses dhey vent so fast
Dot efen der flies gifed oud at last;
Und der dust vas thick and der horses vas gray,
Und Schneider vas fifteen miles avay.

Der very first dhing vhat Schneider saw
Vas der sant, dhen he heard der ocean roar;
He shmelt der salt in der goot old preezes
Vhat wafed ofer vhere dhere vashn't some dreeses,
Und his heart velt glad und his shpirits vas gay,
Und der very horses dhem seemed to say:
"Ve prings you, Schneider, all der vay
From Irishtown, und safe der vhiskey,
But 'pon our vorts, it vas rader risky!"

Den hurrah! hurrah! for Schneider dhrue,
Und hurrah! hurrah! for der horses too!
Und vhen dheir shadders vas high und dry,
Let some bully boy mit a grockery eye
Get up on der top of a parrel und gry—
"Dhese ish der horses vhat safed der day
By cartin' dot vishkey und Schneider avay
From Irishtown, dwendy miles avay!"

LINES WRITTEN IN A CHURCHYARD.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

"It is good for us to be here. If thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias."

Methinks it is good to be here;
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah no!
Affrighted he shrinketh away;
For see, they would pen him below
In a small narrow cave and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of pride?
To the trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas! they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
But the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas, 'tis in vain!
Who hid, in their turns have been hid:
The treasures are squandered again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board!
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveler here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah no! they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above.
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow?—the dead cannot grieve;
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve.
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear;
Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow!
Beneath, the cold dead, and around, the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith, that insures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies.

LAY OF THE MADMAN.

Many a year hath passed away,
Many a dark and dismal year,
Since last I roamed in the light of day,
Or mingled my own with another's tear;
Woe to the daughters and sons of men—
Woe to them all when I roam again!

Here have I watched, in this dungeon cell,
Longer than Memory's tongue can tell;
Here have I shrieked in my wild despair,
When the damned fiends, from their prison came,
Sported and gamboled, and mocked me here,
With their eyes of fire, and their tongues of flame,
Shouting forever and aye my name!
And I strove in vain to burst my chain,
And longed to be free as the winds again,
That I might spring in the wizard ring,
And scatter them back to their hellish den!
Woe to the daughters and sons of men—
Woe to them all when I roam again!

How long I have been in this dungeon here,
Little I know, and nothing I care;
What to me is the day, or night,
Summer's heat, or autumn sere.

Spring-tide flowers, or winter's blight,
Pleasure's smile, or sorrow's tear?
Time! what care I for thy flight,
Joy! I spurn thee with disdain;
Nothing love I but this clanking chain;
Once I broke from its iron hold,
Nothing I said, but silent and bold,
Like the shepherd that watches his gentle fold,
Like the tiger that crouches in mountain lair,
Hours upon hours so watched I there;
Till one of the fiends that had come to bring
Herbs from the valley and drink from the spring,
Stalked through my dungeon entrance in!
Ha! how he shrieked to see me free—
Ho! how he trembled, and knelt to me,
He, who had mocked me many a day,
And barred me out from its cheerful ray—
Gods! how I shouted to see him pray!
I wreathed my hands in the demon's hair,
And choked his breath in its muttered prayer,
And danced I then, in wild delight,
To see the trembling wretch's fright!

Gods! how I crushed his hated bones!
'Gainst the jagged wall and the dungeon-stones;
And plunged my arm adown his throat,
And dragged to life his beating heart,
And held it up that I might gloat,
To see its quivering fibers start!
Ho! how I drank of the purple flood,
Quaffed, and quaffed again, of blood,
Till my brain grew dark, and I knew no more,
Till I found myself on this dungeon floor,
Fettered and held by this iron chain;—
Ho! when I break its links again,
Ha! when I break its links again,
Woe to the daughters and sons of men!

MACLAINE'S CHILD.—Charles Mackay.

"Maclaine! you've scourged me like a hound;—
You should have struck me to the ground;
You should have played a chieftain's part;
You should have stabbed me to the heart.

"You should have crushed me unto death;—
But here I swear with living breath,
That for this wrong which you have done,
I'll wreak my vengeance on your son,—

"On him, and you, and all your race!"
He said, and bounding from his place,
He seized the child with sudden hold—
A smiling infant, three years old—

And starting like a hunted stag,
He scaled the rock, he clomb the crag,
And reached, o'er many a wide abyss,
The beetling seaward precipice;

And leaning o'er its topmost ledge,
He held the infant o'er the edge:—
"In vain the wrath, thy sorrow vain;
No hand shall save it, proud Maclaine!"

With flashing eye and burning brow,
The mother followed, heedless how,
O'er crags with mosses overgrown,
And stair-like juts of slippery stone.

But midway up the rugged steep,
She found a chasm she could not leap,
And kneeling on its brink, she raised
Her supplicating hands, and gazed.

"O, spare my child, my joy, my pride!
O, give me back my child!" she cried:
"My child! my child!" with sobs and tears,
She shrieked upon his callous ears.

"Come, Evan," said the trembling chief,—
His bosom wrung with pride and grief,—
"Restore the boy, give back my son,
And I'll forgive the wrong you've done."

"I scorn forgiveness, haughty man!
You've injured me before the clan;
And nought but blood shall wipe away
The shame I have endured to-day."

And as he spoke, he raised the child,
To dash it 'mid the breakers wild,
But, at the mother's piercing cry,
Drew back a step, and made reply:—

"Fair lady, if your lord will strip,
And let a clansman wield the whip,
Till skin shall flay, and blood shall run,
I'll give you back your little son."

The lady's cheek grew pale with ire,
The chieftain's eyes flashed sudden fire;
He drew a pistol from his breast,
Took aim,—then dropped it, sore distressed.

"I might have slain my babe instead.
Come, Evan, come," the father said,
And through his heart a tremor ran;
"We'll fight our quarrel man to man."

"Wrong unavenged I've never borne,"
Said Evan, speaking loud in scorn;
"You've heard my answer, proud Maclaine:
I will not fight you,—think again."

The lady stood in mute despair,
With freezing blood and stiffening hair;
She moved no limb, she spoke no word;—
She could but look upon her lord.

He saw the quivering of her eye,
Pale lips and speechless agony,—
And, doing battle with his pride,
"Give back the boy,—I yield," he cried.

A storm of passions shook his mind—
Anger and shame and love combined;
But love prevailed, and bending low,
He bared his shoulders to the blow.

"I smite you," said the clansman true;
"Forgive me, chief, the deed I do!
For by yon Heaven that hears me speak,
My dirk in Evan's heart shall reek!"

But Evan's face beamed hate and joy;
Close to his breast he hugged the boy:
"Revenge is just, revenge is sweet,
And mine, Lochbuy, shall be complete."

Ere hand could stir, with sudden shock,
He threw the infant o'er the rock,
Then followed with a desperate leap,
Down fifty fathoms to the deep.

They found their bodies in the tide;
And never till the day she died
Was that sad mother known to smile—
The Niobe of Mulla's isle.

They dragged false Evan from the sea,
And hanged him on a gallows tree;
And ravens fattened on his brain,
To sate the vengeance of Maclaine.

MR. BLIFKIN'S FIRST BABY.

That first baby was a great institution. As soon as he came into this "breathing world," as the late W. Shakespeare has it, he took command in our house. Everything was subservient to him. He regulated the temperature, he regulated the servants, he regulated *me*.

For the first six months of that precious baby's existence he had me up, on an average, six times a night.

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "bring a light, do; the baby looks strangely; I'm afraid it will have a fit."

Of course the lamp was brought, and of course the baby lay sucking his fist, like a little white bear as he was.

"Mr. Blifkins," says my wife, "I think I feel a draft of air; I wish you would get up and see if the window is not open a little, because baby might get sick."

Nothing was the matter with the window, as I knew very well.

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, just as I was going to sleep again, "that lamp, as you have placed it, shines directly in baby's eyes—strange that you have no more consideration."

I arranged the light and went to bed again. Just as I was dropping to sleep—

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, "did you think to buy that broma, to-day, for the baby?"

"My dear," said I, will you do me the injustice to believe that I could overlook a matter so essential to the comfort of that inestimable child?"

She apologized very handsomely, but made her anxiety the scapegoat. I forgave her, and without saying a word to her I addressed myself to sleep.

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, shaking me, "you must not snore so—you will wake the baby."

"Jest so—jest so," said I, half asleep, thinking I was Solon Shingle.

"Mr. Blifkins," said my wife, will you get up and hand me that warm gruel from the nurse-lamp for baby?—the dear child! if it wasn't for his mother I don't know what he would do. How can you sleep so, Mr. Blifkins?"

"I suspect my dear," said I, "that it is because I'm tired."

"Oh, it's very well for you men to talk about being tired," said my wife, "I don't know what you would say if you had to toil and drudge like a poor woman with a baby."

I tried to soothe her by telling her she had no patience and got up for the posset. Having aided in answering to the baby's requirements, I stepped into bed again, with the hope of sleeping.

"Oh, dear!" said that inestimable woman, in great apparent anguish, "how can a man, who has arrived at the honor of a live baby of his own, sleep when he don't know that the dear creature will live till morning?"

I remained silent, and after awhile, deeming that Mrs. Blifkins had gone to sleep, I stretched my limbs for repose. How long I slept I don't know, but I was awakened by a furious jab in the forehead from some sharp instrument. I started up, and Mrs. Blifkins was sitting up in bed, adjusting some portions of the baby's dress. She had, in a state of semi-somnolence, mistaken my head for the pillow, which she customarily used for a nocturnal pincushion. I protested against such treatment in somewhat round terms, pointing to several perforations in my forehead. She told me I should willingly bear such trifling ills for the sake of the baby. I insisted upon it that I didn't think my duty as a parent to the immortal required the surrender of my forehead as a pincushion.

This was one of the many nights passed in this way. The truth was that baby was what every man's first baby is—an autocrat, absolute and unlimited.

Such was the story of Blifkins, as he related it to us the other day. It is a little exaggerated picture of almost every man's experience. *Gleason's Monthly.*

SLANDER.

'Twas but a breath—
And yet a woman's fair fame wilted,
And friends once fond grew cold and stilted;
And life was worse than death.

One venomed word,
That struck its coward, poisoned blow,
In craven whispers, hushed and low,—
And yet the wide world heard.

'Twas but one whisper—one—
That muttered low, for very shame,
That thing the slanderer dare not name,—
And yet its work was done.

A hint so slight,
And yet so mighty in its power,—
A human soul in one short hour,
Lies crushed beneath its blight.

THE UNCLE.—H. G. Bell.

I had an uncle once—a man
Of threescore years and three;—
And when my reason's dawn began,
He'd take me on his knee;
And often talk, whole winter nights,
Things that seemed strange to me.

He was a man of gloomy mood,
And few his converse sought;
But, it was said, in solitude
His conscience with him wrought;
And there, before his mental eye,
Some hideous vision brought.

There was not one in all the house
Who did not fear his frown,
Save I, a little careless child,
Who gamboled up and down,
And often peeped into his room,
And plucked him by the gown.

I was an orphan and alone,—
My father was his brother,
And all their lives I knew that they
Had fondly loved each other;
And in my uncle's room there hung
The picture of my mother.

There was a curtain over it,—
'Twas in a darkened place,
And few or none had ever looked

Upon my mother's face,
Or seen her pale expressive smile
Of melancholy grace.

One night—I do remember well,
The wind was howling high,
And through the ancient corridors
It sounded drearily—
I sat and read in that old hall;
My uncle sat close by.

I read—but little understood
The words upon the book;
For with a sidelong glance I marked
My uncle's fearful look,
And saw how all his quivering frame
In strong convulsions shook.

A silent terror o'er me stole,
A strange, unusual dread;
His lips were white as bone—his eyes
Sunk far down in his head;
He gazed on me, but 'twas the gaze
Of the unconscious dead.

Then suddenly he turned him round,
And drew aside the veil
That hung before my mother's face;
Perchance my eyes might fail,
But ne'er before that face to me
Had seemed so ghastly pale.

"Come hither, boy!" my uncle said,—
I started at the sound;
'Twas choked and stifled in his throat,
And hardly utterance found:—
"Come hither, boy!" then fearfully
He cast his eyes around.

"That lady was thy mother once,
Thou wert her only child;
O God! I've seen her when she held
Thee in her arms and smiled,—
She smiled upon thy father, boy,
'Twas that which drove me wild!

"He was my brother, but his form
Was fairer far than mine;
I grudged not that;—he was the prop
Of our ancestral line,
And manly beauty was of him
A token and a sign.

"Boy! I had loved her too,—nay, more,
'Twas I who loved her first;
For months—for years—the golden thought
Within my soul was nursed;
He came—he conquered—they were wed;—
My air-blown bubble burst!

"Then on my mind a shadow fell,
And evil hopes grew rife;
The damning thought stuck in my heart,
And cut me like a knife,
That she, whom all my days I loved,
Should be another's wife!

"By heaven! it was a fearful thing
To see my brother now,
And mark the placid calm that sat
Forever on his brow,
That seemed in bitter scorn to say,
I am more loved than thou!

"I left my home—I left the land—
I crossed the raging sea;—
In vain—in vain—where'er I turned,
My memory went with me;—
My whole existence, night and day,
In memory seemed to be.

"I came again—I found them here—
Thou'rt like thy father, boy—
He doted on that pale face there,
I've seen them kiss and toy,—
I've seen him locked in her fond arms,
Wrapped in delirious joy!

"He disappeared—draw nearer child;—
He died—no one knew how;
The murdered body ne'er was found,
The tale is hushed up now;
But there was one who rightly guessed
The hand that struck the blow.

"It drove her mad—yet not his death,—
No—not his death alone:
For she had clung to hope, when all
Knew well that there was none;—
No, boy! it was a sight she saw
That froze her into stone!

"I am thy uncle, child,—why stare
So frightfully aghast?—
The arras waves, but know'st thou **not**

'Tis nothing but the blast?
I, too, have had my fears like these,
But such vain fears are past.

I'll show thee what thy mother saw,—
I feel 'twill ease my breast,
And this wild tempest-laden night
Suits with the purpose best;—
Come hither—thou hast often sought
To open this old chest.

"It has a secret spring; the touch
Is known to me alone;
Slowly the lid is raised, and now—
What see you that you groan
So heavily?—That thing is but
A bare-ribbed skeleton."

A sudden crash—the lid fell down,
Three strides he backward gave,—
"Oh God! it is my brother's self
Returning from the grave!
His grasp of lead is on my throat,
Will no one help or save?"

That night they laid him on his bed,
In raving madness tossed;
He gnashed his teeth, and with wild oaths
Blasphemed the Holy Ghost;
And, ere the light of morning broke,
A sinner's soul was lost.

THE DEAD LIGHT-HOUSE KEEPER.—Ware.

Out, out at sea, the light (so typical of God, seeing it ever watches man, and shines to warn him from the world of death) burns year by year, tended by willing hands. Of such a light I have a tale to tell. I would it were not true, but it is; yet, if you will not believe it so, 'tis wise, perhaps, for 'tis well to think life's tragedies are few.

This light-house which I speak about hath long since yielded to the sea; but at the time I speak of it was strong, stout oak. It was far away from shore, and the mad sea

when slightly moved elsewhere, raged around this light. Sometimes through three long months the two keepers saw no other human faces than their own. What talked they of? There could be no news; the weather, sea, and passing ships were all in all to them. Did they quarrel, no one saw; had one of them murdered the other, no human voice was there to whisper, "Cain, where is thy brother?"

It was a Christmas eve, and the two watchers looked toward the shore, which in the day was rocky, far-off haze. The weather was rough, and likely to be rougher. Gay were the men, for you must understand that those who watch in distant light-houses live so long at the light, so long on shore. It was a coming holiday for those two men, so they were merry. At last the boat had come.

Much laughter was there; for one of the arriving watchers, a great, rough man, of over six feet high, was sad—quite downcast. They said this Hal was deep in love, and piqued at leaving his young mistress several months. Few words he answered; he lumbered up the light-house steps, leaving his comrade and the men chatting village gossip blithely at the bottom of the stairs cut in the rock.

"Good-night," the boat's crew sang out loudly when the food for three long months, and the large cans of oil for the beneficent lamp, all had been landed; for they were hurried, the wind growing lusty. "Good-night," once more they said, but never answer came from the light-house. They laughed again; then, with quick-pulsing oar, they pulled toward land, whence blew the fierce, fierce wind.

The second watcher, comrade to Hal, stood, the water lapping around about his feet, watching the lessening boat and softening sound of the oars. At last he turned and went up the flight of stairs into the light-house. There he saw Hal, stretched at length on the rough wood floor. "Hal!" No answer came. "Hal!" in a louder voice. No answer. "Hal!" half fear, half anger. Still the man lying on the ground spoke not. "What! surly, Hal? Why, come, look up, my lad!" Yet no reply. He then pushed him with his foot. The body yielded and returned. Then the man, terror-struck, leaned down and swept the face up to the light.

Great God! bubbling at the mouth, he sees a torrent of

red blood! The man was ailing ere he came, and come, he died; a great, broad-shouldered man, in his full prime, yet dead. Down, down the slippery steps fled the living tender of the light, and hoarsely called to the far-distant boat. They saw the broad flood of light pour from the door as it was opened, and guessing that rough Hal had tardily come to wish the boat good-night, they sang, "All's well!" which swept across the waves.

The same wind which carried the sweet sounds to him who helpless called, carried his voice far out to sea; for the wind set from land, and the boat neared it. He was quite alone with the dead man! His fear was terrible; it was so still. He shrank away, indeed he trembled. Then he thought it moved. He cried, "Old Hal!" once more, and then he was afraid again.

At last, all fear being gone, he took the mute body in his arms and kissed it. Then he wept, and called the dead man "Poor old Hal!" Then again, a dread panic seized him. He crouched far away from the dead man, and the ice-sweat stood on his forehead. Then for a short time he was mad, remembering that if he cast Hal into the sea, the world might tell his children he was a murderer; and in his madness, he piled over the dead all things that came to hand.

Yet still he saw the awful outline of the dead. Then once again, he caught it in his arms and wept; and so the first night passed, and Christmas day had come. Three months must pass ere human life would once more bless him with its presence. They seemed thrice three hundred years. He notched the days on a stick; and so lost was he sometimes, he gave a week a dozen days at least.

In one way alone could he have gained the human help he needed: by letting out the lamp, and thus giving the alarm. This he would not do, and every night the light shone out, a comfort to all mariners. At last he scarce knew how the time went on.

Down the steps with the tide he moved, and came back only with it, so that he might be as far away as possible from that which daily grew more and more terrible. He played cards with himself, and quarreled with himself, that

he might hear a human voice. Then, as ships passed far off, he waved to them white drapery; and if he heard a cheer, it was a red-letter day.

So the time passed, from miserable day to day; and all this time, each eve the light shone clear, as true as God. The winter passed, the spring had come, and the three months were gone. On that blessed day, when they were passed, he wept for very joy. The hours lagged at first, but as the good sun declined, they fled as panic-stricken. Had he not lived for this dear liberating day? He drew the limit of his future at this date; and he had grown so sure of liberation on this day, that to think he still must live with it was madness. "Oh, holy Heaven, pity me!" (for he had learned to pray heartily while in this tomb.)

The sun set calmly saying, "Peace;" but he was all unrestful. He had endured three months of nights, he could endure no more. His haggard eyes streamed in terror shoreward, over the vacant waves. The twilight coming, he to the rocks fell prone amid the heaving tide. He sought death; he would never rise again. Twilight was gone, and night had come. For the first time the "Light" was blind.

As he lay, the water rising, he thought he heard the grating of a keel upon the rocks. Yet turned he not, for he had often thought the same when it was the wind. Then he heard human voices: 'twas still the mocking wind. Then, his eyes still closed, he felt lifted; 'twas the rising tide, he thought. Breath! he felt warm, human breath upon his face! He opened his eyes, saw brethren near, near him! "Oh, God!" he cried; "the boat! the boat! the boat!"

HOW THE GENTLEMEN DO BEFORE MARRIAGE

Oh! then they come flattering,
Soft nonsense chattering,
Praising your pickling,
Playing at tickling,
Love verses writing,
Acrostics inditing,

If your finger aches, fretting,
Fondling and petting,
"My loving,"—"my doving,"
"Petseying,"—"wetseying,"
Now sighing, now dying,
Now dear diamonds buying,
Or yards of chantilly, like a great big silly,
Cashmere shawls—brandy balls,
Oranges, apples,—gloves *Gros de Naples*,
Sweet pretty "skuggies"—ugly pet puggies;
Now with an ear-ring themselves endearing,
Or squandering guineas upon *Sevignes*,
Now fingers squeezing or playfully teazing,
Bringing you bull's eyes, casting you sheep's eyes,
Looking in faces while working braces,
Never once heeding what they are reading,
But soiling one's hose by pressing one's toes;
Or else so zealous, and nice and jealous of all the fellows,
Darting fierce glances if ever one dances with a son of France's,
Or finding great faults, or threatening assaults whenever you "valtz;"
Or fuming and fussing enough for a dozen if you romp with your cousin;
Continually stopping, when out a-shopping, and bank notes dropping,
Not seeking to win money, calling it "tin" money, and promising pin money;
Like pic-nics at Twickenham, off lovely cold chicken, ham, and champagne to quicken 'em;
Detesting one's walking without John too goes stalking, to prevent the men talking:
Think you still in your teens, wont let you eat "greens," and hate crinolines;
Or heaping caresses, if you curl your black tresses, or wear low-neck'd dresses;
Or when up the river, almost sure to *diskiver* that beats all to shiver, the sweet Guadalquiver;
Or seeing death-fetches if the tooth-ache one catches, making picturesque sketches of the houses of wretches;
Or with loud double knocks brings from Eber's a box to see "Box and Cox," or pilfer one's locks to mark their new stocks;
Or whilst you are singing a love song so stinging, they vow they'll be swinging, or in Serpentine springing, unless to them clinging, you'll go wedding-ringing, and for life mend their linen.
Now the gentlemen sure I've no wish to disparage.
But this is the way they go on *before* marriage.

HOW THE GENTLEMEN DO AFTER MARRIAGE.

Oh! then nothing pleases 'em,
But everything teases 'em.
Then they're grumbling and snarling—
You're a "fool," not a "darling;"
Though they're as rich as the *Ingles*,
They're the stingiest of stingies;
And what is *so* funny,
They've *never* got money;
Only ask 'em for any
And they haven't a penny;
But what passes all bounds,
On themselves they'll spend pounds—
Give guineas for lunch
Off real turtle and punch;
Each week a noise brings about, when they pitch all the things about;
Now bowing in mockery, now smashing the crockery;
Scolding and swearing, their bald heads tearing;
Storming and raging past all assuaging.
Heaven preserve us! it makes one so nervous,
To hear the door slam to, to be called simple ma'am, too;
I wonder if Adam called Mrs. Eve, Madam:
As a matter of course they'll have a divorce;
Or "my Lord Duke" intends to send you home to your friends,
And allow ten pounds a quarter for yourself and your daughter;
Though you strive all your might you can do nothing right;
While the maids—the old song—can do nothing wrong.
"Every shirt wants a button!" Every day they've cold mutton:
They're always a flurrying one: or else they're a hurrying one, or else they're a worrying one;
Threatening to smother your dear sainted mother, or kick your big brother;
After all your fine doings, your strugglings and stewings—why "the house is in ruins!"
Then the wine goes like winking, and they cannot help thinking you've taken to drinking;
They're perpetually rows keeping, 'cause out of the housekeeping they're in bonnets their spouse keeping:
So when they've been meated, if with pies they're not treated, they vow that they're cheated!
Then against Ascot Races, and all such sweet places, they set their old faces;
And they'll never leave town, nor to Broadstairs go down, though with bile you're quite brown;

For their wife they unwilling are, after cooing and billing
her, to stand a cap from the milliner—e'en a paltry
twelve shillinger;
And it gives them the vapors to witness the capers of those
bowers and scrapers, the young linen drapers;
Then to add to your woes, they say nobody knows how the
money all goes, but they pay through the nose for the
dear children's clothes;
Though you strive and endeavor, they're so mightily clever,
that please them you'll never, till you leave them for
ever—yes! the hundredth time sever—"*for ever*—AND
EVER!!"
Now the gentlemen sure I've no wish to disparage,
But this is the way they go on *after* marriage.

THE BOYS.—ETHEL LYNN.

"The boys are coming home to-morrow!"
Thus our rural hostess said:
Whilst Lou and I shot flitting glances,
Full of vague, unspoken dread.

Had we hither come for quiet,
Hither fled the city's noise,
But to change it for the tumult
Of those horrid country-boys?

Waking one with wild hallooing
Early every summer day;
Shooting robins, tossing kittens,
Frightening the wrens away:

Stumbling over trailing flounces,
Thumbing volumes gold and blue;
Clamoring for sugared dainties,
Tracking earth the passage through.

These and other kindred trials
Fancied we with woful sigh:
"Those boys, those horrid boys, to-morrow!"
Sadly whispered Lou and I.

* * * * *

I wrote those lines one happy summer;
To-day I smile to read them o'er,
Remembering how full of terror
We watched all day the opening door.

They came—"the boys!" Six feet in stature,
Graceful, easy, polished men;
I vowed to Lou, behind my knitting,
To trust no mother's words again.

For boyhood is a thing immortal
To every mother's heart and eye;
And sons are boys to her forever,
Change as they may to you and I.

To her, no line comes sharply marking
Whither or when their childhood went;
Nor when the eyeglass upward turning,
Leveled at last their downward bent.

Now by the window, still and sunny,
Warmed by the rich October glow,
The dear old lady waits and watches,
Just as she waited years ago.

For Lou and I are now her daughters—
We married "those two country-boys,"
In spite of all our sad forebodings
About their awkward ways and noise.

Lou springs up to meet a footfall;
I list no more for coming feet:
Mother and I are waiting longer
For steps on Beulah's golden street.

But when she blesses Lou's beloved,
And seals it with a tender kiss,
I know that loving words go upward,
Words to another world than this.

Alway she speaks in gentle fashion
About "my boys"—she always will;
Though one is gray, and one has vanished
Beyond the touch of time or ill.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

"Brave Captain! canst thou speak? What is it thou dost see?
A wondrous glory lingers on thy face,
The night is past; I've watched the night with thee.
Knowest thou the place?"

"*The place?*" 'Tis Fair Oaks, comrade. Is the battle over?
The victory—the victory—is it won?
My wound is mortal; I know I cannot recover—
The battle for me is done!

"I never thought it would come to this! Does it rain?
The musketry! Give me a drink; ah, that is glorious!
Now if it were not for this pain—this pain—
Didst thou say victorious?

"It would not be strange, would it, if I do wander?
A man can't remember with a bullet in his brain.
I wish when at home I had been a little fonder—
Shall I ever be well again?

"It can make no difference whether I go from here or there.
Thou'lt write to father and tell him when I am dead?—
The eye that sees the sparrow fall numbers every hair
Even of this poor head.

"Tarry awhile, comrade, the battle can wait for thee;
I will try to keep thee but a few brief moments longer;
Thou'lt say good-by to the friends at home for me?—
If only I were a little stronger!

"I must not think of it. Thou art sorry for me?
The glory—is it the glory?—makes me blind;
Strange, for the light, comrade, the light I cannot see—
Thou hast been very kind!

"I do not think I have done so very much evil—
I did not mean it. 'I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul'—just a little rude and uncivil—
Comrade, why dost thou weep?

"Oh! if human pity is so gentle and tender—
Good-night, good friends! 'I lay me down to sleep'—
Who from a Heavenly Father's love needs a defender?
'My soul to keep!'

"'If I should die before I wake'—comrade, tell mother,
Remember—'I pray the Lord my soul to take!'
My musket thou'lt carry back to my little brother
For my dear sake.

"Attention, company! Reverse arms! Very well, men; my thanks.
Where am I? Do I wander, comrade—wander again?—
Parade is over. Company E, break ranks! break ranks!—
I know it is the pain.

"Give me thy strong hand: fain would I cling, comrade, to thee:
I feel a chill air blown from a far-off shore:
My sight revives: Death stands and looks at me.
What waits he for?

"Keep back my ebbing pulse till I be bolder grown;
I would know something of the Silent Land;
It's hard to struggle to the front, alone—
Comrade, thy hand.

"The *reveille* calls! be strong my soul, and peaceful;
The Eternal City bursts upon my sight!
The singing air with ravishing melody is full—
I've won the fight!

"Nay, comrade, let me go; hold not my hand so steadfast;
I am commissioned—under marching orders—
I know the Future—let the Past be past—
I cross the borders."

ANGER AND ENUMERATION.—James M. Bailey.

"The Danbury News Man."

A Danbury man named Reubens, recently saw a statement that counting one hundred when tempted to speak an angry word would save a man a great deal of trouble. This statement sounded a little singular at first, but the more he read it over the more favorably he became impressed with it, and finally concluded to adopt it.

Next door to Reubens lives a man who has made five distinct attempts in the past fortnight to secure a dinner of green peas, by the first of July, and every time has been retarded by Reuben's hens. The next morning after Reubens made his resolution this man found his fifth attempt to have miscarried. Then he called on Reubens. He said,—

"What in thunder do you mean by letting your hens tear up my garden?"

Reubens was prompted to call him a mud-snoot, a new name just coming into general use, but he remembered his resolution, put down his rage, and meekly observed,—

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—"

Then the mad neighbor who had been eyeing this answer with a great deal of suspicion, broke in again,—

"Why don't you answer my question, you rascal?"

But still Reubens maintained his equanimity, and went on with the test.

"Nine ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen—"

The mad neighbor stared harder than ever.

"Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one—"

"You're a mean skunk," said the mad neighbor, backing toward the fence.

Reubens's face flushed at this charge, but he only said,—

"Twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six—"

At this figure the neighbor got up on the fence in some haste, but suddenly thinking of his peas, he opened his mouth,—

"You mean, low-lived rascal; for two cents I could knock your cracked head over a barn, and I would—"

"Twenty-seven, twenty-eight," interrupted Reubens, "twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three—"

Here the neighbor broke for the house, and entering it violently slammed the door behind him; but Reubens did not dare let up on the enumeration, and so he stood out there alone in his own yard, and kept on counting, while his burning cheeks and flashing eyes eloquently affirmed his judgment. When he got up into the eighties his wife came to the door in some alarm.

"Why, Reubens, man, what is the matter with you?" she said. "Do come into the house."

But he didn't let up. She came out to him, and clung tremblingly to him, but he only looked into her eyes, and said,—

"Ninety-three, ninety-four, ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred—go into the house, old woman, or I'll bust ye."

And she went.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

There is a shadow on the wall,
  Which comes between my rest and me;
No sound upon mine ear doth fall,
  There is no living form to see;
But there's the shadow in my way,
Which never leaves me night or day.

I strive to shut it from my sight,
  But conscience tells me it is there;
I kneel beside my bed at night—
  Nor heart—nor tongue—can utter prayer;
For there's the shadow in my way,
Which will not let me sleep or pray.

I wander, listless, through the street,
  I sit upon this lowly tomb:
There, many a well-known face I meet—
  Here, all is solitude and gloom;
But there and here, by night and day,
That shadow rises pale and gray.

It is *her* shadow that I see.
  Her shadow! Oh, so young and fair!
She was too angel-pure for me,
  My heart too black for her to share;
But yet I strove her love to win,
And striving, steeped my soul in sin.

How many years! how many years
  (I dare not count them if I could;)
Has the remembrance of her tears
  Come up before me like a flood!
But ah! nor dove, nor brightening sky,
Brings peace or promise from on high.

* * * * *

We stood upon the river's edge,
  He, she, and I—we three alone;
A lily blossomed near the sedge,
  The sunlight on its petals shone;
He forward stepped—the dazzling light,
The treach'rous sedge, deceived his sight.

He slipped and fell: he could not swim:
  And thus entangled by the weeds
Which grew all round and under him,
  He snatched in vain the bending reeds:
Then deeper—deeper—deeper sank,
While she stood helpless on the bank.

I might have rushed into the flood—
I'd breasted many a deeper tide;
I might have saved him if I would:
Saved him—that *she* might be his bride?
A demon whispered passing by,
"SHE MAY BE THINE, IF HE BUT DIE!"

I turned from her appealing eyes,
But saw her shadow in the wave:
With arms uplifted to the skies
She called on Heaven and me to save:
I heard her dismal, piercing cry,
"Oh! do not leave him there to die!

"I come to thee, belov'd, I come—
Since other aid has been denied—
To save thee, or to share thy doom:
Life is not life, but by thy side!
Nay, let me leave this cheerless place:
'Tis worse than death to miss *his* face!"

I know not how I drew her out,
For I was maddened by my grief;
A moment more I heard a shout,
And others came to my relief.
They bore her silently away,
And left me in my mute dismay.

All night I lingered near her door,
While pale forms flitted to and fro;
I questioned each one o'er and o'er,
And met their looks of silent woe:
Yes—she was dying—close to heaven,
And I was living—unforgiven!

Oh, how I longed that voice to hear,
If only for a moment's space!
Though bitter words I well might fear,
And scorn and hatred in her face.
I thought 'twere better bear *that* pain,
Than never look on her again.

When weary night withdrew her shroud,
And careless grief left doors unlocked,
I stole amid the tearful crowd,
That near the loved one's chamber flocked:
How could I dare to stand among
Those bleeding hearts—that stricken throng?

They let me pass without a word,
As if unconscious I was there;
To warn me backward no one stirred;
They did not see, or did not care.

I came and stood beside her bed—
Sorrow of sorrows!—she was dead!

But there's her shadow evermore,
Just as I saw it in the wave;
With arms uplifted to implore
Her lover's rescue from the grave:
And still I hear her mournful cry—
"Oh, do not leave him there to die!"

It rings forever in my ear,
'Twill haunt me downward to the grave:
Oh, welcome death!—if death be near—
As freedom to the tortured slave—
Welcome to me, as friend to friend,
So let this weary struggle end.

But when I've left this world of strife—
When all things earthly fade away—
Will the dark shadow of my life
Dissolve before the Eternal Day—
That day whose light is bright as seven?
NO SHADE OF SIN CAN ENTER HEAVEN.

DRINK! DRINK! DRINK!—LOUISE S. UPHAM.

Drink! drink! drink!
And feel hunger, and want, and strife,
And the wild despair of a drunkard's heart,
And his God-forsaken life!

There was once a happy home,
And a smile that cheered you on;
But a sad heart broke at the drunkard's curse,
And the light of home is gone.

Oh! well for the drunkard's child,
If with his mother he lie,
Beneath the turf that covers the mold,
Where the daisies look up to the sky!

For with ribaldry, jest, and shout,
The cup to the brim is filled,
Though he sigh, as he drinks, for a vanished form,
And a voice that his passion has stilled.

Drink! drink! drink!
Till you've never a home or friend!
And drink till with liquor your brain is crazed,
Then in madness your life shall end!

THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.—John B. Gough.

Our enterprise is in advance of the public sentiment, and those who carry it on are glorious iconoclasts, who are going to break down the drunken Dagon worshipped by their fathers. Count me over the chosen heroes of this earth, and I will show you men that stood alone—ay, alone, while those they toiled, and labored, and agonized for, hurled at them contumely, scorn, and contempt. They stood alone; they looked into the future calmly and with faith; they saw the golden beam inclining to the side of perfect justice; and they fought on amidst the storm of persecution. In Great Britain they tell me when I go to see such a prison:—"There is such a dungeon in which such a one was confined:" "Here, among the ruins of an old castle we will show you where such a one had his ears cut off, and where another was murdered." Then they will show me monuments towering up to the heavens:—"There is a monument to such a one: there is a monument to another." And what do I find? That the one generation persecuted and howled at these men, crying "Crucify them! crucify them!" and dancing around the blazing fagots that consumed them; and the next generation busied itself in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes and depositing them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Oh, yes! the men that fight for a great enterprise are the men that bear the brunt of the battle, and "He who seeth in secret"—seeth the desire of his children, their steady purpose, their firm self-denial—"will reward them openly," though they may die and see no sign of the triumphs of their enterprise.

Our cause is a progressive one. I have read the first constitution of the first temperance society formed in the State of New York in 1809, and one of the by-laws stated, "Any member of this association who shall be convicted of intoxication shall be fined a quarter of a dollar, except such act of intoxication shall take place on the Fourth of July, or any other regularly appointed military muster." We laugh at that now; but it was a serious matter in those days: it was in advance of the public sentiment of the age. The very men

who adopted that principle were persecuted: they were hooted and pelted through the streets, the doors of their houses were blackened, their cattle mutilated.

The fire of persecution scorched some men so that they left the work. Others worked on, and God blessed them. Some are living to-day; and I should like to stand where they stand now, and see the mighty enterprise as it rises before them. They worked hard. They lifted the first turf—prepared the bed in which to lay the corner-stone. They laid it amid persecution and storm. They worked under the surface; and men almost forgot that there were busy hands laying the solid foundation far down beneath.

By and by they got the foundation above the surface, and then began another storm of persecution. Now we see the superstructure—pillar after pillar, tower after tower, column after column, with the capitals emblazoned with "Love, truth, sympathy, and good will to men." Old men gaze upon it as it grows up before them. They will not live to see it completed; but they see in faith the crowning cope-stone set upon it. Meek-eyed women weep as it grows in beauty; children strew the pathway of the workmen with flowers.

We do not see its beauty yet—we do not see the magnificence of its superstructure yet—because it is in course of erection. Scaffolding, ropes, ladders, workmen ascending and descending, mar the beauty of the building: but by and by, when the hosts who have labored shall come up over a thousand battle-fields waving with bright grain never again to be crushed in the distillery—through vineyards, under trellised vines, with grapes hanging in all their purple glory, never again to be pressed into that which can debase and degrade mankind—when they shall come through orchards, under trees hanging thick with golden, pulpy fruit, never to be turned into that which can injure and debase—when they shall come up to the last distillery and destroy it; to the last stream of liquid death and dry it up; to the last weeping wife and wipe her tears gently away; to the last child and lift him up to stand where God meant that child and man should stand; to the last drunkard and nerve him to burst the burning fetters and make a glorious accompani-

ment to the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chains—then, ah! then will the cope-stone be set upon it, the scaffolding will fall with a crash, and the building will stand in its wondrous beauty before an astonished world. Loud shouts of rejoicing shall then be heard, and there will be joy in heaven, when the triumphs of a great enterprise usher in the day of the triumphs of the cross of Christ.

YUBA DAM.

The sun was shimmering all the West,
And gilding all the main,
And casting shadows from the crest
Of gilded mountains to the plain,
As laboring up a water-course,
A traveler pricked his weary horse;
When all at once upon his sight
Burst a fair village, clean and bright.

He asked a miner whom he met
If he could give its name: "You bet!"
"Pray do, my friend, and do not sham;"
The miner answered, "Yuba Dam."

"Kind, gentle friend! do not abuse
My ignorance; I cry a truce
To thy bold wit; come, tell me true;
I would not ask it if I knew;
But I, dear sir, a stranger am."
Quick roared the miner: "Yuba Dam!"

Disheartened, on the stranger pressed,
And overtook a mincing dame,
With flaxen hair and silken vest,
And begged of her the village name.
She oped her sweet lips like a clam,
And simpered gently: "Yuba Dam."

On tore the stranger, nearly wild,
And came upon an artless child;
She had a satchel on her arm,
While o'er her face stole many a charm;
"Where have you been?" the stranger said;
The maid uplifted quick her head,

And answered, with the ready truth
And open frankness of her youth,
"At school." "Who keeps it?" "Uncle Sam."
"What is this place, sweet?" "Yuba Dam."

"Alas!" he screamed, in frantic grief,
"Will no one come to my relief?
Will no one tell me where I am?"
The school-boys shouted, "Yuba Dam!"
And on the bridge, as he did slam,
The planks re-echoed, "Yuba Dam."

"Perdition seize the place!" he cried,
As through the street he swiftly hied,
Yet ere he went to bed that night,
From something told him by a wight,
He found that he himself had shammed,
And that the *Yuba* had been *dammed*.

THE SOLDIER'S PARDON.—James Smith.

Wild blew the gale in Gibraltar one night,
As a soldier lay stretched in his cell;
And anon, 'mid the darkness, the moon's silver light
On his countenance dreamily fell.
Nought could she reveal, but a man true as steel,
That oft for his country had bled;
And the glance of his eye might the grim king defy,
For despair, fear, and trembling had fled.

But in rage he had struck a well-merited blow
At a tyrant who held him in scorn;
And his fate soon was sealed, for alas! honest Joe
Was to die on the following morn.
Oh! sad was the thought to a man that had fought
'Mid the ranks of the gallant and brave,—
To be shot through the breast at a coward's behest,
And laid low in a criminal's grave!

The night call had sounded, when Joe was aroused
By a step at the door of his cell;
'Twas a comrade with whom he had often caroused,
That now entered to bid him farewell.
"Ah, Tom! is it you come to bid me adieu?
'Tis kind, my lad! give me your hand!
Nay—nay—don't get wild, man, and make me a child!—
I'll be soon in a happier land!"

With hands clasped in silence, Tom mournfully said,
"Have you any request, Joe, to make?—
Remember by me 'twill be fully obeyed:
Can I anything do for your sake?"
"When it's over, to-morrow!" he said, filled with sorrow,
"Send this token to her whom I've sworn
All my fond love to share!"—'twas a lock of his hair,
And a prayer-book, all faded and worn.

"Here's this watch for my mother; and when you write home,"
And he dashed a bright tear from his eye—
"Say I died with my heart in old Devonshire, Tom,
Like a man, and a soldier!——Good bye!"
Then the sergeant on guard, at the grating appeared,
And poor Tom had to leave the cold cell,
By the moon's waning light, with a husky "Good-night!
God be with you, dear comrade!—farewell!"

Gray dawned the morn in a dull, cloudy sky,
When the blast of a bugle resounded;
And Joe ever fearless, went forward to die,
By the hearts of true heroes surrounded.
"Shoulder arms" was the cry as the prisoner passed by:
"To the right about—march!" was the word;
And their pale faces proved how their comrade was loved,
And by all his brave regiment adored.

Right onward they marched to the dread field of doom:
Sternly silent, they covered the ground;
Then they formed into line amid sadness and gloom,
While the prisoner looked calmly around.
Then soft on the air rose the accents of prayer,
And faint tolled the solemn death-bell,
As he knelt on the sand, and with uplifted hand,
Waved the long and the lasting farewell.

"Make ready!" exclaimed an imperious voice:
———"Present!"———struck a chill on each mind;
Ere the last word was spoke, Joe had cause to rejoice,
For "Hold!—hold!" cried a voice from behind.
Then wild was the joy of them all, man and boy,
As a horseman cried, "Mercy!——Forbear!"
With a thrilling "Hurrah!——a free pardon!——huzzah!"
And the muskets rung loud in the air.

Soon the comrades were locked in each other's embrace:
No more stood the brave soldiers dumb:
With a loud cheer, they wheeled to the right-about-face,
Then away at the sound of the drum!——
And a brighter day dawned in sweet Devon's fair land,
Where the lovers met, never to part;
And he gave her a token—true, warm, and unbroken—
The gift of his own gallant heart!

AWAY FROM THE WINE-CUP, AWAY!

"Away from the wine-cup, away, my boy,
From the revelers' haunt, away!
Away from the tempter's subtle wiles,
Ere he claim you as his prey!"

'Twas a mother's warning, loving voice, that bade her son beware,
For her faithful heart foresaw in the cup a hidden, lurking snare;
And she dreaded the convict's weary cell—the drunkard's unwept grave.
For she knew the vigils mothers keep for those they would die to save;
And again her tones of saintly love, that thrilled with accents mild,
With clarion power rang out that night, to guard her erring child.

"Haste, haste, my boy, for a serpent lurks
In that vintage rare and old,
With as deadly a coil as the one that winds
His victim, fold on fold!"

But her son still sat in the hall of mirth while sport and jest were high;
For what cared he for her pleading words, or her bitter wailing cry?
The shrill night wind went shrieking past, and the mockers laughed with joy,
As they pledged in the wine-cup's ruddy red, "*The widow's darling boy!*"
And they said, "Here's warmth, and life, and cheer; and the chains her fancy sees
Are but links of flowers—the daisy chains! We'll snap them when we please!"

They shouted in glee, until there arose
A drunkard, with age bowed down,
Who strove with his feeble and trembling voice,
Their unseemly words to drown.

"Behold," cried he, "the piteous wreck a thirst for strong drink has made!
What I am now you yet may be, by the self-same foe betrayed!
You look on me as a loathsome wretch, a thing for scoffs and jeers,
To be hooted at by boys in the streets—too low for a woman's tears!

But a mother's love once plead for me, as now your mother pleads—
As I think how I broke her faithful heart, my heart with anguish bleeds!"

His palsied hand then dropped to his side,
And the old man gasped for breath;
While a thrill of horror ran through the crowd,
For they felt 'twas the stroke of death!

Then over the form of the poor old man, whom they had oft abhorred,
With right hands raised in sight of death, they pledged, with one accord,
To taste no more of the flowing bowl, or "look on the wine when red."
Lest they should fill unhonored graves or lie as the unmourned dead;
And by the faith of a mother's love, that had plead for her son that night,
They pledged henceforth, their hearts and lives to temperance, truth, and right.

New York Weekly.

BENEATH THE SURFACE.—W. F. Fox.

Beneath the surface there is wealth,
Though often hid from view:
We catch the dross as if by stealth,
And miss the good and true.

As deepest currents ever glide
Where scarce a ripple floats,
So hearts their richest treasures hide,
And souls their sweetest notes.

We see the light that faintly beams;
But, from its feeble glow,
We fail to trace the flame that gleams
Beneath the outward flow.

We deem the mountains proud and grand;
Their wealth is not in show:
Though high their heads, their golden sand
Lies deep and far below.

We ever judge by outward show
The wealth that lies within,

And by the surface we would know
The prize we seek to win.

The rank and dress will oft deceive
The worth of soul to tell,
For merit true we oft perceive
Where birth unkindly fell.

We gather stones that round us lie,
And shells of dullest ray,
Yet pass the gems unnoticed by,
And fling the pearls away.

And many thoughts that fill the mind,
And virtues of the soul,
Are, like the gems we never find,
Deep hid within their goal.

And many hearts beat warm with love
Whose friendship ne'er will die:
We never heed, nor pause to prove,
But coldly pass them by.

The objects that we cherish most
Are clear to us, we know;
Yet many a prize to us is lost
Because 'tis hid below.

THE OFFICE-SEEKER'S PLATFORM.

No man can be truly great without money, and the easiest way to get money is to take it on every occasion, no matter whose it may be. I mean to be truly great.

It is safe to say, the way society is now constituted, that an honest man is a fool; and if a knave is not the noblest work of God, then what is he? I think that is very well put—what is he? Look at him as he moves in the highest circles of society, swaggers along the sidewalk, talks of stocks, bonds, and mortgages, and boasts his untold wealth, and say what is he?

As for me, I mean to move in the highest circles of society. I am going to Congress to make money. I shall refuse no bribe, and shut my eyes to corruption. I care nothing for my constituents; let them look out for themselves. That is their business; my business is to get money, and be truly great, and move in the highest circles of society. Hon-

esty is the best policy for everybody but me. I'll none of it. Not I.

I do not purpose to steal from any private individual, and make myself answerable to the laws; but if any man wants a job put through, by which the people can be robbed, and a large share of the plunder find its way into my pocket, you may count on me. I am not a common ruffian; I am a high-toned congressman. I do not knock a man down with a bludgeon, and go through his pockets; but I offer my congressional services, and then it is nothing to me who knocks him down after that. I can only say that I fear he would be poor picking after I get through with him.

I am a man of enterprise. I go in for railroads and canals—not so much because these things are public benefits, as because they open a channel for wealth to flow into my coffers from the pockets of the unsuspecting public. There is nothing better than money. My religion is money. My patriotism is money. I am perfectly willing to be a patriot, if I am paid for it. I am for sale. Whoever pays my price can have me.

I am not the only public-spirited patriot of this kind in the United States. You can find hundreds of them in every place of public trust, from a petty postmaster up to the most dignified senator. They all love their country—*for money.*

Grab and grasp is the watchword of the day. Steal while you can, for when you are dead, politically or physically, you cannot. A few addle-pates talk about putting honest men in office; but it can't be done. We have got the power, for we have got the money; and the more money we get the more power we shall have. We have struck a mine, and we don't mean to let go our grip. Honest men can't cope with us, because they are not up to all the tricks of the professional politician. Oh, no! I tell you honesty is at a fearful discount. The people don't want it. They prefer being bled by knaves and rogues; and I, for one, am perfectly willing to let them have their way. Let them bleed if they like it.

Fellow-citizens, these are not my sentiments. They are not the *outspoken* words of any office-seeker. Oh, no; but *actions* speak louder than *words.*

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.—W. M. Praed.

There's nothing here on earth deserves
  One half the thought we waste about it,
And thinking but destroys the nerves,
  When we could do as well without it.
If folks would let the world go round,
  And pay their tithes, and eat their dinners,
Such doleful looks would not be found
  To frighten us poor laughing sinners.
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

One plagues himself about the sun,
  And puzzles on, through every weather,
What time he'll rise—how long he'll run,
  And when he'll leave us altogether.
Now matters it a pebble-stone,
  Whether he dines at six or seven?
If they don't leave the sun alone,
  At last they'll plague him out of heaven!
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

Another spins from out his brains
  Fine cobwebs to amuse his neighbors,
And gets, for all his toil and pains,
  Reviewed and laughed at for his labors;
Fame is *his* star! and fame is sweet:
  And praise is pleasanter than honey—
I write at just so much a sheet,
  And Messrs. Longman pay the money.
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

My brother gave his heart away
  To Mercandotti, when he met her,
She married Mr. Ball one day—
  He's gone to Sweden to forget her;
I had a charmer, too—and sighed
  And raved all day and night about her;
She caught a cold, poor thing! and died,
  And I—am just as fat without her.
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

For tears are vastly pretty things,
  But make one very thin and taper;
And sighs are music's sweetest strings,
  Yet sound most beautiful—on paper!

"Thought" is the gazer's brightest star,
Her gems alone are worth his finding;
But, as I'm not particular,
Please God! I'll keep on "never minding."
Never sigh when you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

Ah! in this troubled world of ours,
A laughter-mine's a glorious treasure;
And separating thorns from flowers,
Is half a pain and half a pleasure;
And why be grave instead of gay?
Why feel athirst while folks are quaffing?
Oh! trust me, whatsoe'er they say,
There's nothing half so good as laughing!
Never cry while you can sing,
But laugh, like me, at everything!

IN MEMORIAM.—Geo. D. Prentice.

On the bosom of a river
Where the sun unloosed his quiver,
On the star-lit stream forever,
Sailed a vessel light and free:
Morning dew-drops hung like manna
On the bright folds of her banner,
While the zephyrs rose to fan her
Softly to the radiant sea.

At her prow a pilot beaming,
In the flush of youth stood dreaming,
And he was in glorious seeming
Like an angel from above:
Through his hair the breezes sported,
And, as on the wave he floated,
Oft the pilot, angel-throated,
Warbled lays of hope and love.

Through those locks so brightly flowing,
Buds of laurel bloom were blowing,
And his hands anon were throwing
Music from a lyre of gold:
Swiftly down the stream he glided,
Soft the purple wave divided,
And a rainbow arch abided
On his canvas' snowy fold.

Anxious hearts, with fond devotion,
Watched him sailing to the ocean,
Praying that no wild commotion
'Midst the elements might rise:
And he seemed some young Apollo,
Charming summer winds to follow,
While the water-crag's corolla
Trembled to his music sighs.

But those purple waves enchanted,
Rolled beside a city haunted
By an awful spell, that daunted
Every comer to her shore:
Night shades rank the air encumbered,
And pale marble statues, numbered
Where the lotus-eaters slumbered,
And woke to life no more.

Then there rushed, with lightning quickness,
O'er his face a mortal sickness,
And the dews in fearful thickness,
Gathered o'er his temples fair:
And there swept a dying murmur
Through the lively southern summer,
As the beauteous pilot comer
Perished by that city there.

Still rolls on that radiant river,
And the sun unbinds his quiver,
O'er the star-lit streams forever,
On its bosom as before:
But that vessel's rainbow banner
Greets no more the gay savanna,
And that pilot's lute drops manna.
On the purple waves no more.

THE OLD WIFE'S KISS.

The funeral services were ended; and, as the voice of prayer ceased, tears were hastily wiped from wet cheeks, and long-drawn sighs relieved suppressed and choking sobs, as the mourners prepared to take leave of the corpse. It was an old man who lay there, robed for the grave. More than three-score years had whitened those locks, and furrowed that brow, and made those stiff limbs weary of life's

journey, and the more willing to be at rest where weariness is no longer a burden.

The aged have few to weep for them when they die. The most of those who would have mourned their loss have gone to the grave before them; harps that would have sighed sad harmonies are shattered and gone; and the few that remain are looking cradleward, rather than to life's closing goal; are bound to and living in the generation rising, more than the generation departing. Youth and beauty have many admirers while living,—have many mourners when dying,—and many tearful ones bend over their coffined clay, many sad hearts follow in their funeral train; but age has few admirers, few mourners.

This was an old man, and the circle of mourners was small: two children, who had themselves passed the middle of life, and who had children of their own to care for and be cared for by them. Beside these, and a few friends who had seen and visited him while he was sick, and possibly had known him for a few years, there were none others to shed a tear, except his old wife; and of this small company, the old wife seemed to be the only heart-mourner. It is respectful for his friends to be sad a few moments, till the service is performed and the hearse out of sight. It is very proper and suitable for children, who have outgrown the fervency and affection of youth, to shed tears when an aged parent says farewell, and lies down to quiet slumber. Some regrets, some recollection of the past, some transitory griefs, and the pangs are over.

The old wife arose with difficulty from her seat, and went to the coffin to look her last look—to take her last farewell. Through the fast falling tears she gazed long and fondly down into the pale, unconscious face. What did she see there? Others saw nothing but the rigid features of the dead; she saw more. In every wrinkle of that brow she read the history of years; from youth to manhood, from manhood to old age, in joy and sorrow, in sickness and health, it was all there; when those children, who had not quite outgrown the sympathies of childhood, were infants lying on her bosom, and every year since then—there it was. To others those dull, mute monitors were unintelli-

gible; to her they were the alphabet of the heart, familiar as household words.

Then the future: "What will become of me? What shall I do now?" She did not say so, but she felt it. The prospect of the old wife is clouded; the home circle is broken, never to be reunited; the visions of the hearth-stone are scattered forever. Up to that hour there was a home to which the heart always turned with fondness. That magic is now sundered, the key-stone of that sacred arch has fallen, and home is nowhere this side of heaven! Shall she gather up the scattered fragments of the broken arch, make them her temple and her shrine, sit down in her chill solitude beside its expiring fires, and die? What *shall* she do now?

They gently crowded her away from the dead, and the undertaker came forward, with the coffin-lid in his hand. It is all right and proper, of course, it must be done; but to the heart-mourner it brings a kind of shudder, a thrill of agony. The undertaker stood for a moment, with a decent propriety, not wishing to manifest rude haste, but evidently desirous of being as expeditious as possible. Just as he was about to close the coffin, the old wife turned back, and stooping down, imprinted one long, last kiss upon the cold lips of her dead husband, then staggered to her seat, buried her face in her hands, and the closing coffin hid him from her sight forever!

That kiss! fond token of affection, and of sorrow, and memory, and farewell! I have seen many kiss their dead, many such seals of love upon clay-cold lips, but never did I see one so purely sad, so simply heart-touching and hopeless as that. Or, if it had hope, it was that which looks beyond coffins, and charnel houses, and damp, dark tombs, to the joys of the home above. You would kiss the cold cheek of infancy; there is poetry; it is beauty hushed; there is romance there, for the faded flower is still beautiful. In childhood the heart yields to the stroke of sorrow, but recoils again with elastic faith, buoyant with hope; but here was no beauty, no poetry, no romance.

The heart of the old wife was like the weary swimmer, whose strength has often raised him above the stormy waves, but now, exhausted, sinks amid the surges. The

temple of her earthly hopes had fallen, and what was there left for her but to sit down in despondency, among its lonely ruins, and weep and die! or, in the spirit of a better hope, await the dawning of another day, when a Hand divine shall gather its sacred dust, and rebuild for immortality its broken walls!

A LAY OF REAL LIFE.—Thomas Hood.

Who ruined me ere I was born,
Sold every acre, grass or corn,
And left the next heir all forlorn?
My Grandfather.

Who said my mother was no nurse,
And physicked me, and made me worse,
Till infancy became a curse?
My Grandmother.

Who left me in my seventh year,
A comfort to my mother dear,
And Mr. Pope the overseer?
My Father.

Who let me starve to buy her gin,
Till all my bones came through my skin,
Then called me "ugly little sin?"
My Mother.

Who said my mother was a Turk,
And took me home and made me work,
But managed half my meals to shirk?
My Aunt.

Who "of all earthly things" would boast,
"He hated others' brats the most,"
And therefore made me feel my post?
My Uncle.

Who got in scrapes, an endless score,
And always laid them at my door,
Till many a bitter bang I bore?
My Cousin.

Who took me home when mother died,
Again with father to reside,—
Black shoes, clean knives, run far and wide?
My Stepmother.

Who marred my stealthy urchin joys,
And when I played, cried, "What a noise?"
(Girls always hector over boys.)
My Sister.

Who used to share in what was mine,
Or took it all did he incline,
'Cause I was eight and he was nine?
My Brother.

Who stroked my head, and said, "Good lad,"
And gave me sixpence, "all he had;"
But at the stall the coin was bad?
My Godfather.

Who, gratis, shared my social glass,
But when misfortune came to pass,
Referred me to the pump? Alas!
My Friend.

Through all this weary world, in brief,
Who ever sympathized with grief,
Or shared my joy, my sole relief?
Myself.

MRS. BROWN AND MRS. GREEN.—G. L. Banks

A very *fair* Christian is good Mrs. Brown,
And wise, too, as any in any wise town;
She worships her God without any display,
Not molesting her friend who lives over the way;
And whatever occurs it is easy to see
That her words and her conduct do always agree.
For this little maxim she shrewdly commends—
"Good precept and practice should ever be friends!"

A very *warm* Christian is good Mrs. Green,
In her satins, and velvets, and rich armazine;
She is always at church when the service begins,
And prays quite aloud for the *poor* and their *sins;*
Then her speech is so fair, and her manner so bland,
They'd proselytise the most heathenish land;
And this one opinion she stoutly defends—
"That precept and practice should ever be friends!"

Mrs. Brown has a reticule, useful though small,
Which oft in the week she takes under her shawl,
Calling first on this person, and then on the other,
As if she were either a sister or mother;

And 't has oft been remarked, with good reason, no doubt,
That the reticule's lighter for having been out;
For this little maxim she shrewdly commends—
"Good precept and practice should ever be friends!"

Mrs. Green, now and then, for an hour, sits in state
With some more lady friends—rich, of course—to debate
How the poor shall be clothed, *what* taught, and what rules
It were best to enforce in the Charity Schools;
All of which having over and over been turned,
And nothing decided, the meeting's adjourned;
And this one opinion each lady defends—
"That precept and practice should ever be friends!"

In the street where resides our good friend Mrs. Brown
Is a school, though not known to a tithe of the town,
Which that lady supports from her own private purse;
(And 'tis thought by her neighbors she might do much worse;)
And if scholars, or parents, are ill or distressed,
The reticule's sure to be had in request;
For this little maxim she shrewdly commends—
"Good precept and practice should ever be friends!"

Mrs. Green has a sympathy deep and refined,
It is not to parish or country confined;
If a party of ladies propose a bazaar
To enlighten the natives of rude Zanzibar,
She is truly delighted to sanction their aim,
By *giving* wise counsel, and *lending* her name;
For this one opinion she stoutly defends—
"That precept and practice should ever be friends!"

Mrs. Brown is a stranger to parties and sects,
The good of *all* classes she loves and respects;
Thinking little enough of profession or creed,
If the heart and the hand go not with it indeed;
While her prayers, and her purse, and her reticule, too,
For *all* sorts of Christians a kindness will do;
And this little maxim she shrewdly commends—
"Good precept and practice should ever be friends!"

There are *few* Mrs. Browns—*not* a few Mrs. Greens,
In their satins, and velvets, and rich armazines.
There are *thousands* who'll preach, lend their names, and give rules,
But how *few* are provided with small reticules!
With the world, Mrs. Green, as a saint, will go down—
We will stake our existence on good Mrs. Brown,
Who in word, and in deed, the trite maxim commends—
"Good precept and practice should ever be friends!"

CLEOPATRA'S BARGE.—Shakspeare.

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water; the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver;
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description; she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold and tissue,)
O'erpicturing that Venus, where we see
The fancy out-work nature; on either side her,
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colored fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings; at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and Antony,
Enthroned in the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra, too,
And made a gap in nature.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.—Gen. Lytle.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me!
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
Listen to the great heart-secrets,
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;

Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him—
'Twas his own that struck the blow,—
His, who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray—
His, who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where my noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the Gods bear witness—
Altars, augurs, circling wings—
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile.
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry.
They are coming! quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell—
Isis and Osiris guard thee!
Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

LOCKED OUT.

Those who carry latch-keys can readily realize my sensations when I found I had left it in town. To wake the inmates was a matter of disturbing the whole neighborhood; I therefore determined (after waiting thirty minutes for a policeman,) to effect an entrance by the staircase window.

I must mention that my house is one of a short row, in which there live a butcher, baker, and chemist—each of whom keeps a dog or dogs, more or less vicious, according to the amiableness of its owner.

Having determined to attempt the great window feat, I went round to the back of the house and looked over the paling. Scarcely had I raised my head, than "Boo-woo-woo!" went a dog with whom I had some slight acquaintance. I addressed it soothingly by its Christian name, "Gip."

The sound of my voice set the remainder of the dogs off, and in less than a minute there was a row only equalled by "a pack in full cry."

This naturally woke some of the nobler animals; and one gentle female with a shrieky voice put her head out of the window and asked, in a hysterical tone, who was there.

The ever-ready answer, "Me," burst forth, regardless of grammar.

"Where are the police?"

"Precisely what I have been asking myself for the last thirty minutes," answered I.

At this juncture I attempted a laugh, and nearly overbalanced myself, and in regaining my position, I kicked the palings on which I was seated, so vigorously, that off went the dogs louder than before, and several more windows went up.

At the chemist's appeared something that looked like Robinson Crusoe, ably supported by La Somnambula in a nightcap.

"What's the matter?" sensibly asked a third window.

"Matter?" shrieked all the windows together; but their explanation was lost in the general howl of dogs.

"You shall hear of this in the morning," said one irrepressible female.

"It strikes me I *am* hearing of it— very much of it—in the morning; you mean later in the day. Call to lunch," said I "and let's have it out."

The windows went down with a bang, and I went off the palings with another, falling within a yard of a beautiful bull-mastiff, who showed me the perfect order in which he

kept his teeth: after a satisfactory inspection thereof, I described a circle round him, and reached the wash-house. One foot on the window-sill and one hand on the leaden spout, I prepared for the great feat, but at that instant (owing to the dog's violent effort to strangle itself,) the staple holding the chain gave way, and without a word of apology, he seized me by that portion of my clothes unknown to angels. I held on to the spout, the dog held on to me. One derisive laugh rang through the air.

A lapse of several seconds, each of which seemed an hour.

Every moment I expected would be my last, when within reach I saw a broom-handle; to seize it, and deal him a fearful blow, was the work of an instant. Horror! the spout is giving way. A second fearful blow proved more fortunate—I broke the wash-house windows; one more, and I landed the stick on the dog's nose, in a way that sounded like cracking an egg-shell.

A dreadful howl followed; he let go. Windows again up—general howling, shouting, and a rally all around. During the *melee* I disappeared in at the window, and peeped round the blind; row gradually subsided.

An interval of five minutes. All quiet.

An interval of five more minutes. A policeman! composed, unruffled, dignified.

OLD FARMER GRAY GETS PHOTOGRAPHED.

I want you to take a picter o' me and my old woman here,
Jest as we be, if you please, sir,—wrinkles, gray hairs, and all;
We never was vain at our best, and we're going on eighty year,
But we've got some boys to be proud of,—straight, an' handsome, and tall.

They are coming home this summer, the nineteenth day of July,
Tom wrote me (Tom's a lawyer in Boston, since forty-eight);
So we're going to try and surprise 'em, my old wife and I,—
Tom, Harry, Zay, and Elisha, and the two girls, Jennie and Kate.

I guess you've hearn of Elisha, he preaches in Middletown
I'm a Methody, myself, but he's 'Piscopal he says.
Don't s'pose it makes much difference, only he wears a gown;
An' I couldn't abide (bein' old and set) what *I* call them Popish ways.

But he's good, for *I* brought him up; and the others—Harry 'n' Zay,—
They're merchants down to the city, an' don't forget mother 'n' me.
They'd give us the fat of the land, if we'd only come that way.
And Jennie and Kate are hearty off, for they married rich, you see.

Well, lud, that's a eur'us fix, sir! Do you screw it into the head?
I've hearn o' this photography, and I reekon its scary work.
Do you take the picters by lightnin'?—La, yes; so the neighbors said:
It's the sun that does it, old woman; 'n' he never was known to shirk.

Wall, yes, I'll be readin' the Bible: old woman, what'll you do?
Jest sit on the other side o' me 'n' I'll take hold o' your hand.
That's the way we courted, mister, if it's all the same to you;
And that's the way we're a goin', please God, to the light o' the better land.

I never could look that thing in the face, if my eyes was as good as gold.
'Tain't over? Do say! What, the work is done? Old woman that beats the Dutch.
Jest think! we've got our pieters took; and we nigh eighty year old:
There ain't many couples in our town, of our age, that can say as much.

You see, on the nineteenth of next July our Golden Wedding comes on,—
For fifty year in the sun and rain we've pulled at the same old cart;
We've never had any trouble to speak of, only our poor son John
Went wrong, an' I drove him off; 'n' it about broke the old woman's heart.

There's a drop of bitter in every sweet. And my old woman and me
Will think of John when the rest come home. Would I forgive him, young sir?
He was only a boy; and I was a fool for bein' so hard, you see:
If I could jist git him atween these arms, I'd stick to him like a burr.

And what's to pay for the sunshine that's painted my gray old phiz?
Nothin'! That's cur'us! You don't work for the pleasure of working, hey?
Old woman, look here! there's Tom in that face—I'm blest if the chin isn't his!—
Good God! *she* knows him—It's our son John, the boy that we drove away.

AN ODE TO RUM.—William C. Brown.

"O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil."—Shakspeare.

Let thy devotee extol thee,
And thy wondrous virtues sum;
By the worst of names I'll call thee,
O thou hydra monster—Rum!

Pimple-maker, visage-bloater,
Health corrupter, idler's mate;
Mischief-breeder, vice-promoter,
Credit-spoiler, devil's bait!

Almshouse-builder, pauper-maker,
Trust-betrayer, sorrow's source;
Pocket-emptier, Sabbath-breaker,
Conscience-stifler, guilt's resource;

Nerve-enfeebler, system-shatterer,
Thirst-increaser, vagrant thief;
Cough-producer, treacherous flatterer,
Mud-bedauber, mock-relief;

Business-hinderer, spleen-instiller,
Woe-begetter, friendship's bane;
Anger-heater, Bridewell filler,
Debt-involver, toper's chain!

Memory-drowner, honor-wrecker,
Judgment-warner, blue-faced quack;
Feud-beginner, rags-bedecker,
Strife-enkindler, fortune's wreck!

Summer's cooler, winter's warmer,
Blood-polluter, specious snare;
Mob-collector, man-transformer,
Bond-undoer, gambler's fare!

Speech-bewrangler, headlong bringer,
Victuals-burner, deadly fire;
Riot-mover, firebrand-flinger,
Discord-kindler, misery's sire;

Sinews-robber, worth-depriver,
Strength-subduer, hideous foe;
Reason-thwarter, fraud-contriver,
Money-waster, nation's woe!

Vile seducer, joy-dispeller,
Peace-disturber, blackguard guest;
Sloth-implanter, liver-sweller,
Brain-distracter, hateful pest!

Utterance-boggler, stench-emitter,
Strong-man-sprawler, fatal drop;
Tumult-raiser, venom-spitter,
Wrath-inspirer, coward's prop;

Pain-inflicter, eyes-inflamer,
Heart-corrupter, folly's nurse;
Secret-babbler, body-maimer,
Thrift-defeater, loathsome curse!

Wit-destroyer, joy-impairer,
Scandal-dealer, foul-mouthed scourge;
Senses-blunter, youth ensnarer,
Crime-inventor, ruin's verge;

Virtue-blaster, base deceiver,
Spite-displayer, sot's delight;
Noise-exciter, stomach-heaver,
Falsehood-spreader, scorpion's bite!

Quarrel-plotter, rage-discharger,
Giant-conqueror, wasteful sway;
Chin-carbuncler, tongue-enlarger,
Malice-venter, death's broadway!

Tempest-scatterer, window-smasher,
Death-forerunner, hell's dire brink!
Ravenous murderer, windpipe-slasher,
Drunkard's lodging, meat, and drink.

THE FIRST AND LAST DINNER.

Twelve friends, much about the same age, and fixed by their pursuits, their family connections, and other local interests, as permanent inhabitants of the metropolis, agreed one day when they were drinking wine at the Star and Garter at Richmond, to institute an annual dinner among themselves, under the following regulations:—That they should dine alternately at each other's houses on the first and last day of the year; and the first bottle of wine uncorked at the first dinner should be recorked and put away, to be drunk by him who should be the last of their number; that they should never admit a new member; that when one died, eleven should meet, and when another died, ten should meet, and so on; and when only one remained, he should on these two days dine by himself, and sit the usual hours at his solitary table; but the first time he had so dined, lest it should be the only one, he should then uncork the first bottle, and in the first glass, drink to the memory of all who were gone.

Some thirty years had now glided away, and only ten remained; but the stealing hand of time had written sundry changes in most legible characters. Raven locks had become grizzled; two or three heads had not as many locks as may be reckoned in a walk of half a mile along the Regent's Canal—one was actually covered with a brown wig—the crow's feet were visible in the corner of the eye—good old port and warm Madeira carried against hock, claret, red burgundy, and champagne—stews, hashes, and ragouts, grew into favor—crusts were rarely called for to relish the cheese after dinner—conversation was less boisterous, and it turned chiefly upon politics and the state of the funds, or the value of landed property—apologies were made for coming in thick shoes and warm stockings—the doors and windows were more carefully provided with list—the fire was in more request—and a quiet game of whist filled up the hours that were wont to be devoted to drinking, singing, and riotous merriment. Two rubbers, a cup of coffee, and at home by eleven o'clock, was the usual cry, when the fifth or sixth glass had gone round after the removal of the cloth. At

parting, too, there was now a long ceremony in the hall, buttoning up great coats, tying on woolen comforters, fixing silk handkerchiefs over the mouth and up to the ears, and grasping sturdy walking-canes to support unsteady feet.

Their fiftieth anniversary came, and death had indeed been busy. Four little old men, of withered appearance and decrepit walk, with cracked voices, and dim, rayless eyes, sat down by the mercy of heaven, (as they tremulously declared,) to celebrate, for the fiftieth time, the first day of the year, to observe the frolic compact, which half a century before they had entered into at the Star and Garter at Richmond. Eight were in their graves! The four that remained stood upon its confines. Yet they chirped cheerily over their glass, though they could scarcely carry it to their lips, if more than half full: and cracked their jokes, though they articulated their words with difficulty, and heard each other with still greater difficulty. They mumbled, they chattered, they laughed, (if a sort of strangled wheezing might be called a laugh,) and as the wine sent their icy blood in warmer pulses through their veins, they talked of their past as if it were but a yesterday that had slipped by them, and of their future as if it were but a busy century that lay before them.

At length came the LAST dinner; and the survivor of the twelve, upon whose head four score and ten winters had showered their snow, ate his solitary meal. It so chanced that it was in *his* house, and at his *table*, they celebrated the first. In his cellar, too, had remained the bottle they had then uncorked, recorked, and which he was that day to uncork again. It stood beside him. With a feeble and reluctant grasp he took the "frail memorial" of a youthful vow, and for a moment memory was faithful to her office. She threw open the long vista of buried years; and his heart traveled through them all: Their lusty and blithesome spring,—their bright and fervid summer,—their ripe and temperate autumn,—their chill, but not too frozen winter. He saw, as in a mirror, how one by one the laughing companions of that merry hour, at Richmond, had dropped into eternity. He felt the loneliness of his condition, (for he had eschewed marriage, and in the veins of no living creature ran a drop of blood whose source was in his own,)

and as he drained the glass which he had filled, "to the memory of those who were gone," the tears slowly trickled down the deep furrows of his aged face.

He had fulfilled one part of his vow, and he prepared himself to discharge the other by sitting the usual number of hours at his desolate table. With a heavy heart he resigned himself to the gloom of his own thoughts—a lethargic sleep stole over him—his head fell upon his bosom—confused images crowded into his mind—he babbled to himself—was silent—and when his servant entered the room alarmed by a noise which he heard, he found his master stretched upon the carpet at the foot of an easy chair, out of which he had fallen in an apoplectic fit. He never spoke again, nor once opened his eyes, though the vital spark was not extinct till the following day. And this was THE LAST DINNER.

ORATOR PUFF.—THOMAS MOORE.

Mr. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice,
The one squeaking *thus*, and the other down *so;*
In each sentence he uttered he gave you your choice,
For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.
Oh! oh! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator's surely enough!

But he still talked away, spite of coughs and of frowns,
So distracting all ears with his *ups* and his *downs*,
That a wag once, on hearing the orator say,
"My voice is for war;" asked him, "Which of them pray?"
Oh! oh! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator's surely enough!

Reeling homeward one evening, top-heavy with gin,
And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown,
He tripped near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in,—
"Sinking fund," the last words as his noddle came down.
Oh! oh! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator's surely enough!

"Oh, save!" he exclaimed, in his he-and-she tones,
"Help me out! help me out!—I have broken my bones!"
"Help you out!" said a Paddy who passed, "what a bother!
Why, there's two of you there; can't you help one another?"
Oh! oh! Orator Puff
One voice for an orator's surely enough!

MY LAMBS.

I loved them so,
That when the Elder Shepherd of the fold
Came, covered with the storm, and pale and cold,
And begged for one of my sweet lambs to hold,
I bade him go.

He claimed the pet—
A little fondling thing, that to my breast
Clung always, either in quiet or unrest—
I thought, of all my lambs, I loved him best,
And yet—and yet—

I laid him down
In those white, shrouded arms, with bitter tears;
For some voice told me that, in after years,
He should know naught of passion, grief, or fears,
As I had known.

And yet again
That Elder Shepherd came. My heart grew faint.
He claimed another lamb, with sadder plaint;
Another! She who, gentle as a saint,
Ne'er gave me pain.

Aghast I turned away!
There sat she, lovely as an angel's dream,
Her golden locks with sunlight all agleam,
Her holy eyes with heaven in their beam:
I knelt to pray:

"Is it Thy will?
My Father, say, must this pet lamb be given?
Oh! Thou hast many such, dear Lord, in heaven!"
And a soft voice said: "Nobly hast thou striven;
But—peace, be still."

Oh! how I wept,
And clasped her to my bosom, with a wild
And yearning love—my lamb, my pleasant child!
Her, too, I gave. The little angel smiled,
And slept.

"Go! go!" I cried:
For once again that Shepherd laid His hand
Upon the noblest of our household band.
Like a pale spectre, there He took His stand,
Close to his side.

And yet how wondrous sweet
The look with which he heard my passionate cry,
"Touch not my lamb; for him, oh! let me die!"
"A little while," He said, with smile and sigh,
"Again to meet."

Hopeless I fell;
And when I rose, the light had burned so low,
So faint I could not see my darling go:
He had not bidden me farewell, but oh!
I felt farewell

More deeply, far,
Than if my arms had compassed that slight frame:
Though could I but have heard him call my name—
"Dear mother!"—but in heaven 'twill be the same,
There burns my star!

He will not take
Another lamb, I thought, for only one
Of the dear fold is spared, to be my sun,
My guide; my mourner when this life is done;
My heart would break.

Oh! with what thrill
I heard Him enter; but I did not know
(For it was dark) that He had robbed me so.
The idol of my soul—he could not go—
O heart, be still!

Came morning. Can I tell
How this poor frame its sorrowful tenant kept?
For waking tears were mine; I, sleeping, wept,
And days, months, years, that weary vigil kept.
Alas! "Farewell:"

How often it is said!
I sit and think, and wonder too, sometime,
How it will seem, when, in that happier clime,
It never will ring out like funeral chime
Over the dead.

No tears! no tears!
Will there a day come that I shall not weep?
For I bedew my pillow in my sleep.
Yes, yes; thank God! no grief that clime shall keep,
No weary years.

Ay! it is well:
Well with my lambs, and with their earthly guide.
There, pleasant rivers wander they beside,
Or strike sweet harps upon its silver tide—
Ay! it is well.

Through the dreary day,
They often come from glorious light to me;
I cannot feel their touch, their faces see,
Yet my soul whispers, they do come to me—
Heaven is not far away.

CHRISTMAS EVE.—Miss H. A. Foster.

Three little stockings—two blue, and one red,
Hung up 'neath the mantle so neatly;
Two little boys rest in their low trundle-bed,
In her cradle the baby sleeps sweetly.

With foot on the rocker, and love in her eye,
A mother is quietly sitting;
She chants to slow measure an old lullaby—
Her hands the while busily knitting.

She stops now and then to replace, with a kiss,
Two dimpled arms under the cover;
She knows that, commissioned from regions of bliss,
'Round her baby the bright angels hover.

But the moments glide on; her singing is o'er;
With hands on her lap idly sinking,
And knitting-work fallen quite on to the floor,
She is thinking—so busily thinking.

Thought wings her away to the sunshiny past,
Where sweetest of mem'ries are hidden;
But round the low cot sweeps the wild wintry blast—
Sweeps away her fond visions, unbidden.

She looks round her room with dissatisfied gaze—
That humble room furnished so plainly;
"Alas for the hopes of my long ago days!
Why, still, do I cherish you vainly?

"And this for our home; poor, wretched at best;
Though John calls it tidy and cosy;
A home for our children—had fortune but blessed
Their infancy sparkling and rosy,

"My husband could banish the care which annoys;
I would dress in rich satins and laces;
We could look with such pride on our bright, noble boys
And our daughter's rare beauty and graces.

"Instead of these three little stockings I see,
Each waiting its poor, penny treasure,
We could plant in our parlor a vast Christmas tree,
Which should bear costly fruits without measure."

* * * * * *

'Tis gone; the feverish longing is past—
Years of toil, hope, and love true and tender;
Exchanged is the low, humble cottage at last
For a long envied dwelling of splendor.

Those years fill his coffers, but stay not their flight,
For John and his wife have grown older;
Her eye has lost much of its olden love-light—
His heart become harder and colder.

* * * * * *

Christmas Eve. In the splendor of parlor and hall
The mother sits, wearied and weeping;
Through thin, jewelled fingers, her burning tears fall,
While her late lonely vigil she's keeping.

She looks on the brilliant luxuriance there,
Fruition of Hope's early dreaming,
The Christmas tree laden with fruitage so rare,
Rich and ripe, 'midst its foliage gleaming.

But the hands which should gather—where are they to-night?
Ah, gold! the false hearted, alluring,—
On the name of the daughter has fallen a blight,
Than beauty and grace more enduring.

There are tears for the fair one whose coming no more
That desolate bosom will gladden;
There's an ache in the heart which wealth covers o'er,
Which poverty could not so sadden.

There are tears for the wayward—the boys are so changed—
Money opens the door to temptation,—
From mother and home, by the wine-cup estranged,
They wander in wild dissipation.

Hark! is it the night-wind in fury unbound
Through leafless trees shrieking and sighing?
She listens—her quick ear interprets the sound—
Down, wild, through the passage she's flying.

Her white hands unlock and throw open the door,
A terrible vision revealing!
Robbed—murdered—her husband lies covered with gore—
His heart's blood still flowing, congealing.

With a shriek of deep anguish and utter despair,
She falls. * * * "Why my dear, what's the matter?
Dreaming, wer'n't you? The children sleep well, I declare,
Amid such commotion and clatter.

"Here, tuck in their stockings these candies and toys—
Only trifles—but true love goes with them!
God bless our sweet baby, and dear, darling boys
With health to enjoy what we give them!"

Mary smiles through her tears on that fond beaming face:
"Oh, John, we are blessed without measure!
Our own humble home is a dear happy place,
And love is its pure, priceless treasure!"

ONLY A BOY.

Only a boy, with his noise and fun,
The veriest mystery under the sun;
As brimful of mischief, and wit, and glee,
As ever a human frame can be,
And as hard to manage as—what? ah, me!
'Tis hard to *tell*,
Yet we loved him well.

Only a boy, with his fearful tread,
Who cannot be driven,—must be led.
Who troubles the neighbors' dogs and cats,
And tears more clothes, and spoils more hats,
Loses more kites, and tops, and bats,
Than would stock a store
For a year or more!

Only a boy, with his wild strange ways,
With his idle hours, or his busy days,
With his queer remarks and his odd replies,
Sometimes foolish and sometimes wise,—
Often brilliant for one of his size
As a meteor hurled
From the planet world!

Only a boy, who *will be a man*,
If nature goes on with her first great plan—
If intemperance, or some fatal snare,
Conspire not to rob us of this our heir,
Our blessing, our trouble, our rest, our care,
Our torment, our joy!
Only a boy.

THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR" ON INSURANCE AGENTS.

I picked him out as an insurance man as quick as I saw him. There was no mistaking that glance of inventory with which he took in my age, occupation, parents long or short lived, age of great-grandfather, when he died, pulmonary complaint on my mother's side, summer complaint on my father's side, etc., etc. Before he ever spoke, he would sit looking at me for an hour at a time, with great tears in his benevolent eyes as big as soap bubbles, grieving because one so young, and yet so fair, wasn't insured. Then he would clasp his hands and gaze yearningly upon me as if to say—"Why will you not take out a policy?"

Oh, it was touching to hear that old man go on at the table and tell of the hundreds and hundreds of families whom he had rendered comfortable and happy, by inducing their husbands and fathers to get insured; and he did it out of pure goodness of heart, and love of humanity, too—that was the best of it. The satisfaction it afforded him was all the reward he wanted.

If, in a moment of weakness, I should yield to his persuasion and get insured, I shouldn't want to remain in this vicinity long. So anxious is he to have families reap the benefit of insurance, I should be afraid that well-meaning, but impetuous old man would contrive to get me killed, for the satisfaction of handing the insurance money over to my widow.

I was greatly touched by a story this venerable insurance man told about his search for a poor woman, who had a policy on her husband's life, (in a company represented,) in order to pay it to her, having heard casually that she wanted it. I think he was occupied some fifteen years in his hunt for that woman; and yet only one payment on the policy had ever been made. But it is so much the custom of life insurance companies to do this, that it is hardly necessary to mention that.

At length his efforts were rewarded. He found the poor woman, with six children, in a miserable garret, trying to earn a living for her family, by splitting up toothpicks at one cent a thousand. Lying in a corner was her brute of a husband

dead drunk. But I will let the agent tell it in his own words.

"I was sure I had found the right woman. But I went about it carefully, to find out whether she still kept the policy. I had to be cautious, you know, or I might drive the poor woman wild.

"'Have you nothing to maintain yourself by,' said I, 'save this toothpick factory?'

"'Nothing whatever,' she replied. 'My husband ought to support us, but he don't. He's a good man when he's sober, but he ain't ever sober. He can make good wages when he ain't drunk, but he has been drunk ever since I knew him.'

"'Didn't he—now be calm, madam—'control yourself'—didn't he have a life insurance policy?'

"'No. Stop, though; yes, now I recollect; he did have one, but that was a good many years ago (sighing.) He only made one payment upon it, and then let it run out.'

"'Where is that policy?'

"'Dun'no. Kickin' round the house somewhere, I s'pose. Saw it in an old barrel in the loft, last time I remember it; well that's on to a dozen years ago. But what use is it? It run out long ago.'

"'Madam,' said I, impressively, scarcely able to suppress my emotion for fear the policy was lost, 'the company I represent, never allows any policy to run out, no matter if nothing has been paid on it.'

"With this she hastened to the loft, and to my unspeakable joy [here the insurance man produced a pocket handkerchief, and wiped away some tears] she soon returned with the policy for which I had been searching for fifteen years; torn some, 'tis true, and considerably soiled, but for the most part there. The endorsement was torn off, but the signature of our president was all right, and that was enough. Thereupon I paid the overjoyed woman, fifteen thousand dollars, the amount of the premium."

"And the man not *dead* yet?" I inquired.

"Well, yes;" said the insurance man; "he was dead *drunk;* but our company don't draw any fine distinctions under such circumstances."

We all wept at this touching recital, and one of the party could not refrain from catching the old man in his arms

BINLEY AND "46."

Upon Wahsatch's peaks of snow,
  Night holds illimitable sway,
Where but a single hour ago
The crags and chasms, high and low,
  Resplendent shone with day.

From out the sky no star-ray shines
  Upon the awful solitude;
While moaning through the tossing pines,
  Like some unquiet spirit's brood
The winds sweep to and fro,
  And seem in saddened mood
To breathe a wail of woe.

At first they only sighed,
  But now they moan and sob;
And since the eventide
  Their maddened pulses throb
In quicker, faster flow,
  As their fleeting footsteps glide
O'er the cold expanse of snow.

And all the upper air
  Is filled with drifting clouds,
While fiends that revel there
  Are weaving shifting shrouds;
Tossing in endless whirl,
  They reel in goblin mirth,
And then the shrouds they hurl
  On tempest's wings to earth.

* * * * *

'Twas 'leven o'clock near Bridger's Gap,
  In a station that swayed in the tempest's sweep,
Where a lightning jerker enjoyed his nap,
  When a call from the canyon broke his sleep,
And he caught the words from the subtle clicks,
  "Send Binley down here with 46."

Soon Binley had mounted his iron steed,
  And the fires of the furnace glowed again,
As the ponderous monster devoured its feed,
  And rolled from the side track on to the main.
Out on the night where the snowflakes fell,
  Out where the blasts of the tempests roar,
Binley shouted his friend farewell,
  As he opened the throttle-valve one notch more.

Then over the winding track he sped,
Where the pathway with chasms and crags was lined
The glare of his great light gleamed ahead,
And the snow like a bride's veil streamed behind,
And soon the sound of the clanking steel
Was drowned in the echoes from hill to hill;
He felt the engine sway and reel,
But the throttle went one notch further still.

And down the grade like a courser fleet,
Plunging through mountains of drifted snow,
The engine plows through the crusts of sleet,
And hurls a thousand feet below
The ponderous masses that block its way;
Throws them far to the left and right,
Into the black, oblivious night,
To reach the canyons by break of day.

And now old Binley feels the thrill
That the soldier feels when he meets his foe;
He opens the throttle-valve wider still,
And his furnace burns with a fiercer glow,
As the piston flashes in faster stroke;
But firm as a rock stands the engineer,
And in his honest old heart of oak
There beats not the slightest pulse of fear.

But soon the engine is running slower,
Though its pathway lies on a level grade;
And then a tremor comes stealing o'er
Binley's hand on the throttle laid.
There's a slacking up of the driving-wheel,
While the engine struggles with human will;
Then slowly ceases the clank of steel,
And the panting monster is standing still.

Thicker and faster the drifting snow
Throws round its victim its winding sheet,
And quenches the glare of the head-light's glow,
As Binley mutters, "I give up beat."

* * * * *

Next morning a snow-plow forced its way
To the spot where the buried engine lay;
They hewed a path through the frozen crust,
And then was the ghastly story told;
There sat Binley beside his trust,
With his hand on the throttle-valve, stiff and cold.

MILL RIVER RIDE.—J. W. Donovan.

Over the hills through the valley away,
Spreading confusion and dreadful dismay,
Spurring his horse to his uttermost speed,
Halting a moment and changing his steed,—

Crying aloud in a voice of command:
"Run! run! for your lives, high up on the land!
Away, men and children! up, quick, and be gone!
The water's broke loose; it is chasing me on!"

Away down the river like a spirit he runs
While the roar of the torrent, like the roaring of guns,
Wakes the air with the echo of trembling might,
Till the flood from the reservoir rushes in sight.

Bear away! bear away in confusion and haste—
What of value remains will be swallowed in waste,—
The torrent rolls onward in terrible force,
Dealing death and destruction to all in its course!

But bold Collins Graves has reached Williamsburg hills,
Spreading terror and fright throughout all the mills;—
While the flood follows faster, increasing its speed,
New horsemen set forth on lightning-limbed steed.

In the valley of death swept away like a flower,
Six scores of brave workmen destroyed in an hour!
With the rough rugged rubbish that swept down the river,
Mid groanings for help they have perished forever!

Oh! God, what a sight for mortals to see!
Whole households engulfed in the stream like a tree!
The day breaks in terror—in sorrow it ends,
For hundreds bewail the sad loss of their friends.

All night through the darkness, loud groans may be heard,
Yet hundreds are dumb, who can utter no word!
The flood has gone down, and the ruins along
The course of the rapids have passed into song.

Of all that gave aid, or that battled those waves,
No name will shine brighter than bold *Collins Graves.*
'Twas he that first rose at the sound of alarm,
And rode through the valley foretelling of harm;—
Forgetting his danger in haste to do right—
Let us honor the gateman and keep his name bright.

THE HOLE IN THE CARPET.

"I think this is the result of a burn," said Mrs. Wilson, pointing to an injury lately discovered in a new carpet. "It appears to me as if some careless servant had let fall a red-hot poker upon it."

"Oh, dear, no; it is not a bit like a burn; it is a cut, most assuredly," said Mr. Wilson, stooping to examine it.

"A cut!" repeated the lady, with some energy and surprise.

"A cut, my dear!" reiterated the husband; "it has been done with a knife, and most likely, while splitting wood, or perhaps cutting sand-paper for polishing the bars of the grate."

Mrs. W.—"Why, my dear, the edges of the hole do not meet, as they would do if it were a cut; there is a space where the piece has been burnt out. Look again, and you will see what I mean."

Mr. W.—"So far from it, the edges have been ravelled out by the action of the broom in sweeping, and they positively wrap over. If you will give yourself the trouble to look carefully, you will find what I say is true."

Mrs. W.—"As to *trouble*, Mr. Wilson, I am not generally very sparing of my trouble; and as to *carefulness*, I only wish everybody in this house were equally careful. But you are always saying these unkind things. Umph! a cut indeed! why, I can almost smell the singeing now."

Mr. W.—"That is quite impossible."

Mrs. W.—"I suppose you will charge me with falsehood next. Do you mean to say that I tell you an untruth?"

Mr. W.—"I mean to say that it is a cut, and nothing but a cut. It is utterly impossible that that kind of a hole should result from a burn. Ah! you may look as angry as you please: but I say again, it—is—a—cut."

Mrs. W.—"Angry! did you say angry, Mr. Wilson? I really wish we could see ourselves. You are extremely ready to charge me with being angry. Now the truth is, I do not care *that* (furiously dashing a plate of nut shells, which she had just been cracking, behind the fire,) whether it is a cut or a burn; but I *do* care to be spoken to in this shameful man-

ner. Angry, indeed! it was not always so—you never used to bring such charges against me."

Mr. W.—"Well, you are not angry now, I suppose? Why, your very eyes flash fire, and your face is red with rage."

Mrs. W.—"Not quite so red as yours, sir, nor from the same cause. I think *you* have no stones to throw about red faces. A man that can drink a bottle of port at a sitting—at least with very little help—may well have a red face, and a hot temper too, for that matter, as I pretty well know to my cost."

Mr. W.—"You know to your cost! What do you mean, madam?"

Mrs. W.—"Oh! nothing, sir—nothing at all; I mean nothing and I care for nothing."

Mr. W.—"Then be silent."

Mrs. W.—"I shall not; I shall say just what I please, and talk as long as I please."

Mr. W.—"Then quit my presence, madam, and talk to yourself, for I will not put up with your insolence; and I wonder how you dare act as you do."

Mrs. W.—"Dare! Mr. Wilson; did you say dare? I say, then, in answer, that I wonder, when you take certain circumstances into consideration, I do really, I say, wonder at *you*. Recollect, sir, my position; you forget yourself."

Mr. W.—"I do not know what you mean."

Mrs. W.—"Ay, ay, it is all very well to pretend you do not know what I mean. Whose money was it that enabled you, when you were——?"

Mr. W.—(*interrupting*)—"And who was it that raised you from a tradesman's back parlor to the rank of a lady? I am a gentleman, madam—was born such, you will please to remember. Position, indeed! as if money gave position."

Mrs. W.—"A gentleman born! ha! ha! And pray who would be clear-sighted enough to select the gentleman born from the beggar, if money were out of the question? A fine sort of figure your gentlemanly birth would have made without *wealth*, sir—*my* wealth—my wealth, bestowed upon *you*."

Mr. W.—"Silence, madam; (*much excited*) hold your venomous, rattling tongue. You are a disgrace to your sex and to the name of wife."

Mrs. W.—"Thank you, Mr. Elisha Wilson, I thank you; and am glad you have at last given me to understand exactly the esteem in which you hold me. This is your gratitude to my father for the thousands he threw away upon a *poor* gentleman, and this comes of all your fine promises. I tell you what, sir, I will not put up with it. I will have a separation, if it takes every farthing of my fortune; I will have a separation, I say."

Mr. W.—"Do so; do, do, I advise you; better set about it now directly."

Mrs. W.—"You think I dare not; but I will show you that I have a spirit. I will go where you shall never discover my abode, and then perhaps you may wish that you had behaved differently; or perhaps you will be ten thousand times happier without me."

Mr. W.—"You choose to say so, you know, not I."

Mrs. W.—"Yes, and I repeat it—I dare affirm that you would rejoice to be rid of me; and if once I did separate from you, I would never return to you again; I would die alone (*sobbing hysterically,*) and never plague you with my hateful presence—no, not if you were to go on your knees and beg of me to do so; I would spurn you" (*suiting her action to the word*).

Mr. W.—"You would have no occasion to apprehend my going on my knees, I assure you; I should view your conduct then, as I view it now, with calm contempt."

Mrs. W.—"A very calm state, indeed, you are in just now."

The father of Mrs. Wilson, a wise and venerable man, had recently entered the garden near the open window of the room where this dispute took place; and, having caught some of the speeches of both wife and husband, the reasonable conclusion he instantly formed was that some dire catastrophe had happened—that one or the other had committed some disgraceful fault, or, at least, had given some serious grounds of suspicion. The worthy man's courage began to give way, when he considered how thankless an office it generally is to interfere between man and wife; but they were his children, and he ventured in, pale with apprehension.

Mrs. Wilson was sitting at the extreme end of the room,

her chair pushed close against the wall, where it had arrived by successive jerks backward, at every fresh ebullition of passion, while Mr. Wilson was cutting his nails to the quick, seated at the utmost opposite side of the apartment, each casting at the other an occasional glance of vengeance or contempt.

"My dear daughter," the old gentleman began, with an air of deep concern, "what has happened?"

"Ask *him*," said Mrs. W., pointing to her husband with spiteful looks.

The old gentleman turned to Mr W.

"Your daughter threatens to leave me, sir," was the reply.

"But what for?" demanded the father; "where lies the offence?"

Each now began simultaneously to repeat the aggravating expressions which had been used on both sides. "He had said so and so." "She said so and so."

"Stay, my children, stay," said the father; "set aside all that has been elicited in anger during your quarrel—I do not want to hear that—and allow me to ask you again, what is the offence, and which of you is the aggressor?"

Both were silent.

"This is strange," said the father; "surely you can tell me now this disgraceful scene commenced. There must have been some great fault committed."

Silence still prevailed. The simple process of common sense, which the old gentleman had set to work, carried the infatuated couple back to the frivolous origin of their quarrel. Nothing could appear more ridiculously absurd than the reply which was at last elicited; "We quarrelled about *a hole in the carpet*."

"A what?" said the old gentleman, lifting his hands, shrugging his shoulders, as with staring eyes, he looked aghast, and turned on his heels. "What a pair of simpletons," said he; "I am ashamed of you both; go to school again and learn to put off childish things. Truly as said the wisest of men, 'The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water; therefore leave off contention, before it be meddled with.'"

We are glad to add, that Mr. and Mrs. W. did take the

old gentleman's advice; and heartily ashamed were they when they came to a calm reflection, that they had allowed so small a matter to kindle so large a fire. It should be remembered that it always takes two to quarrel; therefore, whenever there is an unhappy disposition evinced by one partner to be querulous or irritable, the other should always be either silent or soothing. Such forbearance, exercised in the spirit of prayer and Divine trust, will seldom fail to avert all domestic storms and household breezes. I often think of Cowper's beautiful lines on "Mutual Forbearance," and wish they were engraven on the memories and hearts of every wedded pair:

"Alas! and is domestic strife,
That sorest ill of human life,
A plague so little to be feared,
As to be wantonly incurred
To gratify a fretful passion
On every trivial provocation?

* * * *

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasions to forbear,
And something, every day they live,
To pity and perhaps forgive."

THE RETORT.

Old Birch, who taught the village school,
  Wedded a maid of homespun habit;
He was stubborn as a mule,
  And she was playful as a rabbit.
Poor Kate had scarce become a wife
  Before her husband sought to make her
The pink of country polished life,
  And prim and formal as a Quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,
  And simple Katie sadly missed him;
When he returned, behind her lord
  She slyly stole, and fondly kissed him.
The husband's anger rose, and red
  And white his face alternate grew:
"Less freedom, ma'am!" Kate sighed and said
  "O, dear! I didn't know 'twas you."

A THANKSGIVING.—Lucy Larcom.

For the wealth of pathless forests,
  Whereon no axe may fall;
For the winds that haunt the branches;
  The young bird's timid call;
For the red leaves dropped like rubies
  Upon the dark green sod;
For the waving of the forests
  I thank thee, O my God!

For the sound of water gushing
  In bubbling beads of light;
For the fleets of snow-white lilies
  Firm anchored out of sight;
For the reeds among the eddies;
  The crystal on the clod;
For the flowing of the rivers,
  I thank thee, O my God!

For the rosebud's break of beauty
  Along the toiler's way;
For the violet's eye that opens
  To bless the new-born day;
For the bare twigs that in summer
  Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers,
  I thank thee, O my God!

For the lifting up of mountains,
  In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
  Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark of silent gorges,
  Whence mighty cedars nod;
For the majesty of mountains,
  I thank thee, O my God!

For the splendor of the sunsets,
  Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold-fringed clouds that curtain
  Heaven's inner mystery;
For the molten bars of twilight,
  Where thought leans glad yet awed;
For the glory of the sunsets,
  I thank thee, O my God!

For the earth and all its beauty;
The sky and all its light;
For the dim and soothing shadows,
That rest the dazzled sight;
For unfading fields and prairies,
Where sense in vain has trod;
For the world's exhaustless beauty,
I thank thee, O my God!

For an eye of inward seeing;
A soul to know and love;
For these common aspirations,
That our high heirship prove;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath thy smile, thy rod;
For the amaranth saved from Eden,
I thank thee, O my God!

For the hidden scroll, o'erwritten
With one dear name adored;
For the Heavenly in the human,—
The spirit in the Word;
For the tokens of thy presence
Within, above, abroad;
For thine own great gift of Being
I thank thee, O my God!

THE MAESTRO'S CONFESSION.—Margaret J. Preston.

(ANDREA DAL CASTAGNO—1460.)

I.

Threescore and ten!
I wish it were all to live again.
Doesn't the Scripture somewhere say,
By reason of strength men oft-times may
Even reach fourscore? Alack! who knows?
Ten sweet, long years of life! I would paint
Our Lady and many and many a saint,
And thereby win my soul's repose.
Yet, Fra Bernardo, you shake your head:
Has the leech once said
I must die? But he
Is only a fallible man, you see:
Now, if it had been our father the pope,
I should *know* there was then no hope.
Were only I sure of a few kind years
More to be merry in, then my fears

I'd slip for awhile, and turn and smile
At their hated reckonings: whence the need
Of squaring accounts for word and deed
Till the lease is up? . . . . How? hear I right?
No, no! You could not have said, *To-night!*

II.

Ah, well! ah, well!
"Confess"—you tell me—"and be forgiven."
Is there no easier path to heaven?
Santa Maria! how can I tell
What, now for a score of years and more
I've buried away in my heart so deep
That, howso tired I've been, I've kept
Eyes waking when near me another slept,
Lest I might mutter it in my sleep?
And now at the last to blab it clear!
How the women will shrink from my pictures! And worse
Will the men do—spit on my name, and curse;
But then up in heaven I shall not hear.

I faint! I faint!
Quick, Fra Bernardo! The figure stands
There in the niche—my patron saint;
Put it within my trembling hands
Till they are steadier. So!
My brain
Whirled and grew dizzy with sudden pain,
Trying to span that gulf of years,
Fronting again those long-laid fears.

Confess? Why, yes, if I must, I must.
Now good Sant Andrea be my trust!
But fill me first, from that crystal flask,
Strong wine to strengthen me for my task.
(That thing is a gem of craftsmanship:
Just mark how its curvings fit the lip.)

Ah, you in your dreamy, tranquil life,
How can *you* fathom the rage and strife,
The blinding envy, the burning smart,
That worm-like, gnaws the Maestro's heart
When he sees another snatch the prize
Out from under his very eyes,
For which he would barter his soul? You see,
I taught him his art from first to last;
Whatever he was he owed to me.
And then to be browbeat, overpassed,
Stealthily jeered behind the hand!
Why, that was more than a *saint* could stand:

And I was no saint. And if my soul,
With a pride like Lucifer's mocked control,
And goaded me on to madness, till
I lost all measure of good or ill,
Whose gift was it pray? Oh, many a day
I've cursed it, yet whose is the blame, I say?
His name? How strange that you question so.
When I'm sure I have told it o'er and o'er,
And why should you care to hear it more?

III.

Well, as I was saying, Domenico
Was wont of my skill to make such light,
That, seeing him go on a certain night
Out with his lute, I followed. Hot
From a war of words, I heeded not
Whither I went, till I heard him twang
A madrigal under the lattice where
Only the night before I sang.
—A double robbery! and I swear
'Twas overmuch for the flesh to bear.
Don't ask me. I knew not what I did,
But I hastened home with my rapier hid
Under my cloak, and the blade was wet.
Just open that cabinet there, and see
The strange red rustiness on it yet.

A calm that was dead as dead could be
Numbed me: I seized my chalks to trace—
What think you?—Judas Iscariot's face!
I just had finished the scowl, no more,
When the shuffle of feet drew near my door
(We lived together, you know I said):
Then wide they flung it, and on the floor
Laid down Domenico—dead!

Back swam my senses: a sickening pain
Tingled like lightning through my brain,
And ere the spasm of fear was broke,
The men who had borne him homeward spoke
Soothingly: "Some assassin's knife
Had taken the innocent artist's life—
Wherefore, 'twere hard to say: all men
Were prone to have troubles now and then
The world knew naught of. Toward his friend
Florence stood waiting to extend
Tenderest dole." Then came my tears,
And I've been sorry these twenty years.

Now, Fra Bernardo, you have my sin:
Do you think Saint Peter will let me in?

Lippincott's Magazine.

FROM INDIA.—W. C. Bennett.

"Oh! come you from the Indies, and soldier, can you tell
Aught of the gallant 90th, and who are safe and well?
O soldier say my son is safe—for nothing else I care,
And you shall have a mother's thanks—shall have a widow's prayer."

"Oh, I've come from the Indies—I've just come from the war;
And well I know the 90th, and gallant lads they are;
From colonel down to rank and file, I know my comrades well,
And news I've brought for you, mother, your Robert bade me tell!"

"And do you know my Robert, now? Oh tell me, tell me true!
O soldier, tell me word for word all that he said to you!
His very words—my own boy's words—Oh tell me every one!
You little know how dear to his old mother is my son."

"Through Havelock's fights and marches the 90th were there;
In all the gallant 90th did, your Robert did his share;
Twice he went into Lucknow, untouched by steel or ball,
And you may bless your God, old dame, that brought him safe through all."

"Oh! thanks unto the living God that heard his mother's prayer,
The widow's cry that rose on high her only son to spare!
Oh bless'd be God, that turned from him the sword and shot away!
And what to his old mother did my darling bid you say?"

"Mother, he saved his colonel's life, and bravely it was done;
In the despatch they told it all, and named and praised your son;
A medal and a pension's his; good luck to him, I say,
And he has not a comrade but will wish him well to-day."

"Now, soldier, blessings on your tongue. O husband, that you knew
How well our boy pays me this day for all that I've gone through,
All I have done and borne for him the long years since you're dead!
But, soldier, tell me how he looked, and all my Robert said."

"He's bronzed and tanned, and bearded, and you'd hardly know him, dame,
We've made your boy into a man, but still his heart's the same;
For often, dame, his talk's of you, and always to one tune,
But there, his ship is nearly home, and he'll be with you soon."

Oh! is he really coming home, and shall I really see
My boy again, my own boy, home? and when, when will it be?
Did you say soon?"—"Well, he is home; keep cool, old dame; he's here."
O Robert, my own blessed boy!"—"O mother—mother dear!"

THE HARP OF A THOUSAND STRINGS.

I may say to you, my breethering, that I am not an edeca ted man, an' I am not one o' them as bleeves that edeca-tion is necessary fur a Gospel minister, fur I bleeve the Lord edecates his preachers jest as he wants 'em to be ed-ecated, an', although I say it that oughtn't to say it, yet in the State of Indianny, whar I live, thar's no man as gits a bigger congregation nor what I gits.

Thar may be some here to-day, my breethering, as don't know what persuasion I am uv. Well, I may say to you, my breethering, that I'm a Hardshell Baptist. Thar's some folks as don't like the Hardshell Baptists, but I'd ruther hev a hard shell as no shell at all. You see me here to-day, my breethering, drest up in fine close; you mout think I was proud, but I am not proud, my breethering, and al-though I've been a preacher uv the Gospel for twenty years, an' although I'm capting of that flat boat that lies at yure landing, I'm not proud, my breethering.

I'm not a gwine ter tell you *edzackly* whar my tex may be found; suffice it to say it's in the leds of the Bible, an' you'll find it somewhar 'tween the first chapter of the book of Gen-eration and the last chapter of the book of Revolutions, and ef you'll go and sarch the Scriptures, as I have sarched the Scriptures, you'll not only find *my* tex, thar, but a great many ather *texes* as will do you good to read, an' my tex, when

you shill find it, you shill find it to read thus: "And he played on a harp uv a thousand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck."

My tex, breethering, leads me to speak uv sperits. Now thar's a great many kinds of sperits in the world—in the fust place, thar's the sperits as some folks call ghosts, then thar's the sperits uv terpen*time*, and then thar's the sperits as some folks call liquor, an' I'v got as good an artikel of them kind uv sperits on *my* flat-boat as ever was fotched down the Mississippi River, but thar's a great many other kind of sperits, for the tex sez: "He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck."

But I'll tell you the kind uv sperits as is ment in the tex, it's *fire*. That is the kind of sperits as is ment in the tex, my breethering. Now thar's a great many kinds of fire in the world. In the fust place, thar's the common sort uv fire you lite your segar or pipe with, and then thar's camfire, fire before you're reddy, and fall back, and many other kinds uv fire, for the tex sez: "He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings—sperits uv just men made perfeck."

But I'll tell you the kind uv fire as is ment in the tex, my breethering—it's *hell fire!* an' that's the kind uv fire as a great many uv you'll come to, ef you don't do better nor what you have been doin'—for "He played on a harp of a *thou*-sand strings—sperits uv just men made perfeck."

Now the different sorts uv fire in the world may be likened unto the different persuasions of Christians in the world. In the fust place we have the Piscapalions; and they are a high sailin' and a high-falutin set, and they may be likened unto a turkey buzzard that flies up into the air, and he goes up and up till he looks no bigger than your finger nail, and the fust thing you know, he cums down and down, and is a fillin' himself on the karkiss of a dead hoss by the side of the road—and "He played on a harp of a *thou*-sand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck."

And then thar's the Methedis, and they may be likened unto the squirrel, runnin' up into a tree, for the Methedist believes in gwine on from one degree of grace to another, and finally on to perfeckshun, and the squirrel goes up and up, and up and up, and he jumps from lim' to lim,' and branch to branch,

and the fust thing you know he falls, and down he comes kerflummux, and that's like the Methedis, for they is allers fallin' from grace, ah! And—"He played on a harp of a *thou*-sand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck."

And then, my breethering, thar's the Baptist, ah—and they hev bin likened unto a possum on a 'simmon tree, and the thunders may roll, and the earth may quake, but that possum clings there still, ah—and you may shake one foot loose, and the other's thar, and you may shake all feet loose, and he laps his tail around the lim', and he clings furever, for—"He played on a harp uv a *thou*-sand strings—sperits of just men made perfeck."

ONCE MORE.—O. W. Holmes.

CLASS OF '29.

Condiscipulis, Coætaneis, Harvardianis, Amicis.

"*Will I come?*" That *is* pleasant! I beg to inquire
If the gun that I carry has ever missed fire?
And which was the muster-roll—mention but one—
That missed your old comrade who carries the gun?

You see me as always, my hand on the lock,
The cap on the nipple, the hammer full cock.
It is rusty, some tell me; I heed not the scoff;
It is battered and bruised, but it always goes off!

—"Is it loaded?" I'll bet you! what doesn't it hold?
Rammed full to the muzzle with memories untold;
Why, it scares me to fire, lest the pieces should fly
Like the cannons that burst on the Fourth of July!

One charge is a remnant of College-day dreams
(Its wadding is made of forensics and themes);
Ah, visions of fame! what a flash in the pan
As the trigger was pulled by each clever young man!

And Love! bless my stars, what a cartridge is there!
With a wadding of rose-leaves and ribbons and hair,—
All crammed in one verse to go off at a shot!
—Were there ever such sweethearts? Of course there were not!

And next,—what a load! it will split the old gun,—
Three fingers,—four fingers,—five fingers of fun!
Come tell me, gray sages, for mischief and noise
Was there ever a lot like us fellows, The Boys?

Bump! bump! down the staircase the cannon-ball goes,—
Aha, Old Professor! Look out for your toes!
Don't think, my poor Tutor, to *sleep* in your bed,—
Two "Boys"—'twenty-niners—room over your head!

Remember the nights when the tar-barrel blazed!
From red "Massachusetts" the war-cry was raised;
And "Hollis" and "Stoughton" re-echoed the call,
Till P—— poked his head out of Holworthy Hall!

Old P——, as we called him,—at fifty or so,—
Not exactly a bud, but not quite in full blow;
In ripening manhood, suppose we should say,
Just nearing his prime, as we boys are to-day!

Oh, say, can you look through the vista of age
To the time when old Morse drove the regular stage?
When Lyon told tales of the long-vanished years,
And Lenox crept round with the rings in his ears?

And dost thou, my brother, remember indeed
The days of our dealings with Willard and Read?
When "Dolly" was kicking and running away,
And punch came up smoking on Fillebrown's tray?

But where are the Tutors, my brother, Oh, tell!—
And where the Professors, remembered so well?
The sturdy old Grecian of Holworthy Hall,
And Latin and Logic and Hebrew and all?

"—They are dead, the old fellows" (we called them so then,
Though we since have found out they were lusty young men).
—They are *dead*, do you tell me?—but how do you know?
You've filled once too often. I doubt if it's so.

I'm thinking. I'm thinking. Is this 'sixty-eight?
It's not quite so clear. It admits of debate.
I *may* have been dreaming. I rather incline
To think—yes, I'm certain—it is 'twenty-nine!

"By George!" as friend Sales is accustomed to cry,—
You tell me they're dead, but I know it's a lie!
Is Jackson not President?——What was 't you said?
It can't be; you're joking; what,—all of 'em dead?

Jim,—Harry,—Fred—Isaac,—all gone from our side?—
They couldn't have left us,—no, not if they tried.
—Look,—there's our old Præses,—he can't find his text;
—See—P—— rubs his leg, as he growls out, "*The Next!*"

I told you 'twas nonsense. Joe, give us a song!
Go harness up "Dolly," and fetch her along!—
Dead! Dead! You false graybeard, I swear they are not!
Hurrah for Old Hickory!———Oh, I forgot!

Well, *one* we have with us (how could he contrive
To deal with us youngsters and still to survive?)
Who wore for our guidance authority's robe,—
No wonder he took to the study of Job!

—And now as my load was uncommonly large,
Let me taper it off with a classical charge;
When that has gone off, I shall drop my old gun,
And then stand at ease, for my service is done.

Bibamus ad Classem vocatam "The Boys"
Et eorum Tutorem cui nomen est "Noyes;"
Et floreant, valeant, vigeant tam,
Non Peircius ipse enumeret quam!

THE DEATH OF MOSES.*—Jessie G. M'Cartee.

Led by his God, on Pisgah's height,
The pilgrim-prophet stood—
When first fair Canaan blessed his sight,
And Jordan's crystal flood.

Behind him lay the desert ground
His weary feet had trod;
While Israel's host encamped around,
Still guarded by their God.

With joy the agéd Moses smiled
On all his wanderings past,
While thus he poured his accents mild
Upon the mountain-blast:

"I see them all before me now—
The city and the plain,
From where bright Jordan's waters flow,
To yonder boundless main.

"Oh! there the lovely promised land
With milk and honey flows;
Now, now my weary murmuring band
Shall find their sweet repose.

*This poem will form a worthy prelude to Mrs. C. F. Alexander's "Burial of Moses." See No. 3, page 94.

"There groves of palm and myrtle spread
O'er valleys fair and wide;
The lofty cedar rears its head
On every mountain-side.

"For them the rose of Sharon flings
Her fragrance on the gale;
And there the golden lily springs,—
The lily of the vale.

"Amid the olive's fruitful boughs
Is heard the song of love,
For there doth build and breathe her vows
The gentle turtle-dove.

"For them shall bloom the clustering vine,
The fig tree shed her flowers,
The citron's golden treasures shine
From out her greenest bowers.

"For them, for them, but not for me—
Their fruits I may not eat;
Not Jordan's stream, nor yon bright sea,
Shall lave my pilgrim feet.

"'Tis well, 'tis well, my task is done,
Since Israel's sons are blest:
Father, receive thy dying one
To thine eternal rest!"

Alone he bade the world farewell,
To God his spirit fled.
Now, to your tents, O Israel,
And mourn your prophet dead!

TEMPERANCE.—1776–1876.*

Our sires were rocked in Faneuil Hall,
The famous cradle of the free;
And shall we hear our brothers call
For help, and never heed the plea?
We heap the granite to the skies,
Over the graves on Bunker's hill;
But if the heroes there could rise,
While Rum is king, would they be still?

They would again renew their vows
To wipe away a nation's stain;

*G. W. BUNGAY.

And Warren's thrilling voice would rouse
The iron will of mighty men.
They would relight their beacon fires
On old Wachusett's naked brow,
And clang the bells in all their spires,
And sow their votes like storms of snow!

Where are the sons of sires who cast
The taxed tea-chests in the sea?
Where is the spirit of the past,
That moved the deep of sympathy?
Would not intemperance have been driven
From us, like a loathsome curse,
If, when our fathers went to heaven,
Their mantles had been worn by us?

Descendants of the good old stock,
By all the free blood in your veins,
By all the prayers at Plymouth Rock,
Strike off the drunkard's galling chains!
By all the blood your fathers shed,
By all the laurels they have won,
Stand up for Temperance as they did
For liberty at Lexington!

Strike out the statutes which disgrace
Our land before a wondering world!
Enact a law to lift the race!
Let vice into its gulf be hurled!
Strike, for the glory of our land!
Strike for the victims bound in chains!
Strike, when the heart beats to the hand!
Strike, for the cause the foe disdains!

Go bravely to the ballot-box,
And cast a freeman's honest vote;
Be never like the stupid ox,
Led by the halter at the throat.
Trust not the men who did betray
Our cause for office, power, or gold;
The promises they make to-day
They'll break to-morrow, as of old.

Men who make politics a trade
Will stoop to-day to tie your shoes;
To-morrow your cause will be betrayed
And crucified by bitter foes.
They'll sell it ere the morning dawns,
And nail it to the cursed tree,
Robe it with scorn, crown it with thorns,
And make of it a mockery.

THE STORY OF THE BAD LITTLE BOY WHO DIDN'T COME TO GRIEF.—Mark Twain.

Once there was a bad little boy whose name was Jim; though, if you will notice, you will find that bad little boys are nearly always called James, in your Sunday-school books. It was very strange, but still it was true, that this one was called Jim.

He didn't have any sick mother, either,—a sick mother who was pious, and had the consumption, and would be glad to lie down in the grave and be at rest, but for the strong love she bore her boy, and the anxiety she felt that the world would be harsh and cold towards him when she was gone. Most bad boys in the Sunday-school books are named James, and have sick mothers who teach them to say, "Now I lay me down," &c., and sing them to sleep with sweet, plaintive voices, and then kiss them good-night, and kneel down by the bedside and weep. But it was different with this fellow. He was named Jim; and there wasn't any thing the matter with his mother,—no consumption, or any thing of that kind. She was rather stout than otherwise; and she was not pious: moreover, she was not anxious on Jim's account. She said if he were to break his neck, it wouldn't be much loss. She always spanked Jim to sleep; and she never kissed him good-night: on the contrary, she boxed his ears when she was ready to leave him.

Once this bad little boy stole the key of the pantry, and slipped in there, and helped himself to some jam, and filled up the vessel with tar, so that his mother would never know the difference; but all at once a terrible feeling didn't come over him, and something didn't seem to whisper to him, "Is it right to disobey my mother? Isn't it sinful to do this? Where do bad little boys go who gobble up their good, kind mother's jam?" and then he didn't kneel down all alone and promise never to be wicked any more, and rise up with a light, happy heart, and go and tell his mother all about it, and beg her forgiveness, and be blessed by her with tears of pride and thankfulness in her eyes. No; that is the way with all other bad boys in the books; but it happened

otherwise with this Jim, strangely enough. He ate that jam, and said it was bully, in his sinful, vulgar way; and he put in the tar, and said that was bully also, and laughed, and observed that "the old woman would get up and snort" when she found it out; and when she did find it out, he denied knowing anything about it; and she whipped him severely; and he did the crying himself. Everything about this boy was curious: every thing turned out differently with him from the way it does to the bad Jameses in the books.

Once he climbed up in Farmer Acorn's apple-tree to steal apples; and the limb didn't break; and he didn't fall and break his arm, and get torn by the farmer's great dog, and then languish on a sick-bed for weeks, and repent and become good. Oh, no! he stole as many apples as he wanted, and came down all right; and he was all ready for the dog, too, and knocked him endways with a rock when he came to tear him. It was very strange: nothing like it ever happened in those mild little books with marbled backs, and with pictures in them of men with swallow-tailed coats, and bell-crowned hats, and pantaloons that are short in the legs; and women with the waists of their dresses under their arms, and no hoops on,—nothing like it in any of the Sunday-school books.

Once he stole the teacher's penknife; and when he was afraid it would be found out, and he would get whipped, he slipped it into George Wilson's cap,—poor widow Wilson's son, the moral boy, the good little boy of the village, who always obeyed his mother, and never told an untruth, and was fond of his lessons and infatuated with Sunday-school. And when the knife dropped from the cap, and poor George hung his head and blushed as if in conscious guilt, and the grieved teacher charged the theft upon him, and was just in the very act of bringing the switch down upon his trembling shoulders, a white-haired improbable justice of the peace did not suddenly appear in their midst, and strike an attitude, and say, "Spare this noble boy: there stands the cowering culprit. I was passing the school-door at recess, and, unseen myself, I saw the theft committed." And then Jim didn't get whaled; and the venerable justice didn't read the tear-

ful school a homily, and take George by the hand, and say such a boy deserved to be exalted, and then tell him to come and make his home with him, and sweep out the office, and make fires, and run errands, and chop wood, and study law, and help his wife to do household labors, and have all the balance of the time to play, and get forty cents a month, and be happy. No: it would have happened that way in the books; but it didn't happen that way to Jim. No meddling old clam of a justice dropped in to make trouble, and so the model boy George got thrashed; and Jim was glad of it, because, you know, Jim hated moral boys. Jim said he was "down on them milksops." Such was the coarse language of this, bad, neglected boy.

But the strangest things that ever happened to Jim was the time he went boating on Sunday and didn't get drowned, and that other time that he got caught out in the storm when he was fishing on Sunday, and didn't get struck by lightning. Why, you might look and look and look through the Sunday-school books from now till next Christmas, and you would never come across anything like this. Oh, no! you would find that all the bad boys who go boating on Sunday invariably get drowned; and all the bad boys who get caught out in storms when they are fishing on Sunday infallibly get struck by lightning. Boats with bad boys in them always upset on Sunday; and it always storms when bad boys go fishing on the Sabbath. How this Jim ever escaped is a mystery to me.

This Jim bore a charmed life: that must have been the way of it. Nothing could hurt him. He even gave the elephant in the menagerie a plug of tobacco; and the elephant didn't knock the top of his head off with his trunk. He browsed around the cupboard after essence of peppermint, and didn't make a mistake and drink aqua-fortis. He stole his father's gun, and went hunting on the Sabbath, and didn't shoot three or four of his fingers off. He struck his little sister on the temple with his fist when he was angry; and she didn't linger in pain through long summer days, and die with sweet words of forgiveness upon her lips that redoubled the anguish of his breaking heart. No: she got over it. He ran off and went to sea at last, and didn't come

back and find himself sad and alone in the world, his loved ones sleeping in the quiet churchyard, and the vine-embowered home of his boyhood tumbled down and gone to decay. Ah, no! he came home drunk as a piper, and got into the station-house the first thing.

And he grew up, and married, and raised a large family, and brained them all with an axe one night, and got wealthy by all manner of cheating and rascality; and now he is the infernalest wickedest scoundrel in his native village, and is universally respected, and belongs to the legislature.

So you see there never was a bad James in the Sunday school books that had such a streak of luck as this sinful Jim with the charmed life.

Part Tenth.

Each of the Four Numbers of "100 Choice Selections" contained in this volume is paged separately, and the Index is made to correspond therewith. See EXPLANATION *on first page of Contents.*

The entire book contains nearly 1000 pages.

100

CHOICE SELECTIONS

No. 10.

PROGRESS.—N. Michell.

Progress! progress! all things cry;
  Progress, nature's golden rule;
Nothing tarries 'neath the sky;
  Learn in nature's wondrous school:
Earth from chaos sprang sublime,
  Broad-armed oaks from acorns grow,
Insects, laboring, build in time
  Mighty islands from below;
Press we on through good and ill,
Progress be our watchword still.

Rough may be the mountain road
  Leading to the heights of mind;
Climb, and reach truth's bright abode;
  Dull the souls that grope behind.
Science, learning, yield their prize·
  Faint not in the noble chase,
He who aims not to be wise
  Sinks unworthy of his race;
He who fights shall vanquish ill;
Progress be our watchword still.

Broad the tract that lies before us;
  Never mourn the days of old,
Time will not tombed years restore us,—
  Past is iron—future, gold!
Savage! learn till civilized;
  Slave! your fetters shake till free;

Hearts that struggle, souls despised!
Work your own high destiny:
All things yield to steadfast will,
Progress be our watchword still.

Onward!—orient nations know
Nothing of that magic word;
'Tis the trump that giants blow—
'Tis the spirit's conquering sword!
'Tis the electric, mystic fire
Which should flash around the earth,
Making every heart a wire—
'Tis a word of heavenly birth;
Onward! at the sound we thrill;
Progress be our watchword still.

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.—Frederick S. Cozzens.

It was a starry night in June, the air was soft and still,
When the "minute men" from Cambridge came, and gathered on the hill;
Beneath us lay the sleeping town, around us frowned the fleet;
But the pulse of freemen, not of slaves, within our bosoms beat,
And every heart rose high with hope, as fearlessly we said,
"We will be numbered with the free, or numbered with the dead."

"Bring out the line to mark the trench, and stretch it on the sward;"
The trench is marked, the tools are brought, we utter not a word,
But stack our guns, then fall to work with mattock and with spade,—
A thousand men with sinewy arms, and not a sound is made.
So still were we the stars beneath that scarce a whisper fell;
We heard the red-coat's musket-click, and heard him cry "All's well!"

And here and there a twinkling port, reflected on the deep,
In many a wavy shadow showed their sullen guns asleep.
Sleep on, ye bloody, hireling crew! In careless slumber lie!
The trench is growing broad and deep, the breastwork broad and high.
No striplings we, but bear the arms that held the French in check,
The drum that beat at Louisburg, and thundered in Quebec.

And thou whose promise is deceit, no more thy word we'll trust;
Thou butcher Gage, thy power and thee we'll humble in the dust;
Thou and thy tory minister have boasted to thy brood,
"The lintels of the faithful shall be sprinkled with our blood."
But though these walls those lintels be, thy zeal is all in vain,—
A thousand freemen shall rise up for every freeman slain!
And when o'er trampled crowns and thrones they raise the mighty shout,
This soil their Palestine shall be—their altar this redoubt!

See how the morn is breaking! the red is in the sky;
The mist is creeping from the stream that floats in silence by;
The *Lively's* hull looms through the fog, and they our works have spied,
For the ruddy flash and round shot part in thunder from her side;
And the *Falcon* and the *Cerberus* make every bosom thrill,
With gun and shell and drum and bell and boatswain's whistle shrill,
But deep and wider grows the trench as spade and mattock ply,
For we have to cope with fearful odds, and the time is drawing nigh.

Up with the pine-tree banner! Our gallant Prescott stands
Amid the plunging shell and shot, and plants it with his hands;
Up with the shout! for Putnam comes upon his reeking bay,
With bloody spur and foamy bit, in haste to join the fray;
And Pomeroy, with his snow-white hairs, and face all flush and sweat,
Unscathed by French and Indian, wears a youthful glory yet.

But thou, whose soul is glowing in the summer of thy years
Unvanquished Warren, thou—the youngest of thy peers—
Wert born, and bred, and shaped and made to act a patriot's part,
And dear to us thy presence is as life-blood to the heart.
Well may you bark, ye British wolves—with leaders such as they,
Not one will fail to follow where they choose to lead the way!
As once before, scarce two months since, we followed on your track,
And with our rifles marked the road you took in *going back!*

Ye slew a sick man in his bed; ye slew with hands accursed
A mother nursing, and her blood fell on the babe she nursed;
By their own doors our kinsmen fell, and perished in the strife;
But as we hold a hireling's cheap, and dear a freeman's life,
By Tanner-Brook and Lincoln-Bridge, before the shut of sun,
We took the recompense we claimed,—*a score for every one!*

Hark! from the town a trumpet! The barges at the wharf
Are crowded with the living freight, and now they're pushing off;
With clash and glitter, trump and drum, in all its bright array,
Behold the splendid sacrifice move slowly o'er the bay!
And still and still the barges fill, and still across the deep,
Like thunder-clouds along the sky, the hostile transports sweep;
And now they're forming at the Point, and now the lines advance;
We see beneath the sultry sun their polished bayonets glance;
We hear a-near the throbbing drum, the bugle challenge ring;
Quick bursts and loud the flashing cloud, and rolls from wing to wing.
But on the height our bulwark stands, tremendous in its gloom,
As sullen as a tropic sky, and silent as a tomb;
And so we waited till we saw at scarce ten rifles' length
The old vindictive Saxon spite, in all its stubborn strength;
When sudden, flash on flash, around the jagged ramparts burst,
From every gun the livid light, upon the foe accursed.

Then quailed a monarch's might before a freeborn people's ire—
Then drank the sward the veteran's life, where swept the yeoman's fire;
Then, staggered by the shot, we saw their serried columns reel
And fall, as falls the bearded rye beneath the reaper's steel;
And then arose a mighty shout, that might have waked the dead,—
"Hurrah! they run—the field is won! Hurrah! the foe is fled!"
And every man has dropped his gun to clutch a neighbor's hand,
As his heart keeps praying all the while for home and native land.

Thrice on that day we stood the shock of thrice a thousand foes,
And thrice that day within our lines the shout of victory rose;
And though our swift fire slackened then, and, reddening in the skies,
We saw from Charlestown's roofs and walls the flamy columns rise;
Yet while we had a cartridge left, we still maintained the fight,
Nor gained the foe one foot of ground upon that blood-stained height.

What though for us no laurels bloom, nor o'er the nameless brave
No sculptured trophy, scroll, nor hatch, records a warrior's grave?
What though the day to us was lost? Upon the deathless page
The everlasting charter stands, for every land and age!
For man hath broke his felon bonds and cast them in the dust,
And claimed his heritage divine, and justified his trust;
While through his rifted prison-bars the hues of freedom pour,
O'er every nation, race, and clime, on every sea and shore,
Such glories as the patriarch viewed, when, 'mid the darkest skies,
He saw above the ruined world the bow of promise rise.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.—H. W. Beecher.

A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag only, but the nation itself; and whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, which belong to the nation that sets it forth.

When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the other three-cornered Hungarian flag shall be lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the long-buried but never dead principles of Hungarian liberty. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George on a fiery ground set forth the banner of Old England, we see

not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the noble aspect of that monarchy, which, more than any other on the globe, has advanced its banner for liberty, law, and national prosperity.

This nation has a banner too; and wherever it streamed abroad, men saw daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea, carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope for the captive and such glorious tidings.

The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light.

As at early dawn the stars stand first, and then it grows light, and then as the sun advances, that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so on the American flag, stars and beams of many colored light shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry, no rampant lion and fierce eagle, but only LIGHT, and every fold significant of liberty.

The history of this banner is all on one side. Under it rode Washington and his armies; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was driven away, by the beams of light from this starry banner.

It cheered our army, driven from New York, in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over Valley Forge and Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of the nation. And when, at length, the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington while Yorktown surrendered its hosts, and our Revolutionary struggles ended with victory.

Let us then twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heartstrings; and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battle-fields of our fathers, let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the stars and stripes. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, in the halls of the Montezumas and amid the solitude of every sea; and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves.

LIDES TO BARY JADE.

The bood is beabig brighdly love,
The sdars are shidig too;
While I ab gazig dreabily
Add thigkig, love, of you;
You caddot, oh, you caddot kdow,
By darlig, how I biss you—
(Oh, whadt a fearful cold I've got—
Ck-*tish*-u! Ck-ck-*tish*-u!)

I'b sittig id the arbor, love
Where you sat by by side,
Whed od that calb, Antubdal dight
You said you'd be by bride.
Oh, for wud bobedt to caress
Add tederly to kiss you;
Budt do! we're beddy biles apart—
(Ho-*rash*-o! Ck-ck-*tish*-u!)

This charbig evedig brigs to bide
The tibe whed first we bet;
It seebs budt odly yesterday,
I thigk I see you yet.
Oh tell be, ab I sdill your owd?
By hopes oh, do dot dash theb!
(Codfoud by cold, 'tis gettig worse—
Ck-*tish*-u! Ck-ck-*thrash*-eb!)

Good-by, by darlig Bary Jade
The bid-dight hour is dear,
Add it is hardly wise by love
For be to ligger here!
The heavy dews are fallig fast;
A fod good dight I wish you;
(Ho-*rash*-o!—there it is agaid—
Ck-*thrash*-ub! Ck-ck-*tish*-u!)

Scribner's Monthly.

THERE'S TAN IN THE STREET.

A. WALLACE THAXTER.

There's a wail in the mansion
A tear and a sigh,
And the car and the cart
Go noiselessly by,
Tread lightly—tread softly—
Still the noise of your feet,
For death is about us—
"*There's tan in the street.*"

Is she weeping, that mother,
As she looks on her boy,
Sees the eye cold in dying
So late lit with joy?
Ah, mother! in heaven
Thy darling thou'lt meet,
Though aching thy heart now,—
For "*there's tan in the street.*"

Is he bowed down, that strong man,
That his beautiful bride—
Whose cheek gave the warning—
In beauty has died?
Her soul is in glory
In a sainted retreat,
Though her corpse is beside thee,
And "*there's tan in the street.*"

As we plod along daily
In the hackneyed routine,
We heed not the lessons
To be gathered, I ween,
From the myriad trifles
That daily we meet,
Or the warning that's found
In the "*tan in the street.*"

SEEING THROUGH.

I can almost see to the land of light,
But there's a mist before my eyes,
The path, I know, stretches out before,
But I can't see where it lies;
For there is a valley that lies between,
And a shadow as dark as night,
That sends up its gloom from a loved one's tomb,
And a dimness is on my sight.

But there's some one stands on the golden sands,
And lifts up the nebulous bars,
Throwing back the door to the shining shore,
And there's light beyond the stars;
And the flashes bright, that fall on my sight,
Seem to scatter the night away;
And I know, I know where I shall go
At the close of some weary day.

And now and then there are forms I ken,
That seem as if once of earth,
That break through the night of this castlely sight,
From the home of the spirit birth;
And I hear, I hear, from the upper sphere,
The voices I heard of yore,
And I see, I see the dear to me,
The loved and gone before.

I can almost see through to the land of light,
But somehow something will rise,
From the depths of the soul that I cannot control,
That keeps dimming and blinding my eyes.
You may think it is fears, you may say it is tears,
That dims the visual ray,
But the soul lies too deep for me to weep,
And why should I feel dismay.

But its a long, long way to the gates of day,
And no wonder I can't see through;
The eyes I have at the best are but clay—
I can get no better, can you?
Yet things will appear and disappear,
So strangely sweet to me,
That a holy thrill my soul will fill,
And I think I begin to see.

Oh! the veil may drop on our mortal sight,
And shut out the light within,
And many a beautiful soul be laid
In the shadows of guilt and sin;

And much to love from the depths above
The shadows of earth may hide,
That we never shall know beneath the flow
Of the waves of life's ocean tide.

And many a brow that lies shaded now
'Neath the touches of sin and shame,
Hath its inner deep where pearls may sleep,
And gems that yet shall flame,—
Some learned divine, on the inner shrine,
Shall keep them pure and fair,—
For God sees through, though I and you
Know not what he treasures there.

And by and by the darkened sky
Will clear to these earthly eyes,
And the mists that are near will disappear
Where the shining pathway lies,
Then all ablaze the soul shall gaze
In the peerless depths of blue,
And the darkened glass from the eyes shall pass,
And we'll all, yes, *all* see through.

OUT.—Thomas Haynes Bayly.

Out, John! out, John! what are you about, John?
If you don't say "Out," at once, you make the fellow doubt, John!
Say I'm out, whoever calls; and hide my hat and cane, John;
Say you've not the least idea when I shall come again, John.
Let the people leave their bills, but tell them not to call, John;
Say I'm courting Miss Rupee, and mean to pay them all, John.

Run, John! run, John! there's another dun, John;
If it's Prodger, bid him call to-morrow week at one, John;
If he says he saw me at the window, as he knocked, John,
Make a face, and shake your head, and tell him you are shocked, John;
Take your pocket-handkerchief, and put it to your eye, John;
Say your master's not the man to bid you tell a lie, John.

Oh! John, go, John! there's Noodle's knock, I know, John;
Tell him that all yesterday you sought him high and low,
John.
Tell him, just before he came, you saw me mount the hill,
John;
Say—you think I'm only gone to pay his little bill, John;
Then, I think, you'd better add—that if I miss to-day, John,
You're sure I mean to call when next I pass his way, John.

Hie, John! fly, John! I will tell you why, John—
If there is not Grimshaw at the corner, let me die, John.
He will hear of no excuse—I'm sure he'll search the house,
John,
Peeping into corners hardly fit to hold a mouse, John;
Beg he'll take a chair and wait—I know he wont refuse,
John—
And I'll pop through the little door that opens on the mews,
John.

NUMBER NINETY-ONE.

One of the exhibitors at the recent Texas State Fair, at Houston, gave an amusing account of his experience at the hotel, which illustrates the crowded condition of the public houses at that time.

When I got there, I just said, "Captain, I wrote to you about six weeks ago to save me a room; I hope you have done so."

"Certainly I have. Show the gentleman to ninety-one."

I'm blessed if there wasn't forty others besides myself in the same apartment, and when they went to undress at night, the room looked like an arsenal, for every man had a knife and a six-shooter or two. My partner had an immense pistol, which he coolly took off and placed in bed between us.

"Say, stranger," says I, "if I had to carry a thing like that, blamed if I wouldn't put it on wheels."

"Guess if I choose to wear it, it's nobody's business," he replied.

"Well," says I, "is all of this artillery company in this room?"

The next night, after we had all turned in there came a rap at the door; the beds were all full but one, and in this there was a tall Texan, who, after the rapping had been several times repeated, got up, and in a costume but little better than the Georgia full dress opened the door and demanded: "What do you mean by kicking up such an infernal row here?"

"They told me there was a vacant bed here," said a dapper-looking fellow, with a satchel in his hand, "and I came to occupy it."

"Come in," replied Texas, flourishing his pistol, "there ain't no vacant bed, but you can bunk with me."

"Thank you," said the new comer, at the same time evidently wishing himself out again.

I can tell you that young fellow wasn't long "changing" himself and sliding easily into bed; but he had no more than stretched himself out when his bedfellow said:

"You got any whiskey?"

"Y-e-s, sir; I was—afraid of the water, and—

"Water! if you've got any whiskey, behave like a man, and produce it."

The young fellow got out of bed and soon handed over a small wicker flask.

"It's your whiskey—drink first," said Texas. His companion poured out about three drops and took it, when the other put the flask to his head and drained it, and then coolly turned it bottom up, to show that it was dry, and handed it back.

About half the occupants were changed every day, and I could tell every new arrival the number of his room, as soon as I set eyes on him.

"Halloo, Colonel, just got in?" I would say.

"Yes, just in, and lucky enough to get a room."

"What's your number?" I would ask.

Ninety-one, was sure to be the reply.

I stayed there until they began to put the new arrivals in through the transom, and then I left the town.

THE MODERN CYMON.—Bryan Waller Proctor.

"THE LUNATIC, THE LOVER, AND THE POET."

You bid me tell you why I rise
  At midnight from my lonely bed;
And search among the coming clouds
  And talk as though I saw the dead:
You speak of madness—of the moon—
  I've heard such idle jeers before:
Give me your patience, for my tale,
  And you shall deem me mad no more.

I was not born of noble race:
  I know a peasant was my sire;
But from my mother's breast I sucked
  The milk that filled my blood with fire.
I ran as wild as doth the wolf,
  About the fields, for many years;
But in my twentieth summer thought
  Sprang upward in a rain of tears.

A sudden chance (if chance it were)
  Flung me across a marriage train;
And there I saw a wretched girl
  Forced onward, while she wept in vain.
I never saw so fair a thing:
  My eyes were hot within my head:
I heard her scream—I saw her forced
  (By a brother) towards a brute—and wed.

I sought the hills—I sought the woods;
  My heart was bursting in my breast:
At last, tears rushed in rivers forth,
  And for a time I felt at rest.
Those tears! they washed from off my eyes
  The cloudy film that on them lay;
And I awoke, and saw the light,
  And knew I did behold the day.

Till then, I had but been a beast,—
  Had let mere savage will prevail;
Was ignorant—sullen—fierce; till love—
  (You have some fable, like my tale,)
Till love flew forth and touched my heart;
  Then all at once my spirit strong
Swelled upward, like a torrent damm'd
  And forced its furious way along.

I read—I learned—I thought—I loved!
(For love was all the motive then;)
And one who was a friend, gave help,
And I went forth and mixed with men:
I talked with him they called her lord;
I talked with *her*—who was a bride
Through fraud and force and rapine; God!
She spoke:—I think I could have died!

I heard her words; I saw her eyes,
Where patient mingled with the sad:
I felt her breath upon my cheek;
Its perfume did not drive me mad.
I listened dumbly to her wrongs—
Imprisoned, struck, despised, deceived;
And, in my heart, I heard a voice
Cry out "Revenge!"—and I believed!

Still time wore on; and efforts vain
Were made to bend the demon's will;
To wean him from the wrong to right:
But he was base and cruel still.
Such deeds he did! Romance hath bared
The truth of many a hellish crime;
But never yet did fiction dream
Of half that I could tell in rhyme.

Suffice it; all things have an end.
There is an end where mortal pain
Must stop, and can endure no more:
This limit did we now attain;
For hope—sweet patience—virtue fled!
I did what she could never dare:
I cut the canker from her side;
And bore her off—to healthier air!

Far—far away! She never knew
That I had blood upon my breast:
And yet (although she loved me much,)
I know not why she could not rest.
I strove to cheer her love,—to stir
Her pride—but, ah, she had no pride!
We loved each other;—yet she pined:
We loved each other;—yet she died!

She died, as fading roses die,
Although the warm and healing air
Comes breathing forth, and wraps them round.
She died, despite my love and care.

I placed her gently in the lead;
I soothed her hair, as it should be;
And drew a promise—what she vowed
Is secret, 'tween my soul and me!

She died; and yet I have her still,—
Carved, softly, in Carrara stone;
And in my chamber she abides,
Sitting in silence,—all alone;
Alone, save when the midnight moon
Her calm and spotless bosom seeks;
Then, she unclasps her marble hands,
And moves her marble lips—and speaks!

And this is why I restless seem;
And *this* is why I always rise
At midnight still throughout the year,
And look for comfort in the skies,
For then the angel of my heart
Awakens from her sleep of stone;
And we exchange sweet hopes and thoughts,
In words unto the earth unknown.

Now,—tell me, am I mad?—Who's *he*
That stares, and gibbers at me there?
I know him: there's his crooked claw;
His glittering eye; his snaky hair;
Begone!—he's gone! Excuse me, sir;
These fellows often pinch my brain;
(I know full well who spurs them on;)
But—as you see—they tease in vain.

LITTLE GRETCHEN.

Through a window, old and broken,
Came the moonlight like a token,—
Like a token pure and holy,
From the happy world above;—
Just within the shadow lying,
There a little child lay dying,
All alone lay moaning, crying,
With no one to help or love.

True, the streets were full of people,
And the shadow of a steeple,
Of a steeple, grand and stately,
Almost fell upon the floor.

Yet within was want and sorrow,
No glad thoughts for hope's to-morrow,
Only fearing lest a footfall,
Should come through the open door;

Lest a footstep, drunken, reeling,
Should come through the darkness stealing,
And with brutal hand uplifted,
Drive her out into the town;—
Where all day with voice that trembled,
She had sung, where crowds assembled,
Asking only for a penny,
As she wandered up and down.

But when night came, weak and weary,
To the attic, dark and dreary,
To a cruel master's chiding,
Came the little faltering feet;
And the tired child lay sobbing,
Mingled with her heart's wild throbbing,
As she listened to the coming,
For his coming from the street;

Till the moonlight growing brighter,
Made the dark room clearer, lighter,
And a gentle voice seemed calling,
Till she followed where it led.

* * * * * *

Through the window, old and broken,
Came the moonlight, like a token,
Like a peaceful benediction,
On the pale face of the dead.

THE LITTLE EVANGELIST.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

It was Sunday afternoon. St. Clare was stretched on a bamboo lounge in the verandah, solacing himself with a cigar. Marie lay reclining on a sofa, opposite the window opening on the verandah, closely secluded, under an awning of transparent gauze, from the outrages of mosquitoes, and languidly holding in her hand an elegantly bound prayer-book. She was holding it because it was Sunday, and she

imagined she had been reading it,—though, in fact, she had been only taking a succession of short naps, with it open in her hand.

Miss Ophelia, who, after some rummaging, had hunted up a small Methodist meeting within riding distance, had gone out, with Tom as driver, to attend it; and Eva had accompanied them.

"I say, Augustine," said Marie after dozing a while, "I must send to the city after my old Doctor Posey; I'm sure I've got the complaint of the heart."

"Well; why need you send for him? This doctor that attends Eva seems skillful."

"I would not trust him in a critical case," said Marie; "and I think I may say mine is becoming so! I've been thinking of it, these two or three nights past; I have such distressing pains, and such strange feelings"

"Oh, Marie, you are blue; I don't believe it's heart complaint."

"I dare say *you* don't," said Marie; "I was prepared to expect *that*. You can be alarmed enough if Eva coughs, or has the least thing the matter with her; but you never think of me."

"If it's particularly agreeable to you to have heart disease, why, I'll try and maintain you have it," said St. Clare; "I didn't know it was."

"Well, I only hope you won't be sorry for this, when it's too late," said Marie; "but, believe it or not, my distress about Eva, and the exertions I have made with that dear child, have developed what I have long suspected."

What the *exertions* were which Marie referred to, it would have been difficult to state. St. Clare quietly made this commentary to himself, and went on smoking, like a hard-hearted wretch of a man that he was, till a carriage drove up before the verandah, and Eva and Miss Ophelia alighted.

Miss Ophelia marched straight to her own chamber, to put away her bonnet and shawl, as was always her manner, before she spoke a word on any subject; while Eva came, at St. Clare's call, and was sitting on his knee, and giving him an account of the services they had heard.

They soon heard loud exclamations from Miss Ophelia's room, (which, like the one in which they were sitting, opened on to the verandah,) and violent reproof addressed to somebody.

"What new witchcraft has Tops been brewing?" asked St. Clare. "That commotion is of her raising, I'll be bound!" And, in a moment after, Miss Ophelia, in high indignation, came dragging the culprit along.

"Come out here, now," she said. "I *will* tell your master!"

"What's the case now?" asked Augustine.

"The case is that I can't be plagued with this child any longer! It's past all bearing; flesh and blood cannot endure it! Here, I locked her up and gave her a hymn to study; and what does she do, but spy out where I put my key, and has gone to my bureau and got a bonnet-trimming, and cut it all to pieces to make dolls' jackets! I never saw anything like it in my life!"

"I told you, cousin," said Marie, "that you'd find out that these creatures can't be brought up without severity. If I had *my* way now," she said, looking reproachfully at St. Clare, "I'd send that child out and have her thoroughly whipped; I'd have her whipped till she couldn't stand!"

"I don't doubt it," said St. Clare. "Tell me of the lovely rule of woman! I never saw above a dozen women that wouldn't half kill a horse, or a servant, either, if they had their own way with them; let alone a man!"

"There is no use in this shilly-shally way of yours, St. Clare!" said Marie. "Cousin is a woman of sense, and she sees it now as plain as I do."

Miss Ophelia had just the capability of indignation that belongs to the thorough-paced housekeeper, and this had been pretty actively aroused by the artifice and wastefulness of the child; in fact, many of my lady readers must own that they should have felt just so in her circumstances; but Marie's words went beyond her, and she felt less heat.

"I wouldn't have the child treated so for the world," she said; "but I am sure, Augustine, I don't know what to do. I've taught and taught: I've talked till I'm tired; I've whipped her. I've punished her in every way I can think of, and still she's just what she was at first."

"Come here, Tops, you monkey!" said St. Clare, calling the child up to him.

Topsy came up; her round, hard eyes glittering and blinking with a mixture of apprehensiveness and their usual odd drollery. "What makes you behave so?" said St. Clare, who could not help being amused with the child's expression.

"Spects it's my wicked heart," said Topsy, demurely; "Miss Feely says so."

"Don't you see how much Miss Ophelia has done for you? She says she has done everything she can think of."

"Lor, yes, Mas'r! old Missus used to say so, too. She whipped me a heap harder, and used to pull my. har, and knock my head agin the door; but it didn't do me no good! I spects, if they's to pull every spear o' har out o' my head it wouldn't do no good, neither—I's so wicked! Laws! I's nothin' but a nigger, no ways!"

"Well, I shall have to give her up," said Miss Ophelia; "I can't have that trouble any longer."

"Well, I'd just like to ask one question," said St. Clare.

"What is it?"

"Why, if your Gospel is not strong enough to save one heathen child, that you can have at home here, all to yourself, what's the use of sending one or two poor missionaries off with it among thousands of just such? I suppose this child is about a fair sample of what thousands of your heathen are."

Miss Ophelia did not make an immediate answer; and Eva, who had stood a silent spectator of the scene thus far, made a silent sign to Topsy to follow her. There was a little glass-room at the corner of the verandah, which St. Clare used as a sort of reading-room; and Eva and Topsy disappeared into this place.

"What's Eva going about now?" said St. Clare; "I mean to see."

And advancing on tiptoe, he lifted up a curtain that covered the glass-door, and looked in. In a moment, laying his finger on his lips, he made a silent gesture to Miss Ophelia to come and look. There sat the two children on the floor, with their side faces towards them, Topsy, with her usual air of careless drollery and unconcern; but opposite to

her, Eva, her whole face fervent with feeling, and tears in her large eyes.

"What does make you so bad, Topsy? Why won't you try and be good? Don't you love *anybody*, Topsy?"

"Dunno nothin' bout love; I loves candy and sich, that's all," said Topsy.

"But you love your father and mother?"

"Never had none, ye know. I telled ye that, Miss Eva."

"Oh, I know, said Eva, sadly; "but had you any brother or sister, or aunt, or—"

"No, none on 'em—never had nothin' nor nobody."

"But, Topsy, if you'd only try and be good, you might—"

"Couldn't never be nothin' but a nigger, if I war ever so good," said Topsy. "If I could be skinned, and come white, I'd try then."

"But people can love you, if you are black, Topsy. Miss Ophelia would love you, if you were good."

Topsy gave a short, blunt laugh that was her common mode of expressing incredulity.

"Don't you think so?" said Eva.

"No; she can't bar me, 'cause I'm a nigger—she'd 's soon have a toad touch her! There can't nobody love niggers, and niggers can't do nothin'! *I* don't care," said Topsy, beginning to whistle.

"Oh, Topsy, poor child, *I* love you!" said Eva, with a sudden burst of feeling, and laying her little thin, white hand on Topsy's shoulder; "I love you, because you haven't had any father, or mother or friends; because you've been a poor, abused child! I love you, and I want you to be good. I am very unwell, Topsy, and I think I sha'n't live a great while; and it really grieves me to have you be so naughty. I wish you would try to be good for my sake—it's only a little while I shall be with you."

The round, keen eyes of the black child were overcast with tears—large, bright drops rolled heavily down, one by one, and fell on the little white hand. Yes, in that moment a ray of real belief, a ray of heavenly love had penetrated the darkness of her heathen soul! She laid her head down between her knees, and wept and sobbed—while the beauti-

ful child, bending over her, looked like the picture of some bright angel stooping to reclaim a sinner.

"Poor Topsy!" said Eva, "don't you know that Jesus loves all alike? He is just as willing to love you as me. He loves you just as I do—only more, because he is better. He will help you to be good; and you can go to heaven at last, and be an angel forever, just as much as if you were white. Only think of it Topsy! *you* can be one of those spirits bright, Uncle Tom sings about."

"O, dear Miss Eva, dear Miss Eva!" said the child; "I will try; I never did care nothin' about it before."

St. Clare, at this instant, dropped the curtain. "It puts me in mind of mother," he said to Miss Ophelia. "It is true what she told me; if we want to give sight to the blind, we must be willing to do as Christ did—call them to us, and *put our hands on them.*"

"I've always had a prejudice against negroes," said Miss Ophelia, "and it's a fact, I never could bear to have that child touch me; but I didn't think she knew it."

"Trust any child to find that out," said St. Clare; "there's no keeping it from them. But I believe that all the trying in the world to benefit a child, and all the substantial favors you can do them, will never excite one emotion of gratitude, while that feeling of repugnance remains in the heart—it's a queer kind of a fact—but so it is."

"I don't know how I can help it," said Miss Ophelia; "they *are* disagreeable to me—this child in particular—how can I help feeling so?"

"Eva does, it seems."

"Well, she's so loving! After all, though, she's no more than Christ-like," said Miss Ophelia; "I wish I were like her. She might teach me a lesson."

"It wouldn't be the first time a little child has been used to instruct an old disciple, if it *were* so," said St. Clare.

From "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

MARY'S DIMINUTIVE SHEEP.

Mary possessed a diminutive sheep,
Whose external covering was as devoid of color as the congealed aqueous fluid which occasionally presents insurmountable barriers to railroad travel on the Sierras;
And everywhere that Mary peregrinated,
The juvenile Southdown was certain to get up and get right after her.

It tagged her to the alphabet dispensary one day,
Which was in contravention of established usage;
It caused the other youthful students to cachinnate and skyfungle
To perceive an adolescent mutton in an edifice devoted to the dissemination of knowledge.

And so the preceptor ejected him from the interior,
But he continued to roam in the immediate vicinity,
And remained very composedly in the neighborhood
Until Mary once more became visible.

"What causes the juvenile sheep to hanker after Mary so?"
Queried the inquisitive children of their tutor;
"Why, Mary bestows much affection upon the little animal to which the wind is tempered when shorn, you must be aware,"
The preceptor with alacrity responded.

WAITING BY THE GATE.—W. C. Bryant.

Beside a massive gateway built up in years gone by,
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,
While streams the evening sunshine on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

The tree-tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,
A soft and soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night;
I hear the wood-thrush piping one mellow descant more,
And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day is o'er

Behold the portals open, and o'er the threshold, now,
There steps a weary one with a pale and furrowed brow;
His count of years is full, his allotted task is wrought;
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness then I ponder how quickly fleets the hour
Of human strength and action, man's courage and his power

I muse while still the wood-thrush sings down the golden day,
And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing, throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes;
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
Moves mournfully away from amidst the young and fair.

Oh glory of our race that so suddenly decays!
Oh crimson flush of morning that darkens as we gaze!
Oh breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies we know not where!

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then withdrawn;
But still the sun shines round me: the evening bird sings on,
And I again am soothed, and, beside the ancient gate,
In the soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

Once more the gates are opened; an infant group go out,
The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the sprightly shout.
Oh frail, frail tree of life, that upon the greensward strows
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that blows!

So come from every region, so enter, side by side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek, and men of pride.
Steps of earth's great and mighty, between those pillars gray,
And prints of little feet, mark the dust along the way.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are blank with fear,
And some whose temples brighten with joy in drawing near,
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
Of Him, the sinless teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terror; yet these within my heart,
Can neither make the dread nor the longing to depart;
And, in the sunshine streaming on quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait till the hinges turn for me.

THE BOOTBLACK.

Here y'are——? Black your boots, boss,
Do it for jest five cents;
Shine 'em up in a minute,—
That is 'f nothin' prevents.

Set your foot right on there, sir;
The mornin's kinder cold—
Sorter rough on a feller
When his coat's a gettin' old.

Well, yes—call it coat, sir,
Though 'taint much more'n a tear;
Can't get myself another—
Aint got the stamps to spare.

Make as much as most on 'em?
That's *so;* but then, yer see,
They've only got one to do for;
There's two on us, Jack and me.

Him? Why—that little feller,
With a double-up sorter back,
Sittin' there on the gratin'
Sunnin' hisself—that's Jack.

Used to be round sellin' papers,
The cars there was his lay,
But he got shoved off the platform,
Under the wheels, one day;

Yes, the conductor did it—
Gave him a reg'lar throw—
He didn't care if he killed him;
Some on 'em is just so.

He's never been all right since, sir,
Sorter quiet and queer—
Him and me go together,
He's what they call cashier.

Trouble? I guess not much, sir.
Sometimes when biz gets slack,
I don't know how I'd stand it
If 'twasn't for little Jack.

Why, boss, you ought to hear him,
He says we needn't care
How rough luck is down here, sir,
If some day we git up there.

All done now—how's that, sir?
Shine like a pair of lamps.
Mornin'!—give it to Jack, sir,
He looks after the stamps.

WILLY'S GRAVE.—Edwin Waugh.

The frosty wind was wailing wild across the wintry wold;
The cloudless vault of heaven was bright with studs of gleaming gold;
The weary cotter's heavy lids had closed with closing day,
And on his silent hearth a tinge of dying fire-light lay.

The ancient hamlet seemed asleep beneath the starry sky;
A little river, sheathed in ice, came gliding gently by;
The grey church, in the graveyard, where the "rude forefathers lay,"
Stood, like a mother, waiting till her children came from play.

No footstep trod the tiny town; the drowsy street was still,
Save where the wandering night-wind sang its requiem wild and shrill,
The stainless snow lay thick upon those quaint old cottage eaves,
And wreaths of fairy frost-work hung where grew last summer's leaves.

Each village home was dark and still, and closed was every door;
For gentle sleep had twined her arms around both rich and poor,—
Save in one little cot, where, by a candle's flickering ray,
A childless mother sighing sat, and combed her locks of gray.

Her husband and her children all were in the last cold bed,
Where, one by one, she'd laid them down, and left them with the dead;
Then toiling on towards her rest—a lonely pilgrim, she—
For God and poverty were now her only company.

Upon the shady window-sill a well-worn Bible lay;
Against the wall a coat had hung for many a weary day:
And on the scanty table-top, with crumbs of supper strewn,
There stood, beside a porringer, two little empty shoon.

The fire was waning in the grate; the spinning-wheel at rest;
The cricket's song rang loudly in that lonely woman's nest,
As, with her napkin thin and worn, and wet with many a tear,
She wiped the little pair of shoon her darling used to wear.

Her widowed heart had often leaped to hear his prattle small;
He was the last that she had left—the dearest of them all;

And as she rocked her to and fro, while tears came dropping down,
She sighed and cried, "Oh, Willy, love! these little empty shoon!"

With gentle hand she laid them by, she laid them by with care,
For Willy he was in his grave, and all her thoughts were there;
She paused before she dropped the sneck that closed her lambless fold,
It grieved her heart to bar the door and leave him in the cold.

A threadbare cloak she wrapped around her limbs so thin and chill,
She left her lonely cot behind whilst all the world was still;
And through the solitary night she took her silent way,
With weeping eyes, towards the spot where little Willy lay.

The pale, cold moon had climbed aloft into the welkin blue,
A snow-clad tree across the grave its leafless shadow threw;
And as that mournful mother sat, upon a mound there by,
The bitter wind of winter sighed to hear her wailing cry!

"My little Willy's cowd an' still! He's not a cheep for me;
Th' last leaf has dropt, th' last tiny leaf, that cheered this withered tree.
Oh, my poor heart! my comfort's gone; aw'm lonely under th' sky!
He'll never clip my neck again, an' tell me not to cry!

"Nipt,—nipt i'th' bud, an' laid i'th' dust, my little Willy's dead,
And a' that made me cling to life lies in his frosty bed.—
He's gone! He's gone! My poor bare neest! What's a' this world to me?
My darlin' lad! aw'm lonely neaw! when mun aw come to thee?

"He's crept into his last dark nook, an' left me pinin' here;
An' never moor his two blue e'en for me mun twinkle clear.
He'll never lisp his prayers again at his poor mammy's knee:
Oh, Willy! oh, aw'm lonely neaw, when mun aw come to thee?"

The snow-clad yew-tree stirred with pain, to hear that plaintive cry;
The old church listened, and the spire kept pointing to the sky;

With kindlier touch the bitter wind played in her locks of gray,
And the queenly moon upon her head shone with a softened ray.

She rose to leave that lonely bed—her heart was grieving sore,—
One step she took, and then her tears fell faster than before;
She turned and gave another look,—one lingering look she gave,—
Then, sighing, left him lying in his little wintry grave.

MR. CAUDLE AND HIS SECOND WIFE.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

When Harry Prettyman saw the very superb funeral of Mrs. Caudle,—Prettyman attended as mourner, and was particularly jolly in the coach,—he observed that the disconsolate widower showed, that, above all men, he knew how to make the best of a bad bargain. The remark, as the dear deceased would have said, was unmanly, brutal, but quite like *that Prettyman*. The same scoffer, when Caudle declared "he should never cease to weep," replied, "he was very sorry to hear it; for it *must* raise the price of onions." It was not enough to help to break the heart of a wife; no, the savage must joke over its precious pieces.

The funeral, we repeat, was remarkably handsome: in Prettyman's words, nothing could be more satisfactory. Caudle spoke of a monument. Whereupon Prettyman suggested "Death gathering a nettle." Caudle—the act did equal honor to his brain and his bosom—rejected it.

Mr. Caudle, attended by many of his friends, returned to his widowed home in tolerable spirits. Prettyman said, jocosely poking his two fingers in Caudle's ribs, that in a week he'd look "quite a tulip." Caudle merely replied, he could hardly hope it.

Prettyman's mirth, however, communicated itself to the company; and in a very little time the meeting took the air

of a very pleasant party. Somehow, Miss Prettyman presided at the tea-table. There was in her manner a charming mixture of grace, dignity and confidence,—a beautiful black swan. Prettyman, by the way, whispered to a friend, that there was just this difference between Mrs. Caudle and his sister,—"Mrs. Caudle was a great goose, whereas Sarah was a little duck." We will not swear that Caudle did not overhear the words; for, as he resignedly stirred his tea, he looked at the lady at the head of the table, smiled and sighed.

It was odd; but women are so apt! Miss Prettyman seemed as familiar with Caudle's silver tea-pot as with her own silver thimble. With a smile upon her face—like the butter on the muffins—she handed Caudle his tea-cup. Caudle would, now and then, abstractedly cast his eyes above the mantle-piece. There was Mrs. Caudle's portrait. Whereupon Miss Prettyman would say, "You must take comfort, Mr. Caudle, indeed you must." At length Mr. Caudle replied, "I will, Miss Prettyman."

What then passed through Caudle's brain we know not; but this we know: in a twelvemonth and a week from that day, Sarah Prettyman was Caudle's second wife,—Mrs. Caudle number two. Poor thing!

Mr. Caudle begins to "show off the fiend that's in him."

"It is rather extraordinary, Mrs. Caudle, that we have now been married four weeks,—I don't exactly see what you have to sigh about,—and yet you can't make me a proper cup of tea. However, I don't know how I should expect it. There never was but one woman who could make tea to my taste, and she is now in heaven. Now, Mrs. Caudle, let me hear no crying. I'm not one of the people to be melted by the tears of a woman; for you can all cry—all of you—at a minute's notice. The water's always laid on, and down it comes if a man only holds up his finger.

"*You didn't think I could be so brutal?* That's it. Let a man only speak, and he's brutal. It's a woman's first duty to make a decent cup of tea. What do you think I married you for? It's all very well with your tambour-work and

such trumpery. You can make butterflies on kettle-holders; but can you make a pudding, ma'am? I'll be bound not.

"Of course, as usual, you've given me the corner roll, because you know I hate a corner roll. I did think you must have seen that. I *did* hope I should not be obliged to speak on so paltry a subject; but it's no use to hope to be mild with you. I see that's hopeless.

"And what a herring! And you call it a bloater, I suppose? Ha! there *was* a woman who had an eye for a bloater, but—sainted creature!—she's here no longer. You *wish she was?* Oh, I understand that. I'm sure, if anybody should wish her back, it's—but she was too good for me. 'When I'm gone, Caudle,' she used to say, 'then you'll know the wife I was to you.' And now I do know it.

"Here's the eggs boiled to a stone again! Do you think, Mrs. Caudle, I'm a canary-bird, to be fed upon hard eggs? Don't tell me about the *servant.* A wife is answerable to her husband for her servants. It's her business to hire proper people: if she doesn't, she's not fit to be a wife. I find the money, Mrs. Caudle, and I expect you to find the cookery.

"There you are with your pocket-handkerchief again,—the old flag of truce; but it doesn't trick me. *A pretty honeymoon?* Honeymoon? Nonsense! People can't have two honeymoons in their lives. There *are* feelings—I find it now—that we can't have twice in our existence. There's no making honey a second time.

"No: I think I've put up with your neglect long enough: and there's nothing like beginning as we intend to go on. Therefore, Mrs. Caudle, if my tea isn't made a little more to my liking to-morrow—and if you insult me with a herring like that—and boil my eggs that you might fire 'em out of guns—why, perhaps, Mrs. Caudle, you may see a man in a passion. It takes a good deal to rouse me, but when I am up—I say, when I am up—that's all.

"Where did I put my gloves? You *don't know?* Of course not: you know nothing."

—*Fireside Saints.*

THE UNBOLTED DOOR.—Edward Garrett.

A care-worn widow sat alone
Beside her fading hearth;
Her silent cottage never hears
The ringing laugh of mirth.
Six children once had sported there, but now the churchyard snow
Fell softly on five little graves that were not long ago.

She mourned them all with patient love:
But since, her eyes had shed
Far bitterer tears than those which dewed
The faces of the dead,—
The child which had been spared to her, the darling of her pride,
The woful mother lived to wish that she had also died.

Those little ones beneath the snow,
She well knew where they are;
"Close gathered to the throne of God,"
And that was better far.
But when she saw where Katy was, she saw the city's glare,
The painted mask of bitter joy that need gave sin to wear.

Without, the snow lay thick and white;
No step had fallen there;
Within, she sat beside her fire,
Each thought a silent prayer;
When suddenly behind her seat unwonted noise she heard,
As though a hesitating hand the rustic latch had stirred.

She turned, and there the wanderer stood
With snow-flakes on her hair;
A faded woman, wild and worn,
The ghost of something fair.
And then upon the mother's breast the whitened head was laid,
"Can God and you forgive me all?—for I have sinned," she said.

The widow dropped upon her knees
Before the fading fire,
And thanked the Lord whose love at last
Had granted her desire;
The daughter kneeled beside her, too, tears streaming from her eyes,
And prayed, "God help me to be good to mother ere she dies."

They did not talk about the sin,
The shame, the bitter woe;
They spoke about those little graves
And things of long ago.
And then the daughter raised her eyes and asked in tender tone,
"Why did you keep your door unbarred when you were all alone?"

"My child," the widow said, and smiled
A smile of love and pain,
"I kept it so lest you should come
And turn away again!
I've waited for you all the while—a mother's love is true;
Yet this is but a shadowy type of His who died for you!"

THE DIVER.—Schiller.

"Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
As to dive to the howling Charybdis* below:
I cast into the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow:
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirled into the maelstrom that maddened the surge.
"And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again—to the deep below?"

And the knights and the squires that gathered around,
Stood silent—and fixed on the ocean their eyes;
They looked on the dismal and savage profound,
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch—"The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

And all as before heard in silence the king—
Till a youth, with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires, stepped out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle and doffing his mantle;

*One of the two rocks, Scylla and Charybdis, described by Homer as lying near together, between Italy and Sicily; both formidable to ships which had to pass between them. One contained an immense fig tree, under which dwelt Charybdis, who thrice every day swallowed down the waters of the sea, and thrice threw them up again.

And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,
Lo! the wave that forever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the Charybdis again;
And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending.
And it never will rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is laboring the birth of a sea.

And at last there lay open the desolate realm!
Through the breakers that whitened the waste of the swell,
Dark—dark yawned a cleft in the midst of the whelm,
The path to the heart of that fathomless hell.
Round and round whirled the waves—deep and deeper still driven,
Like a gorge through the mountainous main thunder riven.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker! Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again—
Hark! a shriek from the crowd rang aloft from the shore,
And behold! he is whirled in the grasp of the main!
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
And the giant-mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

O'er the surface grim silence lay dark and profound,
But the deep from below murmured hollow and fell;
And the crowd, as it shuddered, lamented aloud—
"Gallant youth—noble heart—fare-thee-well, fare-thee well!"
And still ever deepening that wail as of woe,
More hollow the gulf sent its howl from below.

If thou should'st in those waters thy diadem fling,
And cry, "Who may find it shall win it, and wear;"
God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—
A crown at such hazards were valued too dear.
For never did lips of the living reveal,
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh! many a ship, to that breast grappled fast,
Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave,

Again, crashed together the keel and the mast,
To be seen, tossed aloft in the glee of the wave.
Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending.
And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And, lo! from the heart of that far floating gloom,
What gleams on the darkness so swanlike and white?
Lo! an arm and a neck, glancing up from the tomb!—
They battle—the man's with the element's might.
It is he—it is he!—in his left hand behold,
As a sign—as a joy!—shines the goblet of gold!

And he breathéd deep, and he breathéd long,
And he greeted the heavenly light of the day.
They gaze on each other—they shout as they throng—
"He lives—lo the ocean has rendered its prey!"
And safe from the whirlpool and free from the grave,
Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave.

And he comes with the crowd in their clamor and glee,
And the goblet his daring has won from the water
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee;
And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter
She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,—
And thus spake the diver—"Long life to the king!

"Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the horror below nevermore find a voice—
Nor man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven!
Nevermore—nevermore may he lift from the mirror,
The veil which is woven with NIGHT and with TERROR!

"Quick brightening like lightning—it tore me along
Down, down, till the gush of a torrent at play
In the rocks of its wilderness caught me—and strong
As the wings of an eagle it whirled me away.
Vain, vain were my struggles—the circle had won me;
Round and round in its dance the wild element spun me.

"And I called on my God, and my God heard my prayer,
In the strength of my need, in the gasp of my breath—
And showed me a crag that rose up from the lair,
And I clung to it, trembling—and baffled the death!
And, safe in the perils around me, behold
On the spikes of the coral the goblet of gold.

KKK*

"Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless obscure!
A silence of horror that slept on the ear,
That the eye more appalled might the horror endure!
Salamander—snake—dragon—vast reptiles that dwell
In the deep—coiled about the grim jaws of their hell.

"Dark crawled—glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
Clumped together in masses, misshapen and vast;
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms—
Here the dark moving bulk of the hammer-fish passed;
And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible shark—the hyena of ocean.

"There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o'er me,
So far from the earth where man's help there was none!
The one human thing, with the goblins before me—
Alone—in a loneness so ghastly—ALONE!
Fathom-deep from man's eye in the speechless profound,
With the death of the main and the monsters around.

"Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
A hundred-limbed creature caught sight of its prey,
And darted—O God! from the far-flaming bough
Of the coral, I swept on the horrible way;
And it seized me, the wave with its wrath and its roar,
It seized me to save,—King, the danger is o'er!"

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marveled—quoth he,
"Bold diver, the goblet I promised is thine,
And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee,—
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine,—
If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the *innermost* main!"

Then outspake the daughter in tender emotion,
"Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.
If nothing can slack thy wild thirst of desire,
Be your knights not, at least, put to shame by the squire!"

The king seized the goblet—he swung it on high,
And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide;
"But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side;
And thine arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

In his heart as he listened, there leaped the wild joy—
And the hope and the love through his eyes spoke in fire—

On that bloom, on that blush, gazed, delighted, the boy;
The maiden she faints at the feet of her sire!
Here the guerdon divine, there the danger beneath;
He resolves!—To the strife with the life and the death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell;
Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!
Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell—
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
Rearing up to the cliff—roaring back as before;
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore.

GOOD-NIGHT, PAPA.

The words of a blue-eyed child as she kissed her chubby hand and looked down the stairs, "Good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

It came to be a settled thing, and every evening, as the mother slipped the white night-gown over the plump shoulders, the little one stopped on the stairs and sang out, "Good-night, papa," and as the father heard the silvery accents of the child, he came, and taking the cherub in his arms, kissed her tenderly, while the mother's eyes filled, and a swift prayer went up, for, strange to say, this man who loved his child with all the warmth of his great noble nature, had one fault to mar his manliness. From his youth he loved the wine-cup. Genial in spirit, and with a fascination of manner that won him friends, he could not resist when surrounded by his boon companions. Thus his home was darkened, the heart of his wife bruised and bleeding, the future of his child shadowed.

Three years had the winsome prattle of the baby crept into the avenues of the father's heart, keeping him closer to his home, but still the fatal cup was in his hand. Alas for frail humanity, insensible to the calls of love! With unutterable tenderness God saw there was no other way; this father was dear to him, the purchase of his Son; he could not see him perish, and, calling a swift messenger, he said, "Speed thee to earth and bring the babe."

"Good-night, papa," sounded from the stairs. What was there in the voice? was it the echo of the mandate, "Bring me the babe?"—a silvery plaintive sound, a lingering music that touched the father's heart, as when a cloud crosses the sun. "Good-night, my darling;" but his lips quivered and his broad brow grew pale. "Is Jessie sick, mother? Her cheeks are flushed, and her eyes have a strange light."

"Not sick," and the mother stooped to kiss the flushed brow; "she may have played too much. Pet is not sick?"

"Jessie tired, mamma; good-night, papa; Jessie see you in the morning."

"That is all, she is only tired," said the mother as she took the small hand. Another kiss and the father turned away; but his heart was not satisfied.

Sweet lullabies were sung; but Jessie was restless and could not sleep. "Tell me a story, mamma;" and the mother told of the blessed babe that Mary cradled, following along the story till the child had grown to walk and play. The blue, wide open eyes filled with a strange light, as though she saw and comprehended more than the mother knew.

That night the father did not visit the saloon; tossing on his bed, starting from a feverish sleep and bending over the crib, the long weary hours passed. Morning revealed the truth—Jessie was smitten with the fever.

"Keep her quiet," the doctor said; "a few days of good nursing, and she will be all right."

Words easy said; but the father saw a look on the sweet face such as he had seen before. He knew the messenger was at the door.

Night came. "Jessie is sick; can't say good-night, papa;" and the little clasping fingers clung to the father's hand.

"O God, spare her! I cannot, cannot bear it!" was wrung from his suffering heart.

Days passed; the mother was tireless in her watching. With her babe cradled in her arms her heart was slow to take in the truth, doing her best to solace the father's heart; "A light case! the doctor says, Pet will soon be well."

Calmly as one who knows his doom, the father laid his hand upon the hot brow, looked into the eyes even then covered with the film of death, and with all the strength of

his manhood cried, "Spare her, O God! spare my child, and I will follow thee."

With a last painful effort the parched lips opened: "Jessie's too sick; can't say good-night, papa—in the morning." There was a convulsive shudder, and the clasping fingers relaxed their hold; the messenger had taken the child.

Months have passed. Jessie's crib stands by the side of her father's couch; her blue embroidered dress and white hat hang in his closet; her boots with the print of her feet just as she had last worn them, as sacred in his eyes as they are in the mother's. Not dead, but merely risen to a higher life; while, sounding down from the upper stairs, "Good-night, papa, Jessie see you in the morning," has been the means of winning to a better way one who had shown himself deaf to every former call.

REVERIE IN CHURCH.—Geo. A. Baker, jr.

Too early of course! How provoking!
I told ma just how it would be.
I might as well have on a wrapper,
For there's not a soul here yet to see.
There! Sue Delaplaine's pew is empty,—
I declare if it isn't too bad!
I know my suit cost more than her's did,
And I wanted to see her look mad.
I do think that sexton's too stupid—
He's put some one else in our pew—
And the girl's dress just kills mine completely;
Now what am I going to do?
The psalter, and Sue isn't here yet!
I don't care, I think it's a sin
For people to get late to service,
Just to make a great show coming in.
Perhaps she is sick, and can't get here—
She said she'd a headache last night.
How mad she'll be after her fussing!
I declare it would serve her just right.
Oh, you've got here at last, my dear, have you?
Well, I don't think you need be so proud

Of that bonnet if Virot did make it,
It's horrid fast-looking and loud.
What a dress!—for a girl in her senses
To go on the street in light blue!—
And those coat-sleeves—they wore them last summer—
Don't doubt, though, that she thinks they're new.
Mrs. Gray's polonaise was imported—
So dreadful!—a minister's wife,
And thinking so much about fashion!—
A pretty example of life!
The altar's dressed sweetly—I wonder
Who sent those white flowers for the font!—
Some girl who's gone on the assistant—
Don't doubt it was Bessie Lamont.
Just look at her now, little humbug!—
So devout—I suppose she don't know
That she's bending her head too far over
And the end of her switches all show.
What a sight Mrs. Ward is this morning!
That woman will kill me some day,
With her horrible lilacs and crimsons,
Why will these old things dress so gay?
And there's Jenny Wells with Fred Tracy—
She's engaged to him now—horrid thing!
Dear me! I'd keep on my glove sometimes,
If I did have a solitaire ring!
How *can* this girl next to me act so—
The way that she turns round and stares,
And then makes remarks about people:—
She'd better be saying her prayers.
Oh, dear, what a dreadful long sermon!
He must love to hear himself talk!
And it's after twelve now,—how provoking!
I wanted to have a nice walk.
Through at last. Well, it isn't so dreadful
After all, for we don't dine till one;
How can people say church is poky!—
So wicked!—I think it's real fun.

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

THE RUINS OF BABYLON.—Husenbeth.

The desert was my dwelling,—and I stood
Where once in pride of power stood Babylon,—
Ay, fallen Babylon! That pompous queen
Of nations, ruler of the universe;
She of the brazen gates and loftiest towers

Reared on her mighty walls; she that o'erlooked
Cities and tribes of men, and warrior bands,
Vassals and tributaries, countless stores
Of wealth, the springs of glory and dominion
Flowing beneath her feet,—and called them hers!
Here was her throne:—Alas! how desert now,
How silent is the scene! Still as the grave,
And rightly still,—for 'tis a deep wide grave,
Holding the relics of fallen majesty!
Come and contemplate! come and read the fate
Of fallen Babel, on her sepulchre!
Here are a thousand hillocks, where there stood,
Long years ago, a thousand palaces;
Here are long mounds of ruin, stretching on
Where once extended Babel's busy streets,
Thronged in their day with wealthy citizens,
Merchants from other lands, captives and free.
Lords of the east, and princely visitors,
Who came to gaze on mighty Babylon.
There are the shapeless ruins, rising high,
And sadly showing where in other days
The far-famed gardens of great Babel rose,
To claim the wonder of the universe.
The strong huge walls, that once defied her foes,
Long leveled, and their fragments deeply sunk,
Are now but faintly traced 'mid broken mounds,
And scattered masses spared as yet by time.
Amid these ruins, and above them, still
Stands one stupendous pile, though but a wreck,
A moldering monument of what it was—
And this was once the temple of great Bel,
The idol of Chaldea; broken now,
Confounded, and forever overthrown.
Such now is Babylon! A dwelling-place
For beasts and monsters, as the prophets said;
A desert where the owl and ostrich meet,
The lion stalks in gloomy sovereignty,
The bittern finds a marsh, a stagnant pool,
Left by the floods within her cavities:
Serpents, and creeping things, and reptiles now
Dwell in the caves of moldering Babylon!
But still, amid these lone and awful wrecks,
These poor remains of glory all gone by,
In solitude and silence wanders on
The great Euphrates—monarch of the streams,
Majestic, sole survivor, still the same,
Unhurt, unchanged by all the woes poured out
On guilty Babylon:—he lives like one
Left of a mighty race, alone and sad.
His banks are hoary with the whistling reeds,

The waving willows fringe his borders still,
Where the poor captive Israelites would sit,
And weep for Zion :—where their silent harps
Hung o'er the stream, nor gave one plaintive sound,
Save when the wind swept o'er their broken chords,
And made wild music as the captives wept.
And these are all that tell of Babylon!
The foot of man hath rarely trodden there,
And never staid. These fragments scattered round,
These birds and savage beasts, this solitude,
This death-like stillness, and this widowed stream,
All witness to the world the awful fate
Of her, whose crimes had mounted up to heaven,
And drawn the vengeance down which seers foretold,
And long had been accomplished.—"She shall be—
That mighty Babylon, Chaldea's pride,
Glorious among the kingdoms of the earth—
No more inhabited forever; nor
Shall the Arabian's tent be fastened there:
Serpents shall fill her houses, beasts shall roam
Free in her temples and wide palaces;
They that pass by shall hiss at all her plagues,
And in astonishment exclaim, 'How changed
Is Babylon! how lone and desert now
Among the nations!' None shall build her up;
Forever she shall lie, wasted, and spoiled,
And desolate—the Lord hath spoken it!"

BEGINNING AGAIN.

When sometimes our feet grow weary
On the rugged hills of life,
The path stretching long and dreary
With trial and labor rife,
We pause on the upward journey,
Glancing backward o'er valley and glen,
And sigh with an infinite longing
To return and "begin again."

For behind is the dew of the morning
With all its freshness and light,
And before are doubts and shadows,
And the chill and gloom of the night;
And we think of the sunny places
We passed so carelessly then,
And we sigh, "O Father, permit me
To return and begin again."

We think of the many dear ones,
  Whose lives touched ours, at times,
Whose loving thoughts and smiles
  Float back like vesper chimes;
And sadly remember burdens
  We might have lightened then,—
Ah, gladly would we ease them
  Could we "begin again!"

And yet, how vain the seeking!
  Life's duties press all of us on,
And who would shrink from the burden,
  Or sigh for the sunshine that's gone?
And it may be, not far on before us,
  Wait fairer places than then;
Our paths may lead by still waters,
  Though we may not "begin again."

Yes, upward and onward forever
  Be our path on the hills of life!
But ere long a radiant dawning
  Will glorify trial and strife,
And Our Father's hand will lead us
  Tenderly upward then,—
In the joy and peace of the better world
  He'll let us "begin again."

LIGHTS AND SHADES.—Mrs. Hemans.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light,
  The darkest wave hath bright foam near it;
And twinkles through the cloudiest night
  Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not *all* gloom,
  The saddest hour is not *all* sadness;
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom
  There shines some lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is never quite despair,
  Nor life, nor death, the future closes;
And round the shadowy brow of care
  Will hope and fancy twine their roses.

THE BUMPKIN'S COURTSHIP.

While on a visit to a relation in the celebrated city of York, I was acquainted with an honest farmer in the neighborhood, who, having resided there from a youth, was respected, and admitted into the society of most of the country gentlemen. He was a constant visitor at the house of my uncle; and his conversation, teeming with merry stories which served to delight the ear at the expense of our sides, told in his simple, unadorned manner, could not but render his society agreeable to me.

Honest old Farmer Burton had an only son, who had reached the age of forty without entering into the matrimonial state; he was, in fact, as true a picture of a country bumpkin as ever graced a pitchfork. One day our discourse happening to turn upon the said bumpkin, I expressed my surprise that he should never have had the good fortune to get married. "Why," said the farmer, "it be not the fau't o' his face, I reckon; for he be as pratty a lad as here and there be one; ees, an' he ha' had his chances, by my feekins! and, had he been as 'cute as mysen, he might ha' had a buxom lass, with no little o' money either." This excited my curiosity; and I requested the farmer to acquaint me with the particulars, which he did as follows:

"You mun know, that my son used to work wi' me in the field; that is, he drived plough, sowed, and reaped, and all other 'cultural works loike; and a steady, hard-working lad he wur too; till all on a sudden he becomed lazy loike, and wouldn't work at all. So I couldn't tell what to make on't: if I snubbed un 'twere all the same; and so at last, thinks I to mysen, I'll speak to un about it calmly loike; an' so I did, and axt un what wur the matter wi' un; and so says he, 'Why, I dosen't know disactly, he, he, he! but ever sin' I ha' seed Molly Grundy at our village church, feather, I ha' felt all over in sic' conflagration loike, he, he, he!' 'Why, ye beant in love, be ye?' 'Why, he, he, he! I can't say for sartin; haply I mought; but dang my buttons, feather! if I dosen't think Molly bees in love wi' I, he, he, he!' 'Be she?' says I: 'odds dickens! then you mun mind your p's and q's, lad; for she ha' money. But did she speak to ye!'

'Ees; to be sure she did, and said I wur a pratty lad, he, he, he!' 'And what answer did you make?' 'Why, I—I—la'ft!' 'Ah, but,' said I, 'you should ha' made love to her.' 'But I don't know how, feather: what be I to say?' 'Why, I'll tell ye. When you see her again, you thus address her: O thou most incomparable of thy sex! Thy eyes of diamond light have pierced my heart's core; thy cheeks are carnation red; thy lips like coral, thy alabaster skin, thy teeth, good lack! —and graceful mien, have scorched and burned up all the particles of my heart. Deign, then, to dispense thy passions to me alone, thy faithful swain, who is this moment ready to espouse thee, thou irresistible and adorable woman!'"

"Well," said I, "and did he say so?"

"Why, no," said the farmer: "a sad blunder he made on it, all through his being no scholard; and lost both his sweetheart Molly, and her money into the bargain. When he got to Molly Grundy's, he dropped on both knees, scratched his head, and thus began:—

"'O Molly Grundy! feather ha' sent I here to dress ye. O thou most unbearable of my sex! Thy eyes of light have pierced my heart sore; thy cheeks are tarnation red; thy lips like mackerel, thy plaster skin, thy teeth so black and hateful and mean,—have scorched and burned up all the articles of my heart. Feign, then, to expend thy passion on me alone thy hateful swine, who is this moment ready to spouse thee, thou detestable and deplorable 'ooman!'"

"Molly Grundy no sooner heard his speech, than she took up a long hair broom, wopped poor Robin out o' the house; and he has never been able to get a wife, or had courage enough to make love to another woman since."

THE MISER.—George W. Cutter.

An old man sat by a fireless hearth,
Though the night was dark and chill,
And mournfully over the frozen earth
The wind sobbed loud and shrill.
His locks were gray, and his eyes were gray,
And dim, but not with tears;
And his skeleton form had wasted away
With penury, more than years.

A rush-light was casting its fitful glare
O'er the damp and dingy walls,
Where the lizard hath made his slimy lair,
And the venomous spider crawls;
But the meanest thing in this lonesome room
Was the miser worn and bare,
Where he sat like a ghost in an empty tomb,
On his broken and only chair.

He had bolted the window and barred the door,
And every nook had scanned;
And felt the fastening o'er and o'er,
With his cold and skinny hand;
And yet he sat gazing intently round,
And trembled with silent fear,
And started and shuddered at every sound
That fell on his coward ear.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the miser: "I'm safe at last,
From this night so cold and drear,
From the drenching rain and driving blast,
With my gold and treasures here.
I am cold and wet with the icy rain,
And my health is bad, 'tis true;
Yet if I should light that fire again,
It would cost me a cent or two.

"But I'll take a sip of the precious wine:
It will banish my cold and fears:
It was given long since by a friend of mine—
I have kept it for many years."
So he drew a flask from a mouldy nook,
And drank of its ruby tide;
And his eyes grew bright with each draught he took
And his bosom swelled with pride.

"Let me see: let me see!" said the miser then,
"'Tis some sixty years or more
Since the happy hour when I began
To heap up the glittering store;
And well have I sped with my anxious toil,
As my crowded chest will show:
I've more than would ransom a kingdom's spoil,
Or an emperor could bestow."

He turned to an old worm-eaten chest,
And cautiously raised the lid,
And then it shone like the clouds of the west,
With the sun in their splendor hid:
And gem after gem, in precious store,
Are raised with exulting smile;

And he counted and counted them o'er and o'er,
In many a glittering pile.

Why comes the flush to his pallid brow,
While his eyes like his diamonds shine?
Why writhes he thus in such torture now?
What was there in the wine?
He strove his lonely seat to gain:
To crawl to his nest he tried;
But finding his efforts all in vain,
He clasped his gold, and—*died.*

THE OLD HOUSE IN THE MEADOW.

It stands in a sunny meadow,
The house so mossy and brown,
With its cumbrous old stone chimneys,
And the gray roof sloping down.

The trees fold their green arms round it—
The trees a century old,—
And the winds go chanting through them,
And the sunbeams drop their gold.

The cowslips spring in the marshes,
The roses bloom on the hill,
And beside the brook in the pasture
The herds go feeding at will.

Their children have gone and left them;
They sit in the sun alone;
And the old wife's ears are failing,
As she harks to the well-known tone

That won her heart in her girlhood,—
That has soothed her in many a care
And praises her now for the brightness
Her old face used to wear.

She thinks again of her bridal—
How, dressed in her robes of white,
She stood by her gay young lover,
In the morning's rosy light.

Oh! the morn is as rosy as ever,
But the rose from her cheek is fled:
And the sunshine still is golden,
But it falls on a silvery head.

And the girlhood dreams, once vanished,
Come back in her winter time,
Till her feeble pulses tremble,
With the thrill of spring-time's prime.

And looking forth from the window,
She thinks how the trees have grown—
Since, clad in her bridal whiteness,
She crossed the old door-stone.

Though dimmed her eye's bright azure,
And dimmed her hair's young gold,
The love of her girlhood plighted
Has never grown dim or old.

They sat in peace in the sunshine
Till the day was almost done,
And then at its close, an angel
Stole over the threshold stone.

He folded their hands together—
He touched their eyelids with balm,
And their last breath floated outward,
Like the close of a solemn psalm.

Like a bridal pair they traversed
The unseen mystical road,
That leads to the beautiful city
Whose builder and maker is God.

Perhaps, in that miracle country,
They will give *her* her lost youth back,
And the flowers of the vanished spring-time
Will bloom in the spirits track.

One draught from the living waters
Shall call back *his* manhood prime:
And eternal years shall measure
The love that outlasted time.

But the shapes that they left behind them,
The wrinkles and silver hair—
Made holy to us by the kisses
The angel had printed there—

We will hide away 'neath the willows,
When the day is low in the west,
Where the sunbeams cannot find them,
Nor the winds disturb their rest.

And we'll suffer no tell-tale tombstone,
With its age and date to rise
O'er the two who are old no longer,
In the Father's house in the skies.

TRUE AND FALSE GLORY.—D. C. Eddy.

The world ascribed to Napoleon great and noble qualities. His banner waved in triumph over many a bloody field; carnage, and famine, and death attended his steps, and like the genius of evil, he stalked abroad. He was doubtless a splendid general and a brilliant emperor; but the child who wandered over the field, after his most triumphant charge, and moistened with water the lips of the dying soldiers there, was far more exalted in the scale of being than was the plumed and epauletted chieftain.

Nelson was a skillful officer, and died, as the world says, "in all his glory." His banner was his shroud, the roar of cannon was his dirge, and the shout of victory was his requiem. In the list of naval heroes his name stands foremost, and they who love the navy have learned to honor him. But the poor sailor who, a few months since, in yonder city, braved the fire, and at the risk of his own life saved a mother's only child, gained a truer glory than ever shone around the victories of the famous admiral.

How false, how unjust the estimate which the world places upon the actions of men! He who dies upon the battle-field—who rushes to strife and carnage—whose hands are dripping with human gore—is a man of honor! Parliaments and senates return him thanks, and whole nations unite in erecting a monument over the spot where rest his remains. But he whose task it is to dry up the stream of blood—to mitigate the anguish of earth—to lift man up, and make him what God designed him to be—dies without a tongue to speak his eulogy, or a monument to mark his fall.

If you would show yourself a man in the truest and noblest sense, go not to yonder tented field, where death hovers, and the vulture feasts himself upon human victims! Go not where men are carving monuments of marble to perpetuate names which will not live in our own grateful memory! Go not to the dwellings of the rich! Go not to the palaces of kings! Go not to the halls of merriment and pleasure! Go rather to the poor and the helpless. Go to the widow, and relieve her woe. Go to the orphan, and speak words of comfort. Go to the lost, and save him. Go to the fallen, and raise him up. Go to the sinner, and whisper in his ear words of eternal life.

THE OLD MAN IN THE WOOD.

There was an old man who lived in the wood,
As you shall plainly see,
He thought he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three.

"With all my heart," the old woman said,
"And if you will allow,
You shall stay at home to-day,
And I'll go follow the plough.

"And you must milk the tiny cow,
Lest she should go dry;
And you must feed the little pigs
That are within the sty.

"And you must watch the speckled hen,
Lest she should go astray;
Not forgetting the spool of yarn
That I spin every day."

The old woman took her stick in her hand,
And went to follow the plough;
The old man put the pail on his head,
And went to milk the cow.

But Tiny she winced, and Tiny she flinched,
And Tiny she tossed her nose,
And Tiny she gave him a kick on the shin,
Till the blood ran down to his toes.

And a "ho, Tiny!" and a "lo, Tiny!"
And a "pretty little cow stand still;"
And "if ever I milk you again," he said,
"It shall be against my will."

And then he went to feed the pigs
That were within the sty;
He knocked his nose against the shed,
And made the blood to fly.

And then he watched the speckled hen,
Lest she should go astray;
But he quite forgot the spool of yarn,
That his wife spun every day.

And when the old woman came home at night,
He said he could plainly see,
That his wife could do more work in a day
Than he could do in three.

And then he said how well she ploughed
And made the furrows even—
Said his wife could do more work in a day
Than he could do in seven.

TWO LOVES AND A LIFE.—William Sawyer.

FOUNDED ON THE DRAMA OF THAT NAME BY MESSRS. TOM TAYLOR AND CHAS. READE.

To the scaffold's foot she came:
Leaped her black eyes into flame,
Rose and fell her panting breast,—
There a pardon closely pressed.

She had heard her lover's doom,
Traitor death and shameful tomb,—
Heard the price upon his head,
"I will save him," she had said.

"Blue-eyed Annie loves him too,
She will *weep*, but Ruth will *do;*
Who should save him, sore distress'd,
Who but she who loves him best?"

To the scaffold now she came,
On her lips there rose his name,—
Rose, and yet in silence died,—
Annie nestled by his side.

Over Annie's face he bent,
Round her waist his fingers went;
"Wife" he called her—called *her* "**wife!**"
Simple word to cost a life!

In Ruth's breast the pardon lay;
But she coldly turned away:—
"He has sealed his traitor fate,
I can love, and I can hate."

"Annie is his wife," they said.
"Be it wife, then, to the dead;
Since the dying she will mate:
I can love, and I can hate!"

"What their sin? They do but love;
Let this thought thy bosom move."
Came the jealous answer straight,—
"I can love, and I can hate!"

"Mercy!" still they cried. But she:
"Who has mercy upon me?
Who? My life is desolate—
I can love, and I can hate!"

From the scaffold stairs she went,
Shouts the noonday silence rent,
All the air was quick with cries,—
"See the traitor! see, he dies!"

Back she looked, with stifled scream,
Saw the axe upswinging gleam:
All her woman's anger died,—
"From the king!" she faintly cried—

"From the king. His name—behold!"
Quick the parchment she unrolled:
Paused the axe in upward swing,—
"He is pardoned!" "Live the king!"

Glad the cry, and loud and long:
All about the scaffold throng,—
There entwining, fold in fold,
Raven tresses, locks of gold.

There against Ruth's tortured breast
Annie's tearful face is pressed,
While the white lips murmuring move—
"I can hate—but I can love!"

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.—Thomas Moore.

The scene was more beautiful far to the eye,
  Than if day in its pride had arrayed it:
The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched sky
  Looked pure as the spirit that made it:
The murmur rose soft, as I silently gazed
  On the shadowy waves' playful motion,
From the dim distant hill, 'till the light-house fire blazed
  Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast
  Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers;
The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
  The fisherman sunk to his slumbers:

One moment I looked from the hill's gentle slope,
All hushed was the billows' commotion,
And o'er them the light-house looked lovely as hope,—
That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
Yet when my head rests on its pillow,
Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
That blazed on the breast of the billow:
In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion;
Oh, then may the seraph of mercy arise,
Like a star on eternity's ocean!

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.—Thomas Campbell.

Lochiel, a Highland chieftain, while on his march to join the Pretender, is met by one of the Highland seers, or prophets, who warns him to return, and not incur the certain ruin which awaits the unfortunate prince and his followers, on the field of Culloden.

Seer. Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight:
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown,
Woe, woe, to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair!
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead;
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—
Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave!

Lochiel. Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright!

Seer. Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the North?

Lo! the death-shot of foemen out-speeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop, from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
O crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood!

Lochiel. False wizard, avaunt! I have marshaled my clan,
Their swords are a thousand,—their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws!
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

Seer. Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day!
For dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal.
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight;
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!—
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors,—
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah! no; for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling; O mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters, convulsed, in his quivering limbs
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims!
Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,

With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—
Lochiel. Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale!
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame!

CATCHING THE MORNING TRAIN.—Max Adeler.

I find that one of the most serious objections to living out of town lies in the difficulty experienced in catching the early morning train by which I must reach the city and my business. It is by no means a pleasant matter, under any circumstances to have one's movements regulated by a time-table, and to be obliged to rise to breakfast and to leave home at a certain hour, no matter how strong the temptation to delay may be. But sometimes the horrible punctuality of the train is productive of absolute suffering. For instance: I look at my watch when I get out of bed and find that I have apparently plenty of time, so I dress leisurely, and sit down to the morning meal in a frame of mind which is calm and serene. Just as I crack my first egg I hear the down train from Wilmington. I start in alarm; and taking out my watch, I compare it with the clock and find that it is eleven minutes slow, and that I have only five minutes left in which to get to the depot.

I endeavor to scoop the egg from the shell, but it burns my fingers, the skin is tough, and after struggling with it for a moment, it mashes into a hopeless mess. I drop it in disgust and seize a roll; while I scald my tongue with a quick mouthful of coffee. Then I place the roll in my mouth while my wife hands me my satchel and tells me she thinks she hears the whistle. I plunge madly around looking for my umbrella, then I kiss the family good-bye as well as I can with a mouth full of roll, and dash toward the door.

Just as I get to the gate I find that I have forgotten my duster and the bundle my wife wanted me to take up to the city to her aunt. Charging back, I snatch them up and tear down the gravel-walk in a frenzy. I do not like to run through the village: it is undignified and it attracts attention; but I walk furiously. I go faster and faster as I get away from the main street. When half the distance is accomplished, I actually do hear the whistle; there can be no doubt about it this time. I long to run, but I know that if I do I will excite that abominable speckled dog sitting by the sidewalk a little distance ahead of me. Then I really see the train coming around the curve close by the depot, and I feel that I *must* make better time; and I do. The dog immediately manifests an interest in my movements. He tears after me, and is speedily joined by five or six other dogs, which frolic about my legs and bark furiously. Sundry small boys, as I go plunging past, contribute to the excitement by whistling with their fingers, and the men who are at work upon the new meeting-house stop to look at me and exchange jocular remarks with each other. I do feel ridiculous; but I must catch that train at all hazards.

I become desperate when I have to slacken my pace until two or three women who are standing upon the sidewalk, discussing the infamous price of butter, scatter to let me pass. I arrive within a few yards of the station with my duster flying in the wind, with my coat tails in a horizontal position, and with the speckled dog nipping my heels, just as the train begins to move. I put on extra pressure, resolving to get the train or perish, and I reach it just as the last car is going by. I seize the hand-rail; I am jerked violently around, but finally, after a desperate effort, I get upon the step with my knees, and am hauled in by the brakeman, hot, dusty and mad, with my trousers torn across the knees, my legs bruised and three ribs of my umbrella broken.

Just as I reach a comfortable seat in the car, the train stops, and then backs up on the siding, where it remains for half an hour while the engineer repairs a dislocated valve. The anger which burns in my bosom as I reflect upon what now is proved to have been the folly of that race is increased as I look out of the window and observe the speckled dog en-

gaged with his companions in an altercation over a bone. A man who permits his dog to roam about the streets nipping the legs of every one who happens to go at a more rapid gait than a walk, is unfit for association with civilized beings. He ought to be placed on a desert island in mid-ocean, and be compelled to stay there.

—*Out of the Hurly-Burly.*

ABDEL-HASSAN.

The compensations of calamity are made apparent after long intervals of time. The sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all fact.—EMERSON.

Abdel-Hassan o'er the desert journeyed with his caravan,—
Many a richly laden camel, many a faithful serving-man.
And before the haughty master bowed alike the man and beast;
For the power of Abdel-Hassan was the wonder of the East.
It was now the twelfth day's journey, but its closing did not bring
Abdel-Hassan and his servants to the long-expected spring.
From the ancient line of travel they had wandered far away,
And at evening, faint and weary, on a waste of desert lay.
Fainting men and famished camels stretched them round the master's tent;
For the water-skins were empty, and the dates were nearly spent.
All the night, as Abdel-Hassan on the desert lay apart,
Nothing broke the lifeless silence but the throbbing of his heart;
All the night he heard it beating, while his sleepless, anxious eyes
Watched the shining constellations wheeling onward through the skies.
When the glowing orbs, receding, paled before the coming day,
Abdel-Hassan called his servants and devoutly knelt to pray.
Then his words were few and solemn to the leader of his train:—
"Thirty men and eighty camels, Haroun, in thy care remain.
Keep the beasts and guard the treasure till the needed aid I bring.

God is great! His name is mighty!—I, alone, will seek the spring."
Mounted on his strongest camel, Abdel-Hassan rode away,
While his faithful followers watched him passing, in the blaze of day,
Like a speck upon the desert, like a moving human hand,
Where the fiery skies were sweeping down to meet the burning sand.
Passed he then their far horizon, and beyond it rode alone;—
They alone with Arab patience, lay within its flaming zone.
Day by day the servants waited, but the master never came,—
Day by day, in feebler accents, called on Allah's holy name.
One by one they killed the camels, loathing still the proffered food,
But in weakness or in frenzy slaked their burning thirst in blood.
On unheeded heaps of treasure rested each unconscious head;
While, with pious care, the dying struggled to entomb the dead.
So they perished. Gaunt with famine, still did Haroun's trusty hand
For his latest dead companion scoop sepulture in the sand.
Then he died; and pious nature, where he lay so gaunt and grim,
Moved by her divine compassion, did the same kind thing for him.
Earth upon her burning bosom held him in his final rest,
While the hot winds of the desert piled the sand above his breast.—
Onward in his fiery travel Abdel-Hassan held his way,
Yielding to the camel's instinct, halting not, by night or day,
'Till the faithful beast, exhausted in her fearful journey, fell,
With her eye upon the palm-trees rising o'er the lonely well:
With a faint, convulsive struggle, and a feeble moan, she died,
While her still surviving master lay unconscious by her side.
So he lay until the evening, when a passing caravan
From the dead incumbering camel brought to life the dying man.
Slowly murmured Abdel-Hassan, as they bathed his fainting head,
"All is lost, for all have perished!—they are numbered with the dead!
I, who had such power and treasure but a single moon ago,
Now my life and poor subsistence to a stranger's bounty owe
God is great! His name is mighty! He is victor in the strife!
Stripped of pride and power and substance, He hath left me faith and life."—
Sixty years had Abdel-Hassan, since the stranger's friendly hand
Saved him from the burning desert, lived and prospered in the land;

And his life of peaceful labor, in its pure and simple ways,
For his loss fourfold returned him, and a mighty length of days.
Sixty years of faith and patience gave him wisdom's mural crown;
Sons and daughters brought him honor with his riches and renown.
Men beheld his reverend aspect, and revered his blameless name;
And in peace he dwelt with strangers, in the fullness of his fame.
But the heart of Abdel-Hassan yearned, as yearns the heart of man,
Still to die among his kindred, ending life where it began.
So he summoned all his household, and he gave the brief command:—
"Go and gather all our substance;—we depart from out the land."
Then they journeyed to the desert with a great and numerous train,
To his old nomadic instinct trusting life and wealth again.
It was now the sixth day's journey, when they met the moving sand,
On the great wind of the desert, driving o'er that arid land;
And the air was red and fervid with the simoon's fiery breath;
None could see his nearest fellow in the stifling blast of death.
Blinded men, from prostrate camels, piled the stores to windward round,
And within the barrier herded, on the hot, unstable ground.
Two whole days the great wind lasted, when the living of the train
From the hot drifts dug the camels and resumed their way again.
But the lines of care grew deeper on the master's swarthy cheek,
While around the weakest fainted and the strongest waxéd weak;
And the water skins were empty, and a silent murmur ran
From the faint, bewildered servants through the straggling caravan:
"Let the land we left be blessed!—that to which we go, accurst!—
From our pleasant wells of water came we here to die of thirst?"
But the master stilled the murmur with his steadfast, quiet eye:—
"God is great," he said devoutly,—"when *He* wills it, we shall die."
As he spake, he swept the desert with his vision clear and calm,
And along the far horizon saw the green crest of the palm.

Man and beast, with weak steps quickened, hasted to the lonely well,
And around it, faint and panting, in a grateful tumult fell.
Many days they stayed and rested, and amidst his fervent prayer
Abdel-Hassan pondered deeply that strange bond which held him there.
Then there came an aged stranger, journeying with his caravan;
And when each had each saluted, Abdel-Hassan thus began:—
"Knowest thou this well of water? lies it on the traveled ways?"
And he answered,—"From the highway thou art distant many days.
Where thou seest this well of water, where these thorns and palm-trees stand,
Once the desert swept unbroken in a waste of burning sand;
There was neither life nor herbage, not a drop of water lay,
All along the arid valley where thou seest this well to-day.
Sixty years have wrought their changes since a man of wealth and pride,
With his servants and his camels, here amidst his riches, died.
As we journeyed o'er the desert, dead beneath the blazing sky,
Here I saw them, beasts and masters, in a common burial lie;
Thirty men and eighty camels did the shrouding sand enfold;
And we gathered up their treasure, spices, precious stones, and gold;
Then we heaped the sand above them, and, beneath the burning sun,
With a friendly care we finished what the winds had well begun.
Still I hold that master's treasure, and his record, and his name;
Long I waited for his kindred, but no kindred ever came.
Time, who beareth all things onward, hither bore our steps again,
When around this spot were scattered whitened bones of beasts and men;
And from out the heaving hillocks of the mingled sand and mould
Lo! the little palms were springing, which to-day are great and old.
From the shrubs we held the camels; for I felt that life of man,
Breaking to new forms of being, through that tender herbage ran.
In the graves of men and camels long the dates unheeded lay,
Till their germs of life commanded larger life from that decay.

And the falling dews, arrested, nourished every tender shoot,
While beneath, the hidden moisture gathered to each wandering root.
So they grew; and I have watched them, as we journeyed year by year;
And we digged this well beneath them, where thou seest it, fresh and clear.
Thus from waste and loss and sorrow still are joy and beauty born,
Like the fruitage of these palm-trees and the blossom of the thorn;
Life from death, and good from evil!—from that buried caravan
Springs the life to save the living, many a weak, despairing man."
As he ended, Abdel-Hassan, quivering through his aged frame,
Asked in accents, slow and broken, "Knowest thou that master's name?"
He was known as Abdel-Hassan, famed for wealth and power and pride;
But the proud have often fallen, and, as he, the great have died!"
Then, upon the ground before them, prostrate Abdel-Hassan fell,
With his aged hands extended, trembling, to the lonely well,—
And the sacred soil beneath him cast upon his hoary head,—
Named the servants and the camels,—summoned Haroun from the dead,—
Clutched the unconscious palms around him, as if they were living men,—
And before him, in their order, rose his buried train again.
Moved by pity, spake the stranger, bending o'er him in his grief:—
"What affects the man of sorrow? Speak,—for speaking is relief."
Then he answered, rising slowly to that aged stranger's knee,—
"Thou beholdest Abdel-Hassan! They were mine, and I am he!"
Wondering, stood they all around him, and a reverent silence kept,
While amidst them, Abdel-Hassan lifted up his voice and wept.
Joy and grief, and faith and triumph, mingled in his flowing tears;
Refluent on his patient spirit rolled the tide of sixty years.
As the past and present blended, lo! his larger vision saw,
In his own life's compensation, nature's universal law.
"God is good, O reverend stranger! He hath taught me of His ways,
By this great and crowning lesson, in the evening of my days.

"Keep the treasure,—I have plenty,—and am richer that I see
Life ascend, through change and evil, to that perfect life to be;
In each woe a blessing folded, from all loss a greater gain,
Joy and hope from fear and sorrow, rest and peace from toil and pain.
God is great! His name is mighty! He is victor in the strife!
For He bringeth good from evil, and from death commandeth life!"

BILL AND I.—G. H. Miles.

The moon had just gone down, sir,
But the stars lit up the sky;
All was still in tent and town, sir,
Not a foeman could we spy.
It was our turn at picket,
So we marched into the thicket,
To the music of the cricket
Chirping nigh.

Oh, we kept a sharp lookout, sir,
But no danger could we spy,
And no foeman being about, sir,
We sat down there, by-and-by;
And we watched the brook a-brawlin',
And counted the stars a-fallin',
Old memories overhaulin',
Bill and I.

And says he, "Won't it be glorious
When we throw our muskets by,
And home again, victorious,—
We hear our sweethearts cry,
'Welcome back!'" A step! Who goes there?
A shot—by heaven, the foe's there!
Bill sat there, all composure,
But not I.

By the red light of his gun, sir,
I marked the enemy:
In an instant it was done, sir—
I had fired and heard a cry.
I sprang across a stream, sir—
Oh, it seems just like a dream, sir,
The dizzy, dying gleam, sir,
Of that eye!

A youth, a very boy, sir,
I saw before me lie;
Some pretty school-girl's toy, sir,
Had ventured here to die.
We had hated one another,
But I heard him murmur, "*Mother!*"
So I stooped and whispered, "*Brother!*"
No reply.

I crossed the stream once more, sir,
To see why Bill warn't by;
He was sittin' as before, sir,
But a film was o'er his eye.
I scarce knew what it meant, sir,
Till a wail broke from our tent, sir,
As into camp we went, sir,
Bill and I.

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD."—Rev. C. F. Smarius.

[A brief extract from an eloquent funeral oration on William H. Bissell, late Governor of Illinois.]

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."—Apoc. xiv. 13.

Fellow-citizens: Were I to echo the plaintive murmurs of the immense multitude by which I am surrounded on this solemn and impressive occasion, were I to answer sigh for sigh and sob for sob, as they come from the feeling hearts of the sympathizing friends and relatives of the illustrious departed, whose earthly remains lie enshrined within the tabernacle of death before me, I should have to choose another text than that which I have selected for this well-deserved, but, alas! imperfect, tribute of gratitude and love to the memory of W. H. Bissell, the late governor of your flourishing State. For, considering that the urn of grief has been opened, and that it is fast being filled with the tears of respect and admiration, mixed with friendship and with love —considering that a whole State, nay, *the nation*, stand weeping over a loss which they cannot immediately, perhaps never again, repair—I should, consulting your natural feelings alone, find myself obliged to exclaim in the language of

seeming despondency, as did the king of Amalek in the days of yore, "Doth bitter death separate in this manner?" or in the equally melancholy expression of inconsolable grief, "Oh death, how bitter is thy memory!" But when I reflect on the peculiar circumstances in which I find myself placed before this wreck of earthly greatness, and in the midst of this scene of man's extreme littleness, the sepulchres of all the departed, I am forced to change the key-note of unavailing sorrow into the sounds of buoyant joy, and to cry out with the angel of the Apocalyptic vision, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Yes, fellow-citizens, blessed the illustrious dead whose demise you deplore. Blessed the faithful soldier, the dauntless warrior, who in days gone by, when the honor of his country was at stake, when national insult was to be avenged, and foreign justice forced to an equipoise of her balance, drew his ready sword in defence of all her rights and in defiance of all her boasting enemies—who girded himself with heroic courage and martyr fortitude for the battle, and modestly enjoyed the victories in which he had so large a share. Blessed, I repeat, is the faithful warrior, the dauntless hero, who, when his hour was come, yielded himself a calm, a nobly-resigned captive into the hands of that ingenious conqueror of our race, whose resistless power strikes with the same unsparing force against the marble palaces of the great, as it does against the thatched shanty of the lowlier and less-favored subject. Blessed be the dead, who, like Governor Bissell, after having legislated for others, are willing to fold up the scroll of laws, which, as the representatives of their nations, they had the happiness to make or approve for the prosperity of their constituents, and to submit themselves, without repining, to a higher law and a higher lawgiver, whose stern decree was issued into this world under the shade of the beautiful and lovely trees of Paradise: "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." Blessed the dead who, like his excellency, now levelled down to our commonalty, although once filling the high places of power, and seated, as it were, on the throne of relative sovereignty, are nevertheless willing, yea happy, to come down from those often dazzling heights and deceitful thrones to obey the sum-

mons of a governor who ruleth not one State alone, but the heavens with all their magnificence, harmony, and beauty, and the earth with all her varied scenes and sceneries; yea, blessed are the dead who, like this great, this beloved man, die in the Lord.

Blessed the dead who die a death whose every circumstance but enhances the intellectual, moral, and political worth of the departed. Blessed the dead whose memory, like that of his excellency, the late governor, shall remain in benediction among his children, and their children's children throughout succeeding generations, because of the examples set them, at that impressive hour, of every domestic, parental, and Christian virtue.

Physicians! ye have lost a brother who graduated with honor in your schools. Teachers of youth! ye deplore a co-laborer in the great work of educating future generations to usefulness, to honor and renown. Members of the bar! ye have come to weep over a man of your distinguished profession, whose sterling integrity was above all suspicion, while his talents for debate were almost above competition. Soldiers! your brave hearts sympathize with a captain and a colonel whose bravery is as immortal as the memory of Buena Vista. Legislators! you gaze upon the countenance of a departed brother, whose services in the council and the chamber of state you regarded as worthy of your admiration. In fine, magistrates and rulers of the land! your tears flow over the grave of an officer of state, who teaches you in death what is the common lot of all—of the great and the little, of the ruler and the ruled. Loving children of a loving father! the source of your filial happiness lies here, suddenly dried up before its time,—and the staff of your advancing years, bereaved widow! lies broken by your side.

Yet, with all these ruins so sadly strewn around me, with all these hopes so prematurely blasted, I repeat once more, blessed is the illustrious dead whose mortality we deplore—blessed, because he died in the Lord.

NEW "OLD MOTHER HUBBARD."

"Old Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone,
But when she got there, the cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog had none."

The aged and venerable maternal representative of a family which descended from an ancestral progenitor known in his time by the patronymic appellation of Hubbard (perhaps from his having been one of the early poets or bards of the hub), wended her way to the small apartment ordinarily devoted to the storage of crockery, and such portions of the family provisions as were left unused at the prandial meal.

To obtain for the gratification of her favorite but emaciated specimen of the genus canis, a fragment of an osseous nature once composing an integral portion of the skeleton of an animal (whether bovine, porcine, or otherwise, the narrator was not able to determine satisfactorily), from which she had reason to believe her petted quadruped would aliment.

When by continuous progressive motion she had arrived at the end of her brief journey and in fact had reached the objective point, and the goal of her desire, her fond anticipations were not realized, and her calculations came to naught; for the family receptacle, before alluded to, proved to be entirely denuded of everything in the way of that sustenance which tends to prolong life when received within and assimilated by the animal organism.

Consequently this indignant and long-suffering member of the high class of vertebrata called mammals, but familiarly known as the "poor dog," failed on this occasion to obtain anything to appease his unsated and voracious appetite which we have reason to believe, had previously been whetted by the anticipation of the favorable result of the visit of his friend and protector to the usual storehouse of his supplies.

THE HEBREW MOTHER.—Mrs. Hemans.

The rose was rich in bloom on Sharon's plain,
When a young mother with her first-born thence
Went up to Zion, for the boy was vowed
Unto the temple service;—by the hand
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye

Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,
To bring before her God. So passed they on,
O'er Judah's hills; and wheresoe'er the leaves
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive-boughs,
With their cool dimness, crossed the sultry blue
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest:
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep
That weighed their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,
As at a red flower's heart.—And where a fount
Lay like a twilight-star midst palmy shades,
Making its banks green gems along the wild,
There too she lingered, from the diamond wave
Drawing bright water for his rosy lips,
And softly parting clusters of jet curls
To bathe his brow. At last the Fane was reached,
The earth's one sanctuary—and rapture hushed
Her bosom, as before her, through the day,
It rose a mountain of white marble, steeped
In light, like floating gold. But when that hour
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye
Beseechingly to hers, and half in fear
Turned from the white-robed priest, and round her arm
Clung as the ivy clings—the deep spring tide
Of nature then swelled high, and o'er her child
Bending, her soul broke forth, in mingled sounds
Of weeping and sad song.—"Alas," she cried,

"Alas! my boy, thy gentle grasp is on me,
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver chords again to earth have won me;
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—
How shall I hence depart?

"How the lone paths retrace where thou wert playing
So late, along the mountains, at my side?
And I in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
Beholding thee so fair!

"And oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted,
Will it not seem as if the sunny day
Turned from its door away;
While through its chambers wandering, weary-hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still
Went like a singing rill?

"Under the palm-trees thou no more shalt meet me,
When from the fount at evening I return,
With the full water-urn;
Nor will thy sleep's low dove-like breathings greet me,
As midst the silence of the stars I wake,
And watch for thy dear sake.

"And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee,
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed?
Wilt thou not vainly spread
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,
To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,
A cry which none shall hear?

"What have I said, my child?—Will He not hear thee,
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest?
Shall He not guard thy rest,
And in the hush of holy midnight near thee,
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy?
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy!

"I give thee to thy God—the God that gave thee,
A wellspring of deep gladness to my heart!
And precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!
And thou shalt be his child.

"Therefore, farewell!—I go,—my soul may fail me,
As the hart panteth for the water-brooks,
Yearning for thy sweet looks—
But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me;
Thou in the shadow of the rock shalt dwell,—
The rock of strength.—Farewell!"

DIVERSITIES OF JUDGMENT.—Pope.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches,—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from heaven derive their light,—
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not critics to their judgment, too?

DAVY THE TEAMSTER.—Estelle Thomson.

Honest Davy, the teamster, lives down by the mill,
In a cottage thatched over with straw;
You would say, if you looked on its queer, battered walls,
'Twas the drollest home ever you saw.
But more strange than all else, is that Davy ne'er seems
To suspect he's not envied by all,
For he talks to his friends of "my wife" and "my home,"
As though living in palace or hall.

It is true that the Judge, on the top of the hill,
Boasts proudly, while flushed with his wine,
Of "my wife and her jewels so costly and rare."
And "my mansion so spacious and fine."
And the people all listen, and look with an awe
On the handsome-faced lady—his wife—
Who sweeps her rich robes once a week into church,
Quite ignoring all commonplace life.

Her hands are as white and as soft as the lace
That falls in such dainty-like frills
O'er the bosom that covers her own selfish thoughts,
Never touched by humanity's ills.
With a ladylike grace she moves ever through life,
As the mistress of lands and of gold;
But the heart in her breast never shines through her eyes—
Like her gems, it is polished and cold.

You would laugh to see Margery, Davy's young wife;
She has never a garment that's fine;
And she does up her hair in a queer little knot,
Because she cannot find the time
For braidings and puffings and crimpings, like those
That the Judge's wife loves to display;
And Margery's hands are not spotless and white,
For they toil all the long, busy day.

Then she tucks up her gown at the dawning of morn,
And goes merrily off with her pail,
While the song that she sings in the green meadow lane
Wakes the echoes in mountain and dale.
Ah! Margy is *useful;* we know that full well,—
But the Judge's wife says, for her life,
She could never imagine what charm there could be
In such a plain girl for a wife.

"Oho-ho!" laughs out Davy, when nearing his home,
And Margy comes down to the gate,
While her voice takes a tender, caressing-like tone,
As she tells him he's working too late.

Then her own sun browned hands help unfasten the bars,
And lead the worn horse to the stall,
And they dust Davy's coat, and draw out his rude chair,
And he loves them—though hardened by toil.

Ah, the wife of the Judge! She is pacing to-night
Through her parlors, whose tropical glow
Should carry a thrill of warm love to her heart,
Yet her face tells of bitterest woe;
And she pauses anon, as the clock on the stairs
Tells the hours, as they slowly pass by;
But he comes not to cheer the lone vigil she keeps,
And we turn from her grief with a sigh.

We know but too well where his revels are spent;—
The Judge is a man of the world—
And many a one, through the dread "social glass,"
To a grave of dishonor is hurled.
Then may ours be the hearts that find ever sweet peace,
Though humble and toilsome our lot;
Still content, like friend Davy, to work if there's need,
And like Margy—make *home* of a cot.

SELLING A COAT.

A story is told of a clothing merchant on Chatham Street, New York, who kept a very open store, and drove a thriving trade, the natural consequence being that he waxed wealthy and indolent. He finally concluded to get an assistant to take his place on the sidewalk to "run in" customers, while he himself would enjoy his *otium cum dig* within the store. Having advertised for a suitable clerk, he awaited applications, determined to engage none but a good talker who would be sure to promote his interest.

Several unsuccessful applicants were dismissed, when a smart looking Americanized Jew came along and applied for the situation. The "boss" was determined not to engage the fellow without proof of his thorough capability and sharpness. Hence the following dialogue:

"Look here, young man! I told you somedings. I vill gone up de street und valk me back past dis shop yust like I vas coundrymans, and if you can make me buy a coat of you, I vill hire you right away quick."

"All right," said the young man, "go ahead, and if I don't sell you a coat I won't ask the situation."

The proprietor proceeded a short distance up the street, then sauntered back toward the shop, where the young man was on the alert for him.

"Hi! look here! Don't you want some clothes to-day?"

"No, I don't vant me nothing," returned the boss.

"But step inside and let me show you what an elegant stock we have," said the "spider to the fly," catching him by the arm, and forcing him into the store.

After considerable palaver, the clerk expectant got down a coat, on the merits of which he expatiated at length, and finally offered it to "the countryman" at thirty dollars, remarking that it was "dirt cheap."

"Dirty tollar? My kracious! I vouldn't give you dwenty. But I don't vant de coat anyvays."

"You had better take it, my friend; you don't get a bargain like this every day."

"No; I don't vant it. I gone me out. Good-day."

"Hold on! don't be in such a hurry," answered the anxious clerk. "See here, now; the boss has been out all day, and I haven't sold a dollars worth. I want to have something to show when he comes back, so take the coat at twenty-five dollars; that is just what it cost. I don't make a cent on it; but take it along."

"Young mans, don'd I told you three, four, couple of dimes dat I don't vant de coat?"

"Well, take it at twenty dollars; I'll lose money on it, but I want to make one sale anyhow, before the boss comes in. Take it at twenty."

"Vell, I don't vant de coat, but I'll give you fifteen tollar, and not one cent more."

"Oh, my friend, I couldn't do it! Why, the coat cost twenty-five; yet sooner than not make a sale, I'll let you have it for eighteen dollars, and stand the loss."

"No; I don't vant it anyvays. It ain't vurth no more as *fifteen* tollar, but I vouldn't gif a cent more, so help me kracious."

Here the counterfeit rustic turned to depart, pleased to think that he had got the best of the young clerk; but that

individual was equal to the emergency. Knowing that he must sell the garment to secure his place, he seized the parting boss, saying:

"Well, I'll tell you how it is. The man who keeps this store is an uncle of mine, and as he is a mean old cuss, I want to bust him! Here, take the coat at fifteen dollars."

This settled the business. The proprietor saw that this was too valuable a salesman to let slip, and so engaged him at once; and he may be seen every day standing in front of the shop, urging innocent countrymen to buy clothes which are "yust de fit," at sacrificial prices.

GOIN' HOME TO-DAY.—Will Carleton.

My business on the jury's done—the quibblin' all is through—
I've watched the lawyers, right and left, and give my verdict true;
I stuck so long unto my chair, I thought I would grow in;
And if I do not know myself, they'll get me there ag'in.
But now the court's adjourned for good, and I have got my pay;
I'm loose at last, and thank the Lord, I'm goin' home to-day.

I've somehow felt uneasy, like, since first day I come down;
It is an awkward game to play the gentleman in town;
And this 'ere Sunday suit of mine, on Sunday rightly sets,
But when I wear the stuff a week, it somehow galls and frets.
I'd rather wear my homespun rig of pepper-salt and gray—
I'll have it on in half a jiff, when I get home to-day.

I have no doubt my wife looked out, as well as any one—
As well as any woman could—to see that things were done:
For though Melinda, when I'm there, won't set her foot out doors,
She's very careful, when I'm gone, to 'tend to all the chores.
But nothing prospers half so well when I go off to stay,
And I will put things into shape, when I get home to-day.

The mornin' that I come away, we had a little bout;
I coolly took my hat and left, before the show was out.
For what I said was naught whereat she ought to take offense;
And she was always quick at words, and ready to commence.
But then, she's first one to give up when she has had her say;
And she will meet me with a kiss, when I go home to-day.

My little boy—I'll give 'em leave to match him, if they can;
It's fun to see him strut about, and try to be a man!
The gamest, cheeriest little chap you'd ever want to see!
And then they laugh because I think the child resembles me.
The little rogue! he goes for me like robbers for their prey;
He'll turn my pockets inside out, when I get home to-day.

My little girl—I can't contrive how it should happen thus—
That God could pick that sweet bouquet, and fling it down to us!
My wife, she says that han'some face will some day make a stir;
And then I laugh, because she thinks the child resembles her.
She'll meet me half-way down the hill, and kiss me, anyway;
And light my heart up with her smiles, when I go home to-day!

If there's a heaven upon the earth, a fellow knows it when
He's been away from home a week, and then gets back again.
If there's a heaven above the earth, there often, I'll be bound,
Some homesick fellow meets his folks, and hugs 'em all around.
But let my creed be right or wrong, or be it as it may,
My heaven is just ahead of me—I'm goin' home to-day.

THE WORLD FOR SALE.—Ralph Hoyt.

The world for sale!—Hang out the sign;
Call every traveler here to me:
Who'll buy this brave estate of mine,
And set me from earth's bondage free?
'Tis going!—yes, I mean to fling
The bauble from my soul away;
I'll sell it, whatsoe'er it bring;—
The world at auction here to-day!

It is a glorious thing to see,—
Ah, it has cheated me so sore!
It is not what it seems to be:
For sale! It shall be mine no more.
Come, turn it o'er and view it well;
I would not have you purchase dear:
'Tis *going!* going!—I must sell!
Who bids?—Who'll buy the splendid tear?

Here's WEALTH in glittering heaps of gold;—
Who bids?—but let me tell you fair,
A baser lot was never sold;
Who'll buy the heavy heaps of care?
And here, spread out in broad domain,
A goodly landscape all may trace;
Hall, cottage, tree, field, hill, and plain;—
Who'll buy himself a burial-place?

Here's LOVE, the dreamy potent spell
That beauty flings around the heart;
I know its power, alas! too well;—
'Tis *going*,—love and I must part!
Must part!—What can I more with love?
All over the enchanter's reign;
Who'll buy the plumeless, dying dove,—
An hour of bliss,—an age of pain!

And FRIENDSHIP,—rarest gem of earth,
(Whoe'er hath found the jewel his?)
Frail, fickle, false, and little worth,—
Who bids for friendship—as it is?
'Tis *going!* GOING!—Hear the call:
Once, *twice*, and THRICE!—'tis very low!
'Twas once my hope, my stay, my all,—
But now the broken staff must go!

FAME! hold the brilliant meteor high;
How dazzling every gilded name!
Ye millions, now's the time to buy!
How much for fame?—How much for fame?
Hear how it thunders!—Would you stand
On high Olympus, far renown'd,—
Now purchase, and a world command!—
And be with a world's curses crown'd!

Sweet star of HOPE! with ray to shine
In every sad foreboding breast,
Save this desponding one of mine,—
Who bids for man's last friend and best?
Ah! were not mine a bankrupt life,
This treasure should my soul sustain;
But hope and I are now at strife,
Nor ever may unite again.

And SONG! For sale my tuneless lute;
Sweet solace, mine no more to hold;
The chords that charmed my soul are mute,
I cannot wake the notes of old!
Or e'en were mine a wizard shell,
Could chain a world in rapture high;
Yet now a sad farewell!—farewell!
Must on its last faint echoes die.

Ambition, Fashion, Show, and Pride,—
I part from all forever now;
Grief, in an overwhelming tide,
Has taught my haughty heart to bow.
Poor heart! distracted, ah, so long,—
And still its aching throb to bear;—
How broken, that was once so strong!
How heavy, once so free from care!

No more for me life's fitful dream;—
Bright vision, vanishing away!
My bark requires a deeper stream;
My sinking soul a surer stay.
By Death, stern sheriff, all bereft!
I weep, yet humbly kiss the rod;
The best of all I still have left,—
My FAITH, my BIBLE, and my GOD.

WHEN DUTY BEGINS.—CHARLES DICKENS.

O late-remembered, much-forgotten, mouthing, braggart duty! always owed,—and seldom paid in any other coin than punishment and wrath,—when will mankind begin to know thee! When will men acknowledge thee in thy neglected cradle and thy stunted youth, and not begin their recognition in thy sinful manhood and thy desolate old age! O ermined judge! whose duty to society is now to doom the ragged criminal to punishment and death, hast thou never, MAN, a duty to discharge in barring up the hundred open gates that wooed him to the felon's dock, and throwing but ajar the portals to a decent life. O prelate, prelate! whose duty to society it is to mourn in melancholy phrase the sad degeneracy of these bad times in which thy lot of honors has been cast, did nothing go before thy elevation to the lofty seat, from which thou dealest out thy homilies to other tarriers for dead men's shoes, whose duty to society has not begun. O magistrate!—so rare a country gentleman and brave a squire,—had you no duty to society before the ricks were blazing and the mob were mad; or did it spring up armed and booted from the earth, a corps of yeomanry, full grown.

THE MENAGERIE.—J. Honeywell.

Did you ever! No, I never!
Mercy on us, what a smell!
Don't be frightened, Johnny, dear!
Gracious! how the jackals yell.
Mother, tell me, what's the man
Doing with that pole of his?
Bless your precious little heart,
He's stirring up the beastesses!

Children! don't you go so near!
Goodness! there's the Afric cowses.
What's the matter with the child?
Why, the monkey's tore his trowsers!
Here's the monstrous elephant,—
I'm all a tremble at the sight;
See his monstrous tooth-pick, boys!
Wonder if he's fastened tight?

There's the lion!—see his tail!
How he drags it on the floor!
'Sakes alive! I'm awful scared
To hear the horrid creatures roar!
Here's the monkeys in their cage,
Wide awake you are to see 'em;
Funny, ain't it? How would you
Like to have a tail and be 'em?

Johnny, darling, that's the bear
That tore the naughty boys to pieces;
Horned cattle!—only hear
How the dreadful camel wheezes!
That's the tall giraffe, my boy,
Who stoops to hear the morning lark!
'Twas him who waded Noah's flood,
And scorned the refuge of the ark.

Here's the crane,—the awkward bird!
Strong his neck is as a whaler's,
And his bill is full as long
As ever met one from the tailor's.
Look!—just see the zebra there,
Standing safe behind the bars;
Goodness me! how like a flag,
All except the corner stars!

There's the bell! the birds and beasts
Now are going to be fed;
So, my little darlings, come,
It's time for you to be abed.

"Mother, 'tisn't nine o'clock!
You said we needn't go before;
Let us stay a little while,—
Want to see the monkeys more!"

Cries the showman, "Turn 'em out!
Dim the lights!—there, that will do:
Come again to-morrow, boys;
Bring your little sisters too."
Exit mother, half distraught,
Exit father, muttering "bore!"
Exit children, blubbering still,
"Want to see the monkeys more!"

A SISTER PLEADS FOR A BROTHER'S LIFE.

SHAKSPEARE.

Isabella. I am a woful suitor to your honor,
Please but your honor hear me.
Angelo. Well; what's your suit?
Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.
Ang. Well; the matter?
Isab. I have a brother is condemned to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemned, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Isab. Oh just, but severe law!
Must he needs die?
Ang. Maiden, no remedy.
Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.
Ang. I will not do 't.
Isab. But can you if you would?
Ang. Look! what I will not, that I cannot do.
Isab. But might you do 't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touched with that remorse
As mine is to him?
Ang. He's sentenced; 'tis too late.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again. Well, believe this:
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one-half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.
Ang. Pray you, begone.
Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel, should it then be thus?
No! I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
Isab. Alas! alas!
Why all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And He that might the 'vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.
Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him;—he must die to-morrow.
Isab. To-morrow? Oh, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He's not prepared for death! Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves! Good, good, my lord, bethink you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.
Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept;
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first man that did the edict infringe
Had answered for his deed: now, 'tis awake;
Take note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils
(Either now, or by remissness new-conceived,
And so in progress to be hatched and born,)
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But, where they live, to end.
Isab. Yet show some pity!
Ang. I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismissed offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,

Lives not to act another. Be satisfied:
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.
Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he, that suffers! Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.—Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder.
Merciful heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle:—But man, proud man..
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,!
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.
We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints: 'tis wit in them,
But, in the less, foul profanation.
That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?
Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself.
Go to your bosom:
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault; if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.
Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, my sense breeds with it. [*To her.*] Fare you well.
Isab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.
Ang. I will bethink me.—Come again to-morrow.
Isab. Hark how I'll bribe you! Good, my lord, turn back.
Ang. How! bribe me?
Isab. Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.
Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor,
As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sunrise; prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well; come to me
To-morrow.
Isab. Heaven keep your honor safe!
Ang. Amen.

TROUBLE YOUR HEAD WITH YOUR OWN AFFAIRS.

ELIZA COOK.

You all know the burden that hangs to my song,
Like the bell of St. Paul's, 'tis a common ding-dong;
I don't go to college for classical tools,
For Apollo has now set up national schools.
Oh! mine is a theme you can chant when you may,
Fit for every age and for every day;
And if rich folks say, "Poor folks, don't give yourselves airs!"
Bid them "trouble their heads with their own affairs."

Oh! how hard it appears to leave others alone,
And those with most sin often cast the first stone;
What missiles we scatter wherever we pass,
Though our own walls are formed of most delicate glass!
Let the wise one in "nature's walk," pause ere he shoot
At scampering folly in harlequin suit;
He'd find "motley," no doubt, in what he himself wears,
If he'd "trouble his head with his own affairs."

Our acquaintance stand up with reproving advice,
Where the friend of our soul would be sparingly nice;
But people will see their own farthing-dip shine,
Though they stick it right under a gunpowder mine.
Faults and errors choke up like a snow-storm, I ween,
But we each have a door of our own to sweep clean;
And 'twould save us a vast many squabbles and cares,
If we'd "trouble our heads with our own affairs."

The "Browns" spend the bettermost part of the day
In watching the "Greens," who live over the way;
They know about this, and they know about that,
And can tell Mr. Green when he has a new hat.
Mrs. Brown finds that Mrs. Green's never at home;
Mrs. Brown doubts how Mrs. Green's money can come;
And Mrs. Brown's youngest child tumbles down stairs
Through not "troubling her head with her own affairs."

Mr. Figgins, the grocer, with sapient frown,
Is forsaking the counter to go to "the Crown;"
With his grog and his politics, mighty and big,
He raves like a tory, or swears like a whig:
He discusses the church, constitution, and state,
Till his creditors also get up a debate;
And a plum of rich color is lost to his heirs
Through not "troubling his head with his own affairs."

Let a symptom of wooing and wedding be found,
And full soon the impertinent whisper goes round;

The fortune, the beauty, the means, and the ends,
Are all carefully weighed by our good-natured friends.
'Tis a chance if the lady is perfectly right,
She must be a flirt, if she is not a fright:
Oh, how pleasant 'twould be if the meddlesome bears
Would but "trouble their heads with their own affairs!"

We are busy in helping the far-away slave;
We must cherish the Pole, for he's foreign and brave;
Our alms-giving record is widely unrolled—
To the east and the west we send mercy and gold;
But methinks there are those in our own famous land
Whose thin cheeks might be fattened by charity's hand;
And when John Bull is dealing his generous shares,
Let him "trouble his head with his own affairs."

We abuse without limit the heretic one
While he bends to the image, or kneels to the sun;
We *must* interfere with all other men's creeds,
From the Brahmin's white bull to the Catholic's beads;
But Heaven, like Rome, may have many a road
That leads us direct to the wished-for abode;
And a wise exhortation, in Christian prayers,
Would be—"Trouble your head with your own affairs."

TRIUMPHS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

J. Gilbourne Lyons.

Now gather all our Saxon bards—let harps and hearts be strung,
To celebrate the triumphs of our own good Saxon tongue!
For stronger far than hosts that march with battle-flags unfurled,
It goes with freedom, thought, and truth to rouse and rule the world.
Stout Albion hears its household lays on every surf-worn shore,
And Scotland hears its echoing far as Orkney's breakers roar;
It climbs New England's rocky steeps as victor mounts a throne;
Niagara knows and greets the voice, still mightier than its own;
It spreads where winter piles deep snows on bleak Canadian plains;
And where, on Essequibo's banks, eternal summer reigns.

It tracks the loud, swift Oregon, through sunset valleys rolled,
And soars where California brooks wash down their sands of gold.
It kindles realms so far apart that while its praise you sing,
These may be clad with autumn's fruits, and those with flowers of spring.
It quickens lands whose meteor lights flame in an Arctic sky,
And lands for which the southern cross hangs orbit fires on high.
It goes with all that prophets told and righteous kings desired;
With all that great apostles taught and glorious Greeks admired;
With Shakspeare's deep and wondrous verse, and Milton's lofty mind:
With Alfred's laws and Newton's lore, to cheer and bless mankind.
Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom, and error flees away,
As vanishes the mist of night before the star of day!
Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame—take heed, nor once disgrace,
With recreant pen or spoiling sword, our noble tongue and race!
Go forth, and jointly speed the time, by good men prayed for long,
When Christian states, grown just and wise, will scorn revenge and wrong;
When earth's oppressed and savage tribes shall cease to pine or roam,
All taught to prize these English words—FAITH, FREEDOM, HEAVEN, and HOME.

"THE MORNING ARGUS" OBITUARY DEPARTMENT.

MAX ADELER.

A rather unusual sensation has been excited in the village by *The Morning Argus* within a day or two; and while most of the readers of that wonderful sheet have thus been supplied with amusement, the soul of the editor has been filled with gloom and wrath and despair. Colonel Bangs recently determined to engage an assistant to take the place made vacant by the retirement of the eminent art-critic, Mr. Murphy, and he found in one of the lower counties of the State a person who appeared to him to be suitable. The name of the new

man is Slimmer. He has often contributed to the *Argus* verses of a distressing character, and I suppose Bangs must have become acquainted with him through the medium of the correspondence thus begun. No one in the world but Bangs would ever have selected such a poet for an editorial position. But Bangs is singular—he is exceptional. He never operates in accordance with any known laws, and he is more than likely to do any given thing in such a fashion as no other person could possibly have adopted for the purpose. As the *Argus* is also *sui generis*, perhaps Bangs does right to conduct it in a peculiar manner. But he made a mistake when he employed Mr. Slimmer.

The colonel, in his own small way, is tolerably shrewd. He had observed the disposition of persons who have been bereaved of their relatives to give expression to their feelings in verse, and it occurred to him that it might be profitable to use Slimmer's poetical talent in such a way as to make the *Argus* a very popular vehicle for the conveyance to the public of notices of deaths. That kind of intelligence, he well knew, is especially interesting to a very large class of readers, and he believed that if he could offer to each advertiser a gratuitous verse to accompany the obituary paragraph, the *Argus* would not only attract advertisements of that description from the country round about the village, but it would secure a much larger circulation.

When Mr. Slimmer arrived, therefore, and entered upon the performance of his duties, Colonel Bangs explained his theory to the poet, and suggested that whenever a death-notice reached the office, he should immediately write a rhyme or two which should express the sentiments most suitable to the occasion.

"You understand, Mr. Slimmer," said the colonel, "that when the death of an individual is announced I want you, as it were, to cheer the members of the afflicted family with the resources of your noble art. I wish you to throw yourself, you may say, into their situation, and to give them, f'r instance, a few lines about the deceased which will seem to be the expression of the emotion which agitates the breasts of the bereaved."

"To lighten the gloom in a certain sense," said Mr. Slimmer, "and to—"

"Precisely," exclaimed Colonel Bangs. "Lighten the gloom. Do not mourn over the departed, but rather take a joyous view of death, which, after all, Mr. Slimmer, is, as it were, but the entrance to a better life. Therefore, I wish you to touch the heart-strings of the afflicted with a tender hand, and to endeavor, f'r instance, to divert their minds from contemplation of the horrors of the tomb."

"Refrain from despondency, I suppose, and lift their thoughts to—"

"Just so! And at the same time combine elevating sentiment with such practical information as you can obtain from the advertisement. Throw a glamour of poesy, for instance, over the commonplace details of the every-day life of the deceased. People are fond of minute descriptions. Some facts useful for this purpose may be obtained from the man who brings the notice to the office; others you may perhaps be able to supply from your imagination."

"I think I can do it first rate," said Mr. Slimmer.

"But, above all," continued the colonel, "try always to take a bright view of the matter. Cause the sunshine of smiles, as it were, to burst through the tempest of tears; and if we don't make *The Morning Argus* hum around this town, it will be queer."

Mr. Slimmer had charge of the editorial department the next day during the absence of Colonel Bangs in Wilmington. Throughout the afternoon and evening death-notices arrived; and when one would reach Mr. Slimmer's desk, he would lock the door, place the fingers of his left hand among his hair and agonize until he succeeded in completing a verse that seemed to him to accord with his instructions.

The next morning Mr. Slimmer proceeded calmly to the office for the purpose of embalming in sympathetic verse the memories of other departed ones. As he came near to the establishment he observed a crowd of people in front of it, struggling to get into the door. Ascending some steps upon the other side of the street, he overlooked the crowd, and could see within the office the clerks selling papers as fast as they could handle them, while the mob pushed and yelled in frantic efforts to obtain copies, the presses in the cellar meanwhile clanging furiously. Standing upon the curbstone in front of the office there was a long row of men, each of whom was engaged in reading *The Morning Argus* with an earnestness that Mr. Slimmer had never before seen displayed by the patrons of that sheet. The bard concluded that either his poetry had touched a sympathetic chord in the popular heart, or that an appalling disaster had occurred in some quarter of the globe.

He went around to the back of the office and ascended to the editorial rooms. As he approached the sanctum, loud voices were heard within. Mr. Slimmer determined to ascertain the cause before entering. He obtained a chair, and placing it by the side door, he mounted it and peeped over the door through the transom. There sat Colonel Bangs, holding *The Morning Argus* in both hands, while the fringe which grew in a semicircle around the edge of his bald head stood straight out, until he seemed to resemble a gigantic gun-swab. Two or three persons stood in front of him in threatening attitudes. Slimmer heard one of them say:

"My name is McGlue, sir!—William McGlue! I am a

brother of the late Alexander McGlue. I picked up your paper this morning, and perceived in it an outrageous insult to my deceased relative, and I have come around to demand, sir, WHAT YOU MEAN by the following infamous language:

"'The death-angel smoto Alexander McGlue,
And gave him protracted reposo;
He wore a checked shirt and a number nine shoe,
And he had a pink wart on his nose.
No doubt he is happier dwelling in spaee
Over there on tho evergreen shore.
His friends are informed that his funeral takes placee
Precisely at quarter-past four.'

"This is simply diabolical! My late brother had no wart on his nose, sir. He had upon his nose neither a pink wart nor a green wart, nor a cream-colored wart, nor a wart of any other color. It is a slander! It is a gratuitous insult to my family, and I distinctly want you to say *what do you mean* by such conduct?"

"Really, sir," said Bangs, "it is a mistake. This is the horrible work of a miscreant in whom I reposed perfect confidence. He shall be punished by my own hand for this outrage. A pink wart! Awful! sir—awful! The miserable scoundrel shall suffer for this—he shall, indeed!"

"How could I know," murmured Mr. Slimmer, to the foreman, who with him was listening, "that the corpse hadn't a pink wart? I used to know a man named McGlue, and *he* had one, and I thought *all* the McGlues had. This comes of irregularities in families."

"And who," said another man, addressing the editor, "authorized you to print this hideous stuff about my deceased son? Do you mean to say, Bangs, that it is not with your authority that your low comedian inserted with my advertisement the following scandalous burlesque? Listen to this:

"'Willie had a purple monkey climbing on a yellow stick,
And when he sueked the paint all off it made him deathly siek;
And in his latest hours he clasped that monkey in his hand,
And bade good-byo to earth and went into a better land.

"'Oh! no more he'll shoot his sister with his little wooden gun;
And no more he'll twist the pussy's tail and make her yowl, for fun.
The pussy's tail now stands out straight; tho gun is laid aside;
The monkey doesn't jump around since little Willie died.'

"The atrocious character of this libel will appear when I say that my son was twenty years old, and that he died of liver complaint."

"Infamous!—utterly infamous!" groaned the editor as he cast his eyes over the lines. "And the wretch who did this still remains unpunished! It is too much!"

"And yet," whispered Slimmer to the foreman, "he told me to lighten the gloom and to cheer the afflicted family with the resources of my art; and I certainly thought that

idea about the monkey would have that effect, somehow. Bangs is ungrateful!"

Just then there was a knock at the door, and a woman entered, crying.

"Are you the editor?" she inquired of Colonel Bangs.

Bangs said he was.

"W-w-well!" she said in a voice broken by sobs, "wh-what d'you mean by publishing this kind of poetry about m-my child? M-my name is Sm-Smith; and wh-when I looked this m-morning for the notice of Johnny's d-death in your paper, I saw this scandalous verse:

"'Four doctors tackled Johnny Smith—
They blistered and they bled him;
With squills and anti-bilious pills
And ipecac. they fed him.
They stirred him up with calomel,
And tried to move his liver;
But all in vain—his little soul,
Was wafted o'er The River.

"It's false! false! and mean! Johnny only had *one* doctor. And they d-didn't bl-bleed him and b-blister him. It's a wicked falsehood, and you're a hard-hearted brute f-f-for printing it!"

"Madam, I shall go crazy!" exclaimed Bangs. "This is not my work. It is the work of a villain whom I will slay with my own hand as soon as he comes in. Madam, the miserable outcast shall die!"

"Strange! strange!" said Slimmer. "And this man told me to combine elevating sentiment with practical information. If the information concerning the squills and ipecac. is not practical, I have misunderstood the use of that word. And if young Smith didn't have four doctors, it was an outrage. He ought to have had them, and they ought to have excited his liver. Thus it is that human life is sacrificed to carelessness."

At this juncture the sheriff entered, his brow clothed with thunder. He had a copy of *The Morning Argus* in his hand. He approached the editor, and pointing to a death-notice, said,

"Read that outrageous burlesque, and tell me the name of the writer, so that I can chastise him."

The editor read as follows:

"We have lost our little Hanner in a very painful manner,
And we often asked, How can h'r harsh sufferings be borne?
When her death was first reported, her aunt got up and snorted
With the grief that she supported, for it made her feel forlorn.

"She was sueh a little seraph that her father, who is sheriff,
Really doesn't seem to eare if he ne'er smiles in life again.
She has gone, we hope, to heaven, at the early age of seven
(Funeral starts off at eleven), where she'll nevermore have pain."

"As a consequence of this, I withdraw all the county advertising from your paper. A man who could trifle in this

manner with the feelings of a parent is a savage and a scoundrel!"

As the sheriff went out, Colonel Bangs placed his head upon the table and groaned.

"Really," Mr. Slimmer said, "that person must be deranged. I tried, in his case, to put myself in his place, and to write as if I was one of the family, according to instructions. The verses are beautiful. That allusion to the grief of her aunt, particularly, seemed to me to be very happy. It expresses violent emotion with a felicitous combination of sweetness and force. These people have no soul—no appreciation of the beautiful in art."

While the poet mused, hurried steps were heard upon the stairs, and in a moment a middle-aged man dashed in abruptly, and seizing the colonel's scattered hair, bumped his prostrate head against the table three or four times with considerable force. Having expended the violence of his emotion in this manner, he held the editor's head down with one hand, shaking it occasionally by way of emphasis, and with the other hand seized the paper and said,

"You disgraceful old reprobate! You disgusting vampire! You hoary-headed old ghoul! What d'you mean by putting such stuff as this in your paper about my deceased son? What d'you mean by printing such awful doggerel as this, you depraved and dissolute ink-slinger—you imbecile quill-driver, you!

"'Oh! bury Bartholomew out in the woods,
In a beautiful hole in the ground,
Where the bumble-bees buzz and the woodpeckers sing,
And the straddle-bugs tumble around;
So that, in winter, when the snow and the slush
Have covered his last little bed,
His brother Artemas can go out with Jane
And visit the place with his sled.'

"I'll teach you to talk about straddle-bugs! I'll instruct you about slush! I'll enlighten your insane old intellect on the subject of singing woodpeckers! What do *you* know about Jane and Artemas, you wretched buccaneer, you despicable butcher of the English language? Go out with a sled! I'll carry you out in a hearse before I'm done with you, you deplorable lunatic!"

At the end of every phrase the visitor gave the editor's head a fresh knock against the table. When the exercise was ended, Colonel Bangs explained and apologized in the humblest manner, promising at the same time to give his assailant a chance to flog Mr. Slimmer, who was expected to arrive in a few moments.

"The treachery of this man," murmured the poet to the foreman, "is dreadful. Didn't he desire me to throw a glamour of poesy over commonplace details? But for that

I should never have thought of alluding to woodpeckers and bugs, and other children of nature. The man objects to the remarks about the sled. Can the idiot know that it was necessary to have a rhyme for 'bed'? Can he suppose that I could write poetry without rhymes? The man is a lunatic! He ought not to be at large!"

Hardly had the indignant and energetic parent of Bartholomew departed when a man with red hair and a ferocious glare in his eyes entered, carrying a club and accompanied by a savage-looking dog.

"I want to see the editor," he shouted.

A ghastly pallor overspread the colonel's face, and he said

"The editor is not in."

"Well, when *will* he be in, then?"

"Not for a week—for a month—for a year—for ever! He will never come in any more!" screamed Bangs. "He has gone to South America, with the intention to remain there during the rest of his life. He has departed. He has fled. If you want to see him, you had better follow him to the equator. He will be glad to see you. I would advise you, as a friend, to take the next boat—to start at once."

"That is unfortunate," said the man; "I came all the way from Delaware City for the purpose of battering him up a lot with this club."

"He will be sorry," said Bangs, sarcastically. "He will regret missing you. I will write to him, and mention that you dropped in."

"My name is McFadden," said the man. "I came to break the head of the man who wrote that obituary poetry about my wife. If you don't tell me who perpetrated the following, I'll break *yours* for you. Where's the man who wrote this? Pay attention:

"'Mrs. McFadden has gone from this life;
She has left all its sorrows and cares;
She caught the rheumatics in both of her legs
While scrubbing the cellar and stairs.
They put mustard-plasters upon her in vain;
They bathed her with whisky and rum;
But Thursday her spirit departed, and left
Her body entirely numb.'"

"The man who held the late Mrs. McFadden up to the scorn of an unsympathetic world in that shocking manner," said the editor, is named James B. Slimmer. He boards in Blank street, fourth door from the corner. I would advise you to call on him and avenge Mrs. McFadden's wrongs with an intermixture of club and dog-bites."

"And this," sighed the poet, outside the door, "is the man who told me to divert McFadden's mind from contemplation of the horrors of the tomb. It was this monster who counseled me to make the sunshine of McFadden's smiles burst through the tempest of McFadden's tears. If that red-

headed monster couldn't smile over that allusion to whisky and rum, if those remarks about the rheumatism in her legs could not divert his mind from the horrors of the tomb, was it *my* fault? McFadden grovels! He knows no more about poetry than a mule knows about the Shorter Catechism."

The poet determined to leave before any more criticisms were made upon his performances. He jumped down from his chair and crept softly toward the back staircase.

The story told by the foreman relates that Colonel Bangs at the same instant resolved to escape any further persecution, and he moved off in the direction taken by the poet. The two met upon the landing, and the colonel was about to begin his quarrel with Slimmer, when an enraged old woman who had been groping her way up stairs suddenly plunged her umbrella at Bangs, and held him in the corner while she handed a copy of the *Argus* to Slimmer, and pointing to a certain stanza, asked him to read it aloud. He did so in a somewhat tremulous voice and with frightened glances at the enraged colonel. The verse was as follows:

"Little Alexander's dead;
Jam him in a coffin;
Don't have as good a chance
For a fun'ral often.
Rush his body right around
To the cemetery;
Drop him in the sepulchre
With his Uncle Jerry."

The colonel's assailant accompanied the recitation with such energetic remarks as these:

"Oh, you willin! D'you hear that, you wretch? What d'you mean by writin' of my grandson in that way? Take that you serpint! Oh, you wiper, you! tryin' to break a lone widder's heart with such scand'lus lies as them! There, you willin! I kemmere to hammer you well with this here umbreller, you owdacious wiper, you! Take that, and that, you wile, indecent, disgustin' wagabone! When you know well enough that Aleck never had no Uncle Jerry, and never had no uncle in no sepulchre anyhow, you wile wretch, you!"

When Mr. Slimmer had concluded his portion of the entertainment, he left the colonel in the hands of the enemy and fled. He has not been seen in New Castle since that day, and it is supposed that he has returned to Sussex county for the purpose of continuing in private his dalliance with the Muses. Colonel Bangs appears to have abandoned the idea of establishing a department of obituary poetry, and the *Argus* has resumed its accustomed aspect of dreariness.

It may fairly boast, however, that once during its career it has produced a profound impression upon the community.

—*Out of the Hurly-Burly.*

THE VULTURE OF THE ALPS.

I've been among the mighty Alps, and wandered through their vales,
And heard the honest mountaineers relate their dismal tales,
As round the cottage blazing hearth, when their daily work was o'er,
They spake of those who disappeared, and ne'er were heard of more.

For some had gone with daring foot, the craggy peaks to gain,
Until they seemed like hazy specks, to gazers on the plain;
But in a fathomless abyss an icy grave they found,
Or were crushed beneath the avalanche that starts at human sound:

And there I from a shepherd heard a narrative of fear,—
A tale to rend a mortal heart, which mothers might not hear;
The tears were standing in his eyes, his voice was tremulous;
But wiping all those tears away, he told his story thus:

"It is among these barren cliffs the ravenous vulture dwells,
Who never fattens on the prey, which from afar he smells,
But patient, watching hour on hour, upon a lofty rock,
He singles out some truant lamb, a victim, from the flock.

"One cloudless Sabbath summer morn, the sun was rising high,
When, from my children on the green, I heard a fearful cry,
As if some awful deed were done, a shriek of grief and pain,
A cry, I humbly trust in God, I ne'er may hear again.

"I hurried out to learn the cause; but overwhelmed with fright,
The children never ceased to shriek; and from my frenzied sight
I missed the youngest of my babes, the darling of my care;—
But something caught my searching eyes, slow sailing through the air.

"Oh! what an awful spectacle to meet a father's eye,
His infant made a vulture's prey, with terror to descry;
And know, with agonizing breast, and with a maniac rave,
That earthly power could not avail that innocent to save!

"My infant stretched his little hands imploringly to me,
And struggled with the ravenous bird, all vainly, to get free:
At intervals, I heard his cries, as loud he shrieked and screamed!
Until upon the azure sky a lessening spot they seemed.

"The vulture flapped his sail-like wings, though heavily he flew;
A mote upon the sun's broad face, he seemed unto my view,
But once I thought I saw him stoop, as if he would alight,—
'Twas only a delusive thought, for all had vanished quite.

"All search was vain, and years had passed; that child was ne'er forgot,
When once a daring hunter climbed unto a lofty spot,
From whence upon a rugged crag the chamois never reached,
He saw an infant's fleshless bones the elements had bleached!

"I clambered up that rugged cliff—I could not stay away,—
I knew they were my infant's bones thus hastening to decay;
A tattered garment yet remained, though torn to many a shred:
The crimson cap he wore that morn was still upon his head."

That dreary spot is pointed out to travelers, passing by,
Who often stand, and musing gaze, nor go without a sigh;
And as I journeyed, the next morn, along the sunny way,
The precipice was shown to *me*, whereon the infant lay.

THE TWO ANCHORS.—R. H. Stoddard.

It was a gallant sailor man,
  Had just come from sea,
And as I passed him in the town,
  He sang "Ahoy!" to me.
I stopped, and saw I knew the man,—
  Had known him from a boy;
And so I answered sailor-like,
  "Avast!" to his "Ahoy!"
I made a song for him one day,—
  His ship was then in sight,—
"The little anchor on the left,
  The great one on the right."

I gave his hand a hearty grip.
"So you are back again?
They say you have been pirating
Upon the Spanish Main;
Or was it some rich Indiaman
You robbed of all her pearls?
Of course you have been breaking hearts
Of poor Kanaka girls!"
"Wherever I have been," he said,
"I kept my ship in sight,—
'The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right.'"

"I heard last night that you were in:
I walked the wharves to-day,
But saw no ship that looked like yours.
Where does the good ship lay?
I want to go on board of her."
"And so you shall," said he;
"But there are many things to do
When one comes home from sea.
You know the song you made for me?
I sing it morn and night,—
'The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right.'"

"But how's your wife and little one?"
"Come home with me," he said.
"Go on, go on: I follow you."
I followed where he led.
He had a pleasant little house;
The door was open wide,
And at the door the dearest face,—
A dearer one inside.
He hugged his wife and child; he sang,—
His spirits were so light,—
"The little anchor on the left,
The great one on the right."

'Twas supper-time, and we sat down,—
The sailor's wife and child,
And he and I: he looked at them,
And looked at me, and smiled.
"I think of this when I am tossed
Upon the stormy foam,
And, though a thousand leagues away,
Am anchored here at home."
Then, giving each a kiss, he said,
"I see, in dreams at night,
This little anchor on my left,
This great one on my right."

THE RUM FIEND'S PORTRAIT.—T. De Witt Talmage.

This foul thing gives one swing to its scythe, and our best merchants fall; their stores are sold, and they sink into dishonored graves.

Again it swings its scythe, and ministers of the gospel fall from the heights of Zion, with long-resounding crash of ruin and shame.

Some of your own households have already been shaken. Perhaps you can hardly admit it; but where was your son last night? Where was he Friday night? Where was he Thursday night; Wednesday night; Tuesday night; Monday night?

Nay, have not some of you in your own bodies felt the power of this habit? You think that you could stop? Are you sure you could? Go on a little further, and I am sure you cannot. I think, if some of you should try to break away, you would find a chain on the right wrist, and one on the left; one on the right foot, and another on the left. This serpent does not begin to hurt until it has wound round and round. Then it begins to tighten, and strangle, and crush, until the bones crack, and the blood trickles, and the eyes start from their sockets, and the mangled wretch cries: "Oh, Heaven! oh, Heaven! help! help!" But it is too late and not even the fires of woe can melt the chain when once it is fully fastened.

I have shown you the *evil beast*. The question is, who will hunt him down, and how shall we shoot him? I answer, first, by getting our children right on this subject. Let them grow up with an utter aversion to strong drink. Take care how you administer it even as medicine. If you find that they have a natural love for it, as some have, put in a glass of it some horrid stuff, and make it utterly nauseous. Teach them, as faithfully as you do the catechism, that rum is a fiend. Take them to the almshouse, and show them the wreck and ruin it works. Walk with them into the homes that have been scourged by it. If a drunkard hath fallen into a ditch, take them right up where they can see his face, bruised, savage, and swollen, and say: "Look, my son! Rum did that!" Looking out of your window at some one who,

intoxicated to madness, goes through the street, brandishing his fist, blaspheming God, a howling, defying, shouting, reeling, raving and foaming maniac, say to your son: "Look; that man was once a child like you!" As you go by the grog-shop, let them know that that is the place where men are slain, and their wives made paupers, and their children slaves. Hold out to your children all warnings, all rewards, all counsels, lest in after-days they break your heart and curse your gray hairs.

A COOK OF THE PERIOD.

The looks of yer, ma'am, rather suits me —
The wages ye offer 'ill do;
But thin I can't inter yer sarvice
Without a condition or two.
And now, to begin, is the kitchen
Commodgeous, with plenty of light,
And fit, ye know, fur intertainin'
Sech fri'nds as I'm like to invite?

And nixt, are yous reg'lar at male-times?
Becase, 'taint convainyent, ye see,
To wait, and if I behaves punkshul,
It's no more than yous ought to be.
And thin is your gurrels good-natured?
The rayson I lift my last place,
The French nuss was sich a high lady,
I sint a dish-cloth at her face.

And have yer the laste of objiction
To min droppin' in whin they choose?
I'v got some enlivinin' fust cousins
That frayquintly brings me the news.
I must have thim trayted powlitely;
I give yer fair warnin', ma'am, now,
If the airy gate be closed agin thim,
You'll find me commincin' a row.

These matthers agrayed on between us,
I'd try yer a wake, so I wud.
(She looks like the kind I can manage,
A thin thing without any blud!)
But mind, if I comes for a wake, ma'am,
I comes for that time, and no liss;
And so, thin, purvidin' ye'd want me,
Jusht give me yer name and addriss.

THE SISTERS.—John G. Whittier.

Annie and Rhoda, sisters twain,
Woke in the night to the sound of rain,

The rush of wind, the ramp and roar
Of great waves climbing a rocky shore.

Annie rose up in her bed-gown white,
And looked out into the storm and night.

"Hush, and hearken!" she cried in fear,
"Hearest thou nothing, sister dear?"

"I hear the sea, and the plash of rain,
And roar of the north-east hurricane.

"Get thee back to the bed so warm,
No good comes of watching a storm.

"What is it to thee, I fain would know,
That waves are roaring, and wild winds blow?

"No lover of thine's afloat to miss
The harbor-lights on a night like this."

"But I heard a voice cry out my name,
Up from the sea on the wind it came!

"Twice and thrice have I heard it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall!"

On her pillow the sister tossed her head.
"Hall of the Heron is safe," she said.

"In the tautest schooner that ever swam
He rides at anchor in Anisquam.

"And, if in peril from swamping sea
Or lee-shore rocks, would he call on thee?"

But the girl heard only the wind and tide,
And wringing her small, white hands, she cried,—

"O Sister Rhoda! there's something wrong;
I hear it again so loud and long.

"'Annie! Annie!' I hear it call,
And the voice is the voice of Estwick Hall."

Up sprang the elder, with eyes aflame,
"Thou liest! He never would call thy name!

"If he did, I would pray the wind and sea
To keep him forever from thee and me!"

Then out of the sea blew a dreadful blast;
Like the cry of a dying man it passed.

The young girl hushed on her lips a groan,
But through her tears a strange light shone—

The solemn joy of her heart's release
To own and cherish its love in peace.

"Dearest!" she whispered, under breath,
"Life was a lie, but true is death.

"The love I hid from myself away
Shall crown me now in the light of day.

"My ears shall never to wooer list,
Never by lover my lips be kissed.

"Sacred to thee am I henceforth,
Thou in heaven and I on earth."

She came and stood by her sister's bed:
"Hall of the Heron is dead!" she said.

"The wind and the waves their work have done,
We shall see him no more beneath the sun.

"Little will reck that heart of thine;
It loved him not with a love like mine.

"I, for his sake, were he but here,
Could hem and 'broider thy bridal gear,

"Though hands should tremble and eyes be wet,
And stitch for stitch in my heart be set.

"But now my soul with his soul I wed;
Thine the living, and mine the dead!"

THE DAGMAR CROSS.

Where the angry billows of the Baltic,
With the North Sea meeting, surge and swirl,
And the rocky reefs and shores basaltic
High the snowy foam-flakes upward curl,
Valdemar the victor rode to glory,
While his deeds were sung in minstrel rhyme,
Greatest of all kings,—so runs the story;
'Twas in Denmark, in the olden time.

Fair the Lady Dagmar was, and saintly,
And the fierce king bowed him at her feet;
Said he, while her cheek was flushing faintly,
"What gift on my marriage that is meet
For the bride of Valdemar, O maiden,
Shall I bring to grace the marriage morn?
See, my slaves are near, and heavy laden
With the jewels Danish queens have worn."

And the lady made him answer, lowly,—
"Gifts of precious stones are not for me;
Better far are noble deeds and holy
Than a mighty kingdom held in fee.
From the plow-tax wilt thou free the peasant,
And release the captive from his chain?
Lo, I ask, my lord, no costly present:
This my marriage gift, and this my gain!"

Answered the monarch, like a lover,
"Such a gift befits not thee, my queen;"
And o'er Dagmar, as he bent above her,
Cast he chain and cross of golden sheen.
Holy figures, wrought in wondrous fashion
By Byzantine workmen, glowed thereon;
Pictured was the suffering Saviour's passion;
There the Virgin stood, and there Saint John.

Then away, by barren height and foreland,
Rode King Valdemar again to war;
Round him swept, in fury, storms of Norland,
And the storms of battle, wilder far.
While the good Queen Dagmar, ever tender,
Richer harvest in kind deeds would glean;
And to this Danish hearts will render
Loving homage to the "darling queen."

Homeward came King Valdemar in gladness,
With the victor-wreath around his head:
In the royal halls was silent sadness:
Dagmar slept the long sleep of the dead
In her handmaid Kerstine's arms, when riding
Up the long street came the king that day,
Still the rose-flush on her cheek abiding,—
Dead, the young queen in her beauty lay.

And the king a mighty voice of sorrow
Raised, and called on Dagmar by her name:
"Dagmar, live, and glad me on the morrow
With one kiss!" and wondrous answer came
From the dead; and still the old petition
Sprang from her loved lips, a ghostly prayer:
"Free the outlaws from their lone condition;
Let the weary captives freedom share."

Low in Ringsted, with the cross that tarried
Still upon her breast, the queen they laid;
Fairer, purer corse was never carried
Home to rest beneath the church's shade.
Years rolled on, and Christian's royal pleasure
Oped the tomb; and since death knows no loss,
Now old Denmark boasts no dearer treasure
Than the young Queen Dagmar's holy cross.

CURING A COLD.

The first time that I began to sneeze, a friend told me to go and bathe my feet in hot water, and go to bed. I did so. Shortly after, a friend told me to get up and take a cold shower-bath. I did that also. Within the hour another friend told me it was policy to feed a cold, and starve a fever. I had both; so I thought it best to fill up for the cold, and let the fever starve awhile. In a case of this kind I seldom do things by halves: I ate pretty heartily. I conferred my custom upon a stranger who had just opened a restaurant on Cortland street, near the hotel, that morning, paying him so much for a full meal. He waited near me in respectful silence until I had finished feeding my cold, when he inquired whether people about New York were much afflicted with colds. I told him I thought they were. He then went out and took in his sign. I started up toward the office, and on the walk encountered another bosom friend, who told me that a quart of warm salt-water would come as near curing a cold as anything in the world. I hardly thought I had room for it, but I tried it anyhow. The result was surprising. I believe I threw up my immortal soul. Now, as I give my experience only for the benefit of those of my friends who are troubled with this distemper, I feel that they will see the propriety of my cautioning them against following such portions of it as proved inefficient with me; and acting upon this conviction I warn them against warm salt-water. It may be a good enough remedy, but I think it is rather too severe. If I had another cold in the head, and there was no course left me,—to take either an earthquake

or a quart of warm salt-water, I would take my chances on the earthquake. After this, everybody in the hotel became interested; and I took all sorts of remedies,—hot lemonade, cold lemonade, pepper-tea, boneset, stewed Quaker, hoarhound syrup, onions and loaf-sugar, lemons and brown sugar, vinegar and laudanum, five bottles fir balsam, eight bottles cherry pectoral, and ten bottles of Uncle Sam's remedy; but all without effect. One of the prescriptions given by an old lady was—well, it was dreadful. She mixed a decoction composed of molasses, catnip, peppermint, aquafortis, turpentine, kerosene, and various other drugs, and instructed me to take a wineglassful of it every fifteen minutes. I never took but one dose: that was enough. I had to take to my bed, and remain there for two entire days. When I felt a little better, more things were recommended. I was desperate, and willing to take anything. Plain gin was recommended, and then gin and molasses, then gin and onions. I took all three. I detected no particular result, however, except that I had acquired a breath like a turkey-buzzard, and had to change my boarding place. I had never refused a remedy yet, and it seemed poor policy to commence then; therefore I determined to take a sheet-bath, though I had no idea what sort of an arrangement it was. It was administered at midnight, and the weather was very frosty. My back and breast were stripped; and a sheet, (there appeared to be a thousand yards of it,) soaked in ice-water was wound around me until I resembled a swab for a columbiad. It is a cruel expedient. When the chilly rag touches one's warm flesh, it makes him start with a sudden violence, and gasp for breath, just as men do in the death-agony. It froze the marrow in my bones, and stopped the beating of my heart. I thought my time had come. When I recovered from this, a friend ordered the application of a mustard-plaster to my breast. I believe that would have cured me effectually, if it had not been for young Clemens. When I went to bed, I put the mustard-plaster where I could reach it when I should be ready for it. But young Clemens got hungry in the night, and ate it up. I never saw any child have such an appetite. I am confident that he would have eaten me if I had been healthy.

KATHLEEN BAN ADAIR.—Francis Davis.

The battle blood of Antrim had not dried on freedom's shroud,
And the rosy ray of morning was but struggling through the cloud;
When, with lightning foot and deathly cheek, and wildly waving hair,
O'er grass and dew, scarce breathing, flew young Kathleen ban Adair.

Behind, her native Antrim in a reeking ruin lies;
Before her, like a silvery path, Kell's sleeping waters rise;
And many a pointed shrub has pierced those feet so white and bare,
But, oh! thy heart is deeper rent, young Kathleen ban Adair.

And Kathleen's heart but one week since was like a harvest morn
When hope and joy are kneeling round the sheaf of yellow corn;
But where's the bloom then made her cheek so ripe, so richly fair?
Thy stricken heart hath fed on it, young Kathleen ban Adair.

And now she gains a thicket where the sloe and hazel rise;
But why those shrieking whispers, like a rush of worded sighs?
Ah, low and lonely bleeding lies a wounded patriot there,
And every pang of his is thine, young Kathleen ban Adair.

"I see them, oh! I see them, in their fearful red array;
The yeomen, love! the yeomen come—ah! heavens, away, away!
I know, I know they mean to track my lion to his lair;
Ah! save thy life—ah! save it for thy Kathleen ban Adair!"

"May heaven shield thee, Kathleen!—when my soul has gone to rest;
May comfort rear her temple in thy pure and faithful breast;
But to fly them, oh! to fly them, like a bleeding hunted hare;
No! not to purchase heaven, with my Kathleen ban Adair.

"I loved, I loved thee, Kathleen, in my bosom's warmest core—
And Erin, injured Erin, oh! I loved thee even more;
And death I feared him little when I drove him through their square,
Nor now, though eating at my heart, my Kathleen ban Adair."

With feeble hand his blade he grasped, yet dark with spoilers' blood;
And then, as though with dying bound, once more erect he stood;
But scarcely had he kissed that cheek, so pale, so purely fair,
When flashed their bayonets round him and his Kathleen ban Adair!

Then up arose his trembling, yet his dreaded hero's hand,
And up arose, in struggling sounds, his cheer for mother land:
A thrust—a rush—their foremost falls; but ah! good God! see there,
Thy lover's quivering at thy feet, young Kathleen ban Adair!

But heavens! men, what recked he then your heartless taunts and blows,
When from his lacerated heart ten dripping bayonets rose?
And maiden, thou with frantic hands, what boots it kneeling there,
The winds heed not thy yellow locks, young Kathleen ban Adair.

Oh! what were tears, or shrieks, or swoons, but shadows of the rest,
When torn was frantic Kathleen from the slaughtered hero's breast?
And hardly had his last-heaved sigh grown cold upon the air,
When oh! of all but life they robbed young Kathleen ban Adair!

But whither now shall Kathleen fly?—already she has gone;
Thy water, Kells, is tempting fair, and thither speeds she on;
A moment on its blooming banks she kneels in hurried prayer—
Now in its wave she finds a grave, poor Kathleen ban Adair!

BENEVOLENCE.—Beattie.

From the low prayer of want and plaint of woe,
Oh never, never turn away thine ear!
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to bear.
To others do—the law is not severe,—
What to thyself thou wishest to be done;
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
And friends and native land;—nor these alone;
All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own

PASSING AWAY.—John Pierpont.

Was it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell,
That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?
Hark! the notes on my ear that play,
Are set to words: as they float, they say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear;
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell
Striking the hour, that filled my ear,
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of time;
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, swung;
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring,
That hangs in his cage, a canary-bird swing;)
And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

Oh! how bright were the wheels that told
Of the lapse of time as they moved round slow!
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
Seemed to point to the girl below.
And lo! she had changed;—in a few short hours
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
This way and that, as she, dancing, swung,
In the fullness of grace and womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride;
Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

When I gazed on that fair one's cheek, a shade
Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
Like that by a cloud on a summer's day made,
Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lost of its brilliant blush;

And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,
That marched so calmly round above her,
Was a little dimmed,—as when evening steals
Upon noon's hot face:—yet one couldn't but love her,
For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day;
And she seemed in the same silver tone to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I looked, what a change there came!
Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan:
Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
Yet just as busily swung she on;
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust;
The hands that over the dial swept
Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept:
And still there came that silver tone
From the shriveled lips of the toothless crone
Let me never forget to my dying day,
The tone or the burden of that lay—
"Passing away! passing away!"

THE PROGRESS OF HUMANITY.—Charles Sumner.

Let us, then, be of good cheer. From the great law of progress we may derive at once our duties and our encouragements. Humanity has ever advanced, urged by the instincts and necessities implanted by God,—thwarted sometimes by obstacles which have caused it for a time—a moment only, in the immensity of ages—to deviate from its true line, or to seem to retreat,—but still ever onward.

Amidst the disappointments which may attend individual exertions, amidst the universal agitations which now surround us, let us recognize this law, confident that whatever is just, whatever is humane, whatever is good, whatever is true, according to an immutable ordinance of Providence, in the golden light of the future, must prevail. With this faith, let us place our hands, as those of little children, in the great hand of God. He will ever guide and sustain us—through pains and perils, it may be—in the path of progress.

In the recognition of this law, there are motives to beneficent activity, which shall endure to the last syllable of life. Let the young embrace it: they shall find in it an ever-living spring. Let the old cherish it still: they shall derive from it fresh encouragement. It shall give to all, both old and young, a new appreciation of their existence, a new sentiment of their force, a new revelation of their destiny.

Be it, then, our duty and our encouragement to live and to labor, ever mindful of the future. But let us not forget the past. All ages have lived and labored for us. From one has come art, from another jurisprudence, from another the compass, from another the printing-press; from all have proceeded priceless lessons of truth and virtue. The earliest and most distant times are not without a present influence on our daily lives. The mighty stream of progress, though fed by many tributary waters and hidden springs, derives something of its force from the earlier currents which leap and sparkle in the distant mountain recesses, over precipices, among rapids, and beneath the shade of the primeval forest.

Nor should we be too impatient to witness the fulfilment of our aspirations. The daily increasing rapidity of discovery and improvement, and the daily multiplying efforts of beneficence, in later years outstripping the imaginations of the most sanguine, furnish well-grounded assurance that the advance of man will be with a constantly accelerating speed. The extending intercourse among the nations of the earth, and among all the children of the human family, gives new promises of the complete diffusion of truth, penetrating the most distant places, chasing away the darkness of night, and exposing the hideous forms of slavery, of war, of wrong, which must be hated as soon as they are clearly seen.

Cultivate, then, a just moderation. Learn to reconcile order with change, stability with progress. This is a wise conservatism; this is a wise reform. Rightly understanding these terms, who would not be a conservative? who would not be a reformer?—a conservative of all that is good, a reformer of all that is evil; a conservative of knowledge, a reformer of ignorance; a conservative of truths and principles whose seat is the bosom of God, a reformer of laws and in-

stitutions which are but the wicked or imperfect work of man; a conservative of that divine order which is found only in movement, a reformer of those earthly wrongs and abuses which spring from a violation of the great law of human progress. Blending these two characters in one, let us seek to be, at the same time, REFORMING CONSERVATIVES, AND CONSERVATIVE REFORMERS.

WAX WORK.

Once on a time, some years ago,
Two Yankees, from Connecticut,
Were traveling,—on foot of course,
A style now out of date;
And, being far away down South,
It wasn't strange or funny,
That they, like other folks, sometimes
Should be out of money.

So, coming to a thriving place,
They hired a lofty hall,
And on the corners of the streets
Put handbills, great and small,
Telling the people, far and near,
In printed black and white,
They'd give a show of *wax work*
In the great town-hall that night.

Of course the people thought to see
A show of figures grand,—
Napoleon, Byron, George the Third,
And great men of *our* land;—
Of Mary, Queen of Scots, you know,
And monks in black and white,
Heroes, peasants, potentates,
In "wax work" brought to light.

One of the Yankees had, they say,
No palate to his mouth,
And this, perhaps, the reason was
Why he was going South;
Be that as it may,—you see
He couldn't speak quite plain,
But talked with much obscurity,
And sometimes talked—in vain.

The other was a handsome man,
  Quite pleasant, and quite fine;
He had a form of finest mould,
  And straight as any pine.
Indeed, he was a handsome man
  As you will often see,
Much more so than you,—or you,—or you,—
  But like President Grant,—*or me.*

This handsome man stood at the door
  To let the people in,
And the way he took the quarters
  And the shillings was a sin:
And when the time of show had come,
  He a curtain pulled aside,
And our friend without a palate,
  Stood in all his pomp and pride.

And in his brawny hand he held
  A pound or two, or more,
Of *shoemaker's wax*, which he
  Had some time made before.
He began to work it,
  And his audience thus addressed,
And the people looked and listened;—
  Let their great surprise be guessed!

Said he, "My friends, how some folks cheat,
  I never could conceive;
But this is the *real* wax work,
  For I stoop not to deceive:
This is your real wax work,
  For your quarters and your twelves;—
Ladies and gentlemen, just walk up
  And examine for yourselves!"

But when the people saw the joke,
  With anger they turned pale,
Hammer and tongs they came at him,
  To ride him on a rail;
But he had an open window,
  And a ladder to the ground,
And just as he went out of sight,
  He turned himself around,

And, holding up the wax to view,
  Said, with a saucy grin,
"My friends here's no deception,
  For I scorn to take you in;

This is real *wax work*,
For your quarters and your twelves;—
Ladies and gentlemen, please walk up
And examine for yourselves."

QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.—Shakspeare.

Julius Cæsar.—Act IV. Scene III.

Cassius—That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians,
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Brutus—You wronged yourself to write in such a case.
Cassius—In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.
Brutus—Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cassius—I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Brutus—The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cassius—Chastisement!
Brutus—Remember March, the Ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villian touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon
Than such a Roman.
Cassius—Brutus, bay not me.
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Brutus—Go to; you are not, Cassius.
Cassius—I am.
Brutus—I say you are not.

Cassius—Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Brutus—Away, slight man!
Cassius—Is 't possible?
Brutus—Hear me for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cassius—O ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this?
Brutus—All this? Ay, more; fret till your proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cassius—Is it come to this?
Brutus—You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well; for mine own part
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cassius—You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better;
Did I say "better"?
Brutus—If you did, I care not.
Cassius—When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.
Brutus—Peace, peace! you durst not thus have tempted him
Cassius—I durst not?
Brutus—No.
Cassius—What? Durst not tempt him?
Brutus—For your life you durst not.
Cassius—Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Brutus—You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means;
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!
Cassius—I denied you not.
Brutus—You did.
Cassius—I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart.
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
Brutus—I do not, till you practice them on me.
Cassius—You love me not.
Brutus—I do not like your faults.
Cassius—A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Brutus—A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.
Cassius—Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart,
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
Brutus—Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire:
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cassius—Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?
Brutus—When I spoke that I was ill-tempered, too.
Cassius—Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
Brutus—And my heart, too. [*Embracing.*]
Cassius—O Brutus!
Brutus—What's the matter?
Cassius—Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
Brutus—Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so

"FATHER, TAKE MY HAND."—Henry N. Cobb.

The way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child!

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O Father! take my hand,
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child!

The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal:
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand;
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;
Then, safe and blest,
Lead up to rest
Thy child!

The throng is great my Father! Many a doubt
And fear and danger compass me about;
And foes oppress me sore. I cannot stand
Or go alone. O Father! take my hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand;
And reaching down
Lead to the crown
Thy child!

THE GRACIOUS ANSWER.—Henry N. Cobb.

The way is dark, my child! but leads to light.
I would not always have thee walk by sight.
My dealings now thou canst not understand.
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
My child!

The day goes fast, my child! But is the night
Darker to me than day? In me is light!
Keep close to me, and every spectral band
Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand,
And through the night
Lead up to light
My child!

The way is long, my child! But it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee;
And thou shalt know, at last, when thou shalt stand
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,
And quick and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
My child!

The path is rough, my child! But oh! how sweet
Will be the rest, for weary pilgrims meet,
When thou shalt reach the borders of that land
To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,
And safe and blest
With me shalt rest
My child!

The throng is great, my child! But at thy side
Thy Father walks: then be not terrified,
For I am with thee; will thy foes command
To let thee freely pass; will take thy hand,
And through the throng
Lead safe along
My child!

The cross is heavy, child! Yet there was One
Who bore a heavier for thee: my Son,
My well-beloved. For him bear thine; and stand
With him at last; and, from thy Father's hand,
Thy cross laid down,
Receive a crown,
My child!

HEPSY'S AMBITION.—Estelle Thomson.

Some folks thought Hepsy had talent. Perhaps she had. At all events she was tired of such a humdrum life as she led, and longed to be doing something in the world that people might be aware of the fact that she lived. And then she wanted money, too. To be sure, she might sew. But she disliked close confinement to a sewing-room. She might secure a situation as governess or housekeeper. But that was too commonplace. Hepsy was ambitious.

Why not be an authoress? People did make a living in that way. Who knew but she might become a poetess of renown? The very idea caused her heart to beat with unaccustomed rapidity, as she thought of herself flattered and admired for the charms of her mind.

Yes, she would immediately commence a poem which should be no merely commonplace affair of rhyme and jingle, but a beautiful drawing out and blending in harmony of all the finest thoughts and fancies of her brain. She would begin her task right away while the inspiration was upon her. So she wheeled up an easy chair before the writing-desk, drew forth pen and paper, ran her fingers several times frantically through her hair, after the manner of literary characters, and—tried to think.

She did hope no one would intrude. She must of course put all the minor responsibilities of worldly life entirely out of her mind. Well, she would call her poem—let's see! what would she call it? How surprised her friends would be when they read it! Wouldn't it be delightful, though, to create such a sensation!

Oh, but about the title! Well, as this was the first, she would—she would—oh, yes! she knew now. She would dedicate it to some unknown friend. Ah, but that was such a brilliant idea! How nicely it would look written! And she wrote it—

"To my unknown friend."

Now how should she begin? How did other famous authors usually begin? She really could not recall any fine poems just then. She took a volume of choice selections in poetry from the book-shelf, and ran her eye over the first

line of some dozen different pieces. They didn't suit her. Well, she would not imitate any one else's style. It should be said of her production that it was entirely original.

But what should she have for the first line? How hard it was to think! How brightly the sun shone in that window! She lowered the curtain. She wondered if it came as hard for all authors to get under literary inspiration? She wondered—what—magazine—she had better send her manuscript to? She wondered if the editor wouldn't happen to be a young man and good looking? She wondered if she had better spend her first money—for—a—pink sash—or—a—blue one? She wondered—oh, dear! how late it was! Twelve o'clock already! She must make haste. She inked her fingers. That made her seem more like a poetess. Then she ran her fingers through her hair again, and—wrote:

"I would not ask that round your path
The loveliest flowers might bloom,
For oh! the fairest fade at last,
And share earth's common doom."

(Ting-a-ling-a-ling!)

"Peggy, there's some one at the door."

"Yes mum. If you plaze mum, here's a bookay the boy left, an' he sez as how Mr. Harry will be afther callin' on yez this afthernoon."

"Oh, why couldn't Mr. Harry wait until he's invited? Let me see the bouquet. You say I'm out, Peggy, when the gentleman calls this afternoon."

Yes, they are very sweet flowers—very sweet—

"But oh! the fairest fade at last,
And share earth's common doom.

"I would not ask that beauty rare
Might be your treasured gift—"

"Miss Hepsy! Miss Hepsy! there's a gintleman in the parlor as would be afther seein' yerself."

"Oh, the bother! I wonder if my rats and mice sit straight? Tell him I'll be down soon, Peggy. Dear me, how provoking to have callers just at this time! I don't see why I didn't put my hair up in crimping-pins last night. It never was becoming, done plain. Well, I must be thinking all the while I am gone what will rhyme with gift. Let me see—

'I would not ask that beauty rare
Might be your treasured gift—gift—'

Dear me! there's no use twisting that curl any more. I never can make my hair curl like other peoples', and I certainly cannot go down in this plight. Peggy! Peggy! Tell the gentleman I am engaged, and cannot possibly see him to-day. And mind, Peggy, that you ask him to call again."

Now to my poem:

"I would not ask that beauty rare
Might be your treasured gift,
For time's effacing fingers dare
The transient veil to lift.

"Go clothe the orphan'd, soothe their woes,
Go heal the wounded heart—"

Isn't that beautiful? Won't people be affected? (Rap, rap, rap!) "Come in!"

"If you please, ma'am, can you give me something to help my poor family? We're so cold and hungry! We're very poor indeed, ma'am, and if you will be so kind—"

"Peggy, show this beggar to the door! I really cannot have my literary labors interrupted in this way." Those beggars are always such a nuisance!

Now where was it I left off—

"Go clothe the orphan'd, soothe—"

Oh, yes, yes!

"Go clothe the orphan'd, soothe their woes,
Go heal the wounded heart
And wipe the tears of grief away
When sorrow bids them start.

"To shine in fashion's gilded hall,
And be the brightest star
Is not the boon for which I'd call,
There is a better far."

"Miss Hepsy, here's a note from Miss Butterworth."

"Well, let me read it. Oh! it's an invitation to attend the military ball this evening. But how can I go? My new silk isn't finished yet, and I've worn all my other dresses two or three times, and I could not think of going in any of them. Peggy, you may go and ask Miss Stitchem if she cannot possibly let me have my new silk this evening. But no—stop! I'll have to go and see about it myself."

Dear, dear! I don't see how other people write poetry. I am sure I cannot, and I may as well give it up first as last, although I do think mine would have been pretty good if I could only have finished it.

THE OLD WAYS AND THE NEW.—John H. Yates.

I've just come in from the meadow, wife, where the grass is
tall and green;
I hobbled out upon my cane to see John's new machine;
It made my old eyes snap again to see that mower mow,
And I heaved a sigh for the scythe I swung some twenty
years ago.

Many and many's the day I've mowed 'neath the rays of a
scorching sun,
Till I thought my poor old back would break ere my task
for the day was done:
I often think of the days of toil in the fields all over the
farm,
Till I feel the sweat on my wrinkled brow, and the old pain
come in my arm.

It was hard work, it was slow work, a-swingin' the old scythe
then;
Unlike the mower that went through the grass like death
through the ranks of men:
I stood and looked till my old eyes ached, amazed at its
speed and power;
The work that it took me a day to do, it done in one short
hour.

John said that I hadn't seen the half: when he puts it into
his wheat,
I shall see it reap and rake it, and put it in bundles neat;
Then soon a Yankee will come along, and set to work and larn
To reap it, and thresh it, and bag it up, and send it into the
barn.

John kinder laughed when he said it; but I said to the
hired men,
"I have seen so much on my pilgrimage through my three-
score years and ten,
That I wouldn't be surprised to see a railroad in the air,
Or a Yankee in a flyin' ship a-goin' most anywhere."

There's a difference in the work I done, and the work my
boys now do;
Steady and slow in the good old way, worry and fret in the
new;
But somehow I think there was happiness crowded into
those toiling days,
That the fast young men of the present will not see till they
change their ways.

To think that I ever should live to see work done in this wonderful way!
Old tools are of little service now, and farmin' is almost play;
The women have got their sewin'-machines, their wringers, and every sich thing,
And now play croquet in the dooryard, or sit in the parlor and sing.

'Twasn't you that had it so easy, wife, in the days so long gone by;
You riz up early, and sat up late, a-toilin' for you and I:
There were cows to milk; there was butter to make; and many a day did you stand
A-washin' my toil-stained garments, and wringin' 'em out by hand.

Ah! wife, our children will never see the hard work we have seen,
For the heavy task and the long task is now done with a machine;
No longer the noise of the scythe I hear, the mower—there! hear it afar?
A-rattlin' along through the tall, stout grass with the noise of a railroad car.

Well! the old tools now are shoved away; they stand a-gatherin' rust,
Like many an old man I have seen put aside with only a crust;
When the eyes grow dim, when the step is weak, when the strength goes out of his arm,
The best thing a poor old man can do is to hold the deed of the farm.

There is one old way that they can't improve, although it has been tried
By men who have studied and studied, and worried till they died;
It has shone undimmed for ages, like gold refined from its dross;
It's the way to the kingdom of heaven, by the simple way of the cross.

GOUGAUNE BARRA.—J. J. Callanan.

There is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra,
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow;
In deep-vallied Desmond—a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow;
As, like some gay child that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills—oh! to see them all bright'ning,
When the tempest flings out its red banner of lightning,
And the waters rush down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from the hills at the voice of the battle;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming,
Oh! where is the dwelling in valley, or highland,
So meet for a bard as this lone little island?

How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara,
And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,
And thought of thy bards,—when assembling together,
In the cleft of thy rocks, or the depth of thy heather,
They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
And waked their last song by the rush of thy water.

High sons of the lyre, oh! how proud was the feeling,
To think while alone through that solitude stealing,
Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,
And mingled once more with the voice of those fountains
The songs even echo forgot on her mountains;
And gleaned each gray legend, that darkly was sleeping
Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty were creeping.

Least bard of the hills! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp, and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which like thee to our country has bound me,
Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around me,
Still, still in those wilds might young liberty rally,
And send her strong shout over mountain and valley,
The star of the west might yet rise in its glory,
And the land that was darkest be brightest in story.

I, too, shall be gone:—but my name shall be spoken
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken;
Some minstrel will come, in the summer eve's gleaming,
When freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avon-Buee seeks the kisses of ocean,
Or plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that river,
O'er the heart, and the harp, that are sleeping forever.

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.—Orville Dewey.

"Unto the pure, are all things pure."

Life is what we make it. To some, this may appear to be a very singular, if not extravagant statement. You look upon this life and upon this world, and you derive from them, it may be, a very different impression. You see the earth perhaps, only as a collection of blind, obdurate, inexorable elements and powers. You look upon the mountains that stand fast forever; you look upon the seas that roll upon every shore their ceaseless tides; you walk through the annual round of the seasons; all things seem to be fixed,—summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, growth and decay,—and so they are.

But does not the mind spread its own hue over all these scenes? Does not the cheerful man make a cheerful world? Does not the sorrowing man make a gloomy world? Does not every mind make its own world? Does it not, as if indeed a portion of the Divinity were imparted to it, almost *create* the scene around it? Its power, in fact, scarcely falls short of the theory of those philosophers, who have supposed that the world had no existence at all, but in our own minds.

So again with regard to human life;—it seems to many, probably, unconscious as they are of the mental and moral powers which control it, as if it were made up of fixed conditions, and of immense and impassable distinctions. But upon all conditions presses down one impartial law. To all situations, to all fortunes, high or low, the *mind* gives their character. They are in effect, not what they are in themselves, but what they are to the feelings of their possessors.

The king upon his throne and amidst his court, may be a mean, degraded, miserable man; a slave to ambition, to voluptuousness, to fear, to *every low passion.* The peasant in his cottage, may be the real monarch,—the moral master of his fate,—the free and lofty being, more than a prince in happiness, more than a king in honor. And shall the mere names which these men bear, blind us to the actual position which they occupy amidst God's creation? No: beneath

the all-powerful law of the heart, the master is often the slave; and the slave is the master.

It is the same creation, upon which the eyes of the cheerful and the melancholy man are fixed; yet how different are the aspects which it bears to them! To the one it is all beauty and gladness; "the waves of ocean roll in light, and the mountains are covered with day." It seems to him as if life went forth, rejoicing upon every bright wave, and every shining bough, shaken in the breeze. It seems as if there were more than the eye seeth; a presence of deep joy among the hills and the valleys, and upon the bright waters.

But the gloomy man, stricken and sad at heart, stands idly or mournfully gazing at the same scene, and what is it to him? The very light,—

"Bright effluence of bright essence increate,"

yea, the very light seems to him as a leaden pall thrown over the face of nature. All things wear to his eye a dull, dim, and sickly aspect. The great train of the seasons is passing before him, but he sighs and turns away, as if it were the train of a funeral procession; and he wonders within himself at the poetic representations and sentimental rhapsodies that are lavished upon a world so utterly miserable.

Here then, are two different worlds, in which these two classes of beings live; and they are formed and made what they are, out of the very same scene, only by different states of mind in the beholders. The eye maketh that which it looks upon. The ear maketh its own melodies or discords. The world without reflects the world within.

Every disposition and behavior has a kind of magnetic attraction, by which it draws to itself, its like. Selfishness will hardly be a center, round which the benevolent affections will revolve; the cold-hearted may expect to be treated with coldness, and the proud with haughtiness; the passionate with anger, and the violent with rudeness; those who forget the rights of others, must not be surprised if their own are forgotten; and those who forget their dignity, who stoop to the lowest embraces of sense, must not wonder, if others are not concerned to find their prostrate honor, and to lift it up to the remembrance and respect of the world.

To the gentle, how many will be gentle; to the kind, how

many will be kind! How many does a lovely example win to goodness! How many does meekness subdue to a like temper, when they come into its presence! How many does sanctity purify! How many does it command to put away all earthly defilements, when they step into its presence! Yes, a good man will find that there is goodness in the world; an honest man will find that there is honesty; a man of principle will find a principle of religious integrity in the hearts of others.

There are no blessings which the mind may not convert into the bitterest of evils; and there are no trials which it may not transform into the most noble and divine of blessings. There are no temptations, from which the virtue they assail, may not gain strength, instead of falling a sacrifice to their power.

THE BEST COW IN PERIL.

Old farmer B. is a stingy man,
He keeps all he gets and gets all he can;
By all his friends he is said to be
As tight as the bark on a young birch tree;
He goes to church and he rents a pew,
But the dimes that he gives to the Lord are few;
If he gets to heaven with the good and great,
He will be let in through the smallest gate.

Now, farmer B., besides drags and plows,
Keeps a number of very fine calves and cows;
He makes no butter, but sends by express
The milk to the city's thirstiness.

"What do the city folks know about milk?
They are better judges of cloth and silk;
Not a man who buys, I vow, can tell
If I water it not, or water it well.
If they do not know, then where's the sin?
I will put the sparkling water in."
Thus talked, to himself, old farmer B.;
How mean he is, young and old can see.

One night it was dark—oh! fearfully dark;
The watch-dog never came out to bark;
Old farmer B. in his bed did snore,
When rap, rap, rap, nearly shattered his door;

And a voice cried out with a hasty breath,
"Your best cow, neighbor, is choking to death."

Clipping off the end of a rousing snore,
Farmer B. bounded out on the bedroom floor;—
And the midnight voice was heard no more;—
He pulled on his pants, he knew not how,
For his thoughts were on his choking cow;
He flew to the yard like a frightened deer,
For his stingy soul was filled with fear;
Looking around by his lantern's light,
He found that the cows were there all right.

"I will give a dime," cried farmer B.,
"To know who played this trick on me;
May the hand be stiff and the knuckles sore
That knocked to-night on my farm-house door.

With a scowl on his face and a shaking head,
Farmer B. again sought his nice, warm bed;
No good thoughts came, they were all o'erpowered;
The little good-nature he had had soured.

When he went to water his milk next day,
The midnight voice seemed again to say,
As he pumped away with a panting breath:
"Your best cow, neighbor, is choking to death."
The meaning of this he soon found out,
For a stone was driven in the old pump's spout.

Old farmer B., when he drives to town,
Now meets the neighbors with a savage frown;
They smile, and ask, as they kindly bow:
"How getteth along the best cow, now?"

HUMBLE AND UNNOTICED VIRTUE.—Hannah More

O my son!
The ostentatious virtues which still press
For notice and for praise; the brilliant deeds
Which live but in the eye of observation—
These have their meed at once; but there's a joy
To the fond votaries of fame unknown,—
To hear the still small voice of conscience speak
In whispering plaudit to the silent soul.
Heaven notes the sigh afflicted goodness heaves,
Hears the low plaint by human ear unheard,
And from the cheek of patient sorrow wipes
The tear, by mortal eye unseen, or scorned.

THE WELCOME.—Thomas Davis.

Come in the evening or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers, don't sever!"

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them;
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
Oh! your step's like the rain to the summer-vexed farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff, and the eyrie,
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy,
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
Oh! she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably beaming,
And trust, when in secret most tunefully streaming,
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

So come in the evening or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers, don't sever!"

REPLY TO "THE WELCOME."—W. F. Fox.

I'll come in the evening, I'll come in the morning;
I'll come unannounced, I'll come after warning:
I'll come, since my coming in haste or at leisure
But brings to the one that I love a new pleasure.

Oh! warm is the heart that is waiting to fold thee
For true is the love I so often have told thee;
And bright as the dawn, all radiant with glory,
The beam of thy smile in the flush of its story.

Though the storm-clouds of life may gather and blacken,
Though friendships be scattered, and vows be forsaken,
I know that around thee there ever will hover
The sunshine of love, like the dream of a lover.
For true as the needle that points to its pole,
Is the dial of love when a soul turns to soul;
And strong as the current, with its ebb and its flow,
Is the tide of the heart when as pure as the snow.

There is nothing this world can offer of pleasance
But heightens and brightens with joy at thy presence;
There is nothing this heart of mine longs to possess
Like thy smile of affection with affection's caress.
The moments of time—oh, how tedious their fleeting
When out of thy presence and out of thy greeting;
Delaying the welcome that gladdens to fold me
While heart presses heart as again I behold thee.

Now the voice of thy greeting in fancy I hear—
Like soft "music at nightfall" it melts on the ear;
And the kiss of thy welcome seems sweeter by far
Than the breath of the rose caught by morning's pale star.
Oh! sad is my heart since the day when we parted,
And fresh as the dewdrop the tear that has started,
For true is the love and the faith we have plighted;
The rosebud of life, may it never be blighted!

Then hasten the hour when again I shall meet thee!
Thy kisses of welcome so fondly shall greet me;
And we'll tell of our love so fresh in its glory,
Nor ever grow weary of telling our story.
I'll come with sweet flowers from the vale and the mountain;
Thou'lt bathe them with kisses like dew from the fountain;
The breath of their fragrance, with sweetness surrounding.
Like the odors of morn when spring's smiles are abounding.

Thou'lt sing me the songs thou hast sung me so often,
And play me the airs that can charm while they soften,
And we'll live and we'll love till our locks are grown gray,
And our life shall go down like the twilight of day.
I'll come to thee darling, at eve and at morning;
I'll come to thee, loved one, nor give thee a warning,
I'll come to the heart that will beat with devotion
Till life sinks to rest in eternity's ocean.

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FATHER PHIL'S COLLECTION.—Samuel Lover.

Father Blake was more familiarly known by the name of Father Phil. By either title, or in whatever capacity, the worthy Father had great influence over his parish, and there was a free-and-easy way with him, even in doing the most solemn duties, which agreed wonderfully with the devil-may-care spirit of Paddy. Stiff and starched formality in any way is repugnant to the very nature of Irishmen. There are forms, it is true, and many in the Romish church, but they are not *cold* forms, but *attractive* rather, to a sensitive people; besides, I believe those very forms, when observed the least formally, are the most influential on the Irish.

With all his intrinsic worth, Father Phil was, at the same time, a strange man in exterior manners; for with an abundance of real piety, he had an abruptness of delivery, and a strange way of mixing up an occasional remark to his congregation in the midst of the celebration of the mass, which might well startle a stranger: but this very want of formality made him beloved by the people, and they would do ten times as much for Father Phil as for the severe Father Dominick.

On the Sunday in question Father Phil intended delivering an address to his flock from the altar, urging them to the necessity of bestirring themselves in the repairs of the chapel, which was in a very dilapidated condition, and at one end let in the rain through its worn-out thatch. A subscription was necessary; and to raise this among a very impoverished people was no easy matter. The weather happened to be unfavorable, which was very favorable to Father Phil's purpose, for the rain dropped its arguments through the roof upon the kneeling people below, in the most convincing manner; and as they endeavored to get out of the wet, they pressed round the altar as much as they could, for which they were reproved very smartly by his Reverence in the very midst of the mass. These interruptions occurred sometimes in the most serious places, producing a ludicrous effect, of which the worthy Father was quite unconscious, in his great anxiety to make the people repair the chapel.

A big woman was elbowing her way towards the rails of the altar and Father Phil, casting a sidelong glance at her, sent her to the right-about, while he interrupted his appeal to Heaven to address her thus:—

"*Agnus Dei*— You'd betther jump over the rails of the althar, I think. Go along out o' that, there's plenty o' room in the chapel below there—"

Then he would turn to the altar, and proceed with the service, till, turning again to the congregation, he perceived some fresh offender.

"*Orate, fratres!*— Will you mind what I say to you, and go along out o' that, there's room below there. Thrue for you, Mrs. Finn,—it's a shame for him to be thramplin' on you. Go along, Darby Casy, down there and kneel in the rain,—it's a pity you haven't a decent woman's cloak under you, indeed!—*Orate, fratres!*"

Then would the service proceed again, till the shuffling of feet edging out of the rain would disturb him, and casting a backward glance, he would say,—

"I hear you there,—can't you be quiet, and not be disturbin' my mass, you haythens?"

Again he proceeded, till the crying of a child interrupted him. He looked around quickly—

"You'd betther kill the child, I think, thramplin' on him, Lavery. Go out o' that,—your conduct is scandalous—*Dominus vobiscum!*"

Again he turned to pray, and after some time he made an interval in the service to address his congregation on the subject of the repairs, and produced a paper containing the names of subscribers to that pious work who had already contributed, by way of example to those who had not.

"Here it is," said Father Phil,—here it is, and no denying it,—down in black and white; but if they who give are down in black, how much blacker are those who have not given at all! But I hope they will be ashamed of themselves when I howld up those to honor who have contributed to the uphowlding of the house of God. And isn't it ashamed o' yourselves you ought to be, to lave His house in such a condition? and doesn't it rain a'most every Sunday, as if He wished to remind you of your duty?—a[illegible]'t [illegible]t to the skin a'most every Sunday! Oh, God is good [illegible]! to put you in mind of your duty, giving you such bitther cowlds that you are coughing and sneezin' every Sunday to that degree that you can't hear the blessed mass for a comfort and a benefit to you; and so you'll go on sneezin' until you put a good thatch on the place, and prevent the appearance of the evidence from Heaven against you every Sunday, which is condemning you before your faces, and behind your backs too, for don't I see this minute a strame o' wather that might turn a mill running down Micky Mackavoy's back, between the collar of his coat and his shirt?"

Here a laugh ensued at the expense of Micky Mackavoy, who certainly *was* under a very heavy drip from the imperfect roof.

"And is it laughin' you are, you haythens?" said Father Phil, reproving the merriment which he himself had purposely created, *that he might reprove it.* "Laughin' is it you are, at your backslidings and insensibility to the honor of God,—laughin' because when you come here to be saved, you

are lost entirely with the wet; and how, I ask you, are my words of comfort to enter your hearts when the rain is pouring down your backs at the same time? Sure I have no chance of turning your hearts while you are undher rain that might turn a mill,—but once put a good roof on the house, and I will inundate you with piety! Maybe it's Father Dominick you would like to have coming among you, who would grind your hearts to powdher with his heavy words." (Here a low murmur of dissent ran through the throng.) "Ha! ha! so you wouldn't like it, I see,—very well, very well,—take care then, for if I find you insensible to my moderate reproofs, you hard-hearted haythens, you malefacthors and cruel persecuthors, that wont put your hands in your pockets because your mild and quiet poor fool of a pasthor has no tongue in his head! I say, your mild, quiet, poor fool of a pasthor, (for I know my own faults partly, God forgive me!) and I can't spake to you as you deserve, you hard-living vagabonds, that are as insensible to your duties as you are to the weather. I wish it was sugar or salt that you were made of, and then the rain might melt you if *I* couldn't; but no, them naked rafthers grins in your face to no purpose,—you chate the house of God,—but take care, maybe you wont chate the divil so aisy." (Here there was a sensation.) "Ha! ha! that makes you open your ears, does it? More shame for you; you ought to despise that dirty enemy of man, and depend on something better,—but I see I must call you to a sense of your situation with the bottomless pit undher you, and no roof over you. O dear! dear! dear! I'm ashamed of you—throth, if I had time and sthraw enough, I'd rather thatch the place myself than lose my time talking to you; sure the place is more like a stable than a chapel. Oh, think of that! —the house of God to be like a stable!—for though our Redeemer was born in a stable, that is no reason why you are to keep his house always like one.

"And now I will read you the list of subscribers, and it will make you ashamed when you hear the names of several good and worthy Protestants in the parish, and out of it, too, who have given more than the Catholics."

He then proceeded to read the following list, which he interlarded copiously with observations of his own; making *viva voce* marginal notes as it were upon the subscribers, which were not unfrequently answered by the persons so noticed, from the body of the chapel, and laughter was often the consequence of these rejoinders, which Father Phil never permitted to pass without a retort. Nor must all this be considered in the least irreverent. A certain period is allowed between two particular portions of the mass, when the priest may address his congregation on any public matter, an approaching pattern, or fair, or the like, in which exhortations to propriety of conduct, or warnings against faction, fights,

&c., are his themes. Then they only listen in reverence. But when a subscription for such an object as that already mentioned is under discussion, the flock consider themselves entitled to "put in a word" in case of necessity. This preliminary hint is given to the reader, that he may better enter into the spirit of Father Phil's

SUBSCRIPTION LIST

FOR THE REPAIRS AND ENLARGEMENT OF BALLYSLOUGHGUTTHERY CHAPEL.

PHILIP BLAKE, P. P.

Micky Hickey, £0 7*s.* 6*d.* "He might as well have made it ten shillings; but half a loaf is betther than no bread."

"Plaze your Reverence," says Mick, from the body of the chapel, "sure seven and sixpence is more than the half of ten shillings." (A laugh.)

"Oh, how witty you are! Faith, if you knew your prayers as well as your arithmetic, it would be betther for you, Micky."

Here the Father turned the laugh against Mick.

Billy Riley, £0 3*s.* 4*d.* Of course he means to subscribe again?"

John Dwyer, £0 15*s.* 0*d.* "That's something like! I'll be bound he's only keeping back the odd five shillings for a brush full o' paint for the althar; it's as black as a crow, instead o' being as a dove."

He then hurried over rapidly some small subscribers as follows:—

Peter Hefferman, £0 1*s.* 8*d.*
James Murphy, £0 2*s.* 6*d.*
Mat Donovan, £0 1*s.* 3*d.*
Luke Dannely, £0 3*s.* 0*d.*
Jack Quigly, £0 2*s.* 1*d.*
Pat Finnegan, £0 2*s.* 2*d.*

EDWARD O'CONNOR, Esq., £2 0*s* 0*d.* "There's for you! Edward O'Connor, Esq.,—*a Protestant in the parish*,—two pounds."

"Long life to him!" cried a voice in the chapel.

"Amen!" said Father Phil; "I'm not ashamed to be clerk to so good a prayer."

Nicholas Fagan, £0 2*s.* 6*d.*

Young Nicholas Fagan, £0 5*s.* 0*d.* "Young Nick is betther than owld Nick, you see."

Tim Doyle, £0 7*s.* 6*d.*

Owny Doyle, £1 0*s.* 0*d.* "Well done, Owny na Coppal,—you deserve to prosper, for you make good use of your thrivings."

Simon Leary, £0 2*s.* 6*d.*; Bridget Murphy, £0 10*s.* 0*d.* "You ought to be ashamed o' yourself, Simon: a lone widow-woman gives more than you."

Simon answered, "I have a large family, sir, and she has no childher."

"That's not her fault," said the priest,—"and maybe she'll mend o' that yet." This excited much merriment, for the widow was buxom, and had recently buried an old husband, and by all accounts, was cocking her cap at a handsome young fellow in the parish.

Jude Moylan, £0 5*s.* 0*d.* "Very good, Judy, the women are behaving like gentlemen; they'll have their reward in the next world."

Pat Finnerty, £0 8*s.* 4*d.* "I'm not sure if it is 8*s.* 4*d.* or 3*s.* 4*d.*, for the figure is blotted, but I believe it is 8*s.* 4*d.*"

"It was three and fourpince I gave your Reverence," said Pat from the crowd.

"Well, Pat, as I said eight and fourpence, you must not let me go back o' my word, so bring me five shillings next week."

"Sure, you wouldn't have me pay for a blot, sir?"

"Yis, I would,—that's the rule of backgammon, you know, Pat. When I hit the mark, you pay for it."

Here his Reverence turned around, as if looking for some one, and called out, "Rafferty! Rafferty! Rafferty! Where are you, Rafferty?"

An old gray-headed man appeared, bearing a large plate, and Father Phil continued,—

"There now, be active—I'm sending him among you, good people, and such as cannot give as much as you would like to be read before your neighbors, give what little you can towards the repairs, and I will continue to read out the names by way of encouragement to you,—and the next name I see is that of Squire Egan. Long life to him!"

Squire Egan, £5 0*s.* 0*d.* "Squire Egan—five pounds—listen to that—*a Protestant in the parish*—five pounds! Faith, the Protestants will make you ashamed of yourselves if you don't take care."

Mrs. Flanagan, £2 0*s.* 0*d.* "Not her own parish, either,—a fine lady."

James Milligan of Roundtown, £1 0*s.* 0*d.* "And here I must remark that the people of Roundtown have not been backward in coming forward on this occasion. I have a long list from Roundtown,—I will read it separate." He then proceeded at a great pace, jumbling the town and the pounds and the people in the most extraordinary manner: "James Milligan of Roundtown, one pound; Darby Daly of Roundtown, one pound; Sam Finnegan of Roundtown, one pound; James Casey of Roundpound, one town; Kit Dwyer of Townpound, one round—pound, I mane; Pat Roundpound—Pounden, I mane—Pat Pounden a pound of Poundtown also—there's an example for you!—

"But what are you about, Rafferty? I don't like the sound of that plate of yours,—you are not a good gleaner,—go up first into the gallery there, where I see so many good-looking bonnets,—I suppose they will give something to keep their bonnets out of the rain, for the wet will be into the gallery next Sunday if they don't. I think that is Kitty Crow I see, getting her bit of silver ready; them ribbons of yours cost a thrifle, Kitty— Well, good Christians, here is more of the subscription for you."

Matthew Lavery, £0 2*s.* 6*d.* "*He* doesn't belong to Roundtown,—Roundtown will be renowned in future ages for the support of the church. Mark my words! Roundtown will prosper from this day out,—Roundtown will be a rising place."

Mark Hennessy, £0 2*s.* 6*d.*; Luke Clancy, £0 2*s.* 6*d.*; John Doolin, £0 2*s.* 6*d.* "One would think they had all agreed only to give two and sixpence apiece. And they comfortable men, too! And look at their names,—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,—the names of the blessed Evangelists, and only ten shillings among them! Oh, they are apostles not worthy the name,—we'll call them the poor apostles from this out!" (Here a low laugh ran through the chapel.) "Do you hear that, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John? Faith! I can tell you that name will stick to you." (Here the laugh was louder.)

A voice, when the laugh subsided, exclaimed, "I'll make it ten shillin's, your Reverence."

"Who's that?" said Father Phil.

"Hennessy, your Reverence."

"Very well, Mark. I suppose Matthew, Luke, and John will follow your example?"

"We will, your Reverence."

"Ha! I thought you made a mistake; we'll call you now the faithful apostles,—and I think the change in your name is better than seven and sixpence apiece to you."

"I see you in the gallery there, Rafferty. What do you pass that well-dressed woman for? thry back—Ha! see that, she had her money ready if you only asked her for it,—don't go by that other woman there— Oh, ho! So you won't give anything, ma'am? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. There is a woman with an elegant sthraw bonnet, and she wont give a farthing. Well now, afther that, remember,—I give it from the althar, that from this day out sthraw bonnets pay fi'penny pieces."

Thomas Durfy, Esq., £1 0*s.* 0*d.* "It's not his parish, and he's a brave gentleman."

Miss Fanny Dawson, £1 0*s.* 0*d.* "*A Protestant out of the parish*, and a sweet young lady, God bless her! Oh faith, the Protestants is shaming you!"

Dennis Fannin, £0 7*s.* 6*d.* "Very good indeed, for a working mason."

Jemmy Riley, £0 ×5*s.* 0*d.* "Not bad for a hedge carpenther."

"I gave you ten, plaze your Reverence." shouted Jemmy; "and by the same token, you may remember it was on the Nativity of the blessed Vargin, sir, I gave you the second five shillin's."

"So you did, Jemmy," cried Father Phil, "I put a little cross before it, to remind me of it; but I was in a hurry to make a sick call when you gave it to me, and forgot it afther: and indeed myself doesn't know what I did with that same five shillings."

Here a pallid woman, who was kneeling near the rails of the altar, uttered an impassioned blessing, and exclaimed, "Oh, that was the very five shillings, I'm sure, you gave to me that very day, to buy some little comforts for my poor husband, who was dying in the fever!" and the poor woman burst into loud sobs as she spoke.

A deep thrill of emotion ran through the flock as this accidental proof of their poor pastor's beneficence burst upon them; and as an affectionate murmur began to rise above the silence which that emotion produced, the burly Father Philip blushed like a girl at this publication of his charity, and even at the foot of that altar where he stood, felt something like shame in being discovered in the commission of that virtue so highly commended by the Providence to whose worship that altar was raised. He uttered a hasty "Whisht, whisht!" and waved with his outstretched hands his flock into silence.

In an instant one of those sudden changes so common to an Irish assembly, and scarcely credible to a stranger, took place. The multitude was hushed, the grotesque of the subscription list had passed away and was forgotten, and that same man and that same multitude stood in altered relations,—*they* were again a reverent flock, and *he* once more a solemn pastor; the natural play of his nation's mirthful sarcasm was absorbed in a moment in the sacredness of his office; and, with a solemnity befitting the highest occasion, he placed his hands together before his breast, and, raising his eyes to heaven, he poured forth his sweet voice, with a tone of the deepest devotion, in that reverential call for prayer, "*Orate, fratres!*"

The sound of a multitude gently kneeling down followed, like the soft breaking of a quiet sea on a sandy beach; and when Father Philip turned to the altar to pray, his pent-up feelings found vent in tears, and while he prayed he wept.

I believe such scenes as this are of not unfrequent occurrence in Ireland,—that country so long suffering, so much maligned, and so little understood.

O rulers of Ireland! why have you not sooner learned to *lead* that people by love, whom all your severity has been unable to *drive?*

BY THE ALMA RIVER.—Miss Mulock.

Willie, fold your little hands;
  Let it drop, that "soldier" toy;
Look where father's picture stands,—
  Father, who here kissed his boy
Not two months since,—father kind,
Who this night may— Never mind
Mother's sob, my Willie dear,
Call aloud that He may hear
Who is God of battles; say,
"Oh, keep father safe this day
    By the Alma River!"

Ask no more, child. Never heed
  Either Russ, or Frank, or Turk,
Right of nations, or of creed,
  Chance-poised victory's bloody work
Any flag i' the wind may roll
On thy heights, Sebastopol;
Willie, all to you and me
Is that spot, where'er it be,
Where he stands—no other word!
Stands: God sure the child's prayer heard
    By the Alma River.

Willie, listen to the bells
  Ringing through the town to-day:
That's for victory. Ah, no knells
  For the many swept away,—
Hundreds, thousands! Let us weep,
We who need not,—just to keep
Reason steady in my brain
Till the morning comes again,
Till the third dread morning tell
Who they were that fought and *fell*
    By the Alma River.

Come, we'll lay us down, my child;
  Poor the bed is, poor and hard:
Yet thy father, far exiled,
  Sleeps upon the open sward,
Dreaming of us two at home;
Or beneath the starry dome
Digs out trenches in the dark,
Where he buries—Willie, mark—
Where *he buries* those who died
Fighting bravely at his side
    By the Alma River.

Willie, Willie, go to sleep,
  God will keep us, O my boy!
He will make the dull hours creep
  Faster, and send news of joy,
When I need not shrink to meet
Those dread placards in the street,
Which for weeks will ghastly stare
In some eyes— Child, say thy prayer
Once again,—a different one:
Say, "O God, thy will be done
  By the Alma River!"

THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.—J. G. Whittier.

Look on him!—through his dungeon grate
  Feebly and cold, the morning light
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,
  As if it loathed the sight.
Reclining on his strawy bed,
His hand upholds his drooping head—
His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard,
Unshorn his gray, neglected beard;
And o'er his bony fingers flow
His long, disheveled locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,
  And yet the winter's breath is chill;
And o'er his half-clad person goes
  The frequent ague thrill!
Silent, save ever and anon,
A sound, half murmur and half groan,
Forces apart the painful grip
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip;
Oh, sad and crushing is the fate
Of old age chained and desolate!

Just God! why lies that old man there?
  A murderer shares his prison bed,
Whose eye-balls, through his horrid hair,
  Gleam on him, fierce and red;
And the rude oath and heartless jeer
Fall ever on his loathing ear,
And, or in wakefulness or sleep,
Nerve, flesh, and pulses thrill and creep
Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,
Crimson with murder, touches him.

What has the gray-haired prisoner done?
  Has murder stained his hands with gore?

Not so; his crime's a fouler one;
GOD MADE THE OLD MAN POOR!
For this he shares a felon's cell—
The fittest earthly type of hell!
For this, the boon for which he poured
His young blood on the invader's sword,
And counted light the fearful cost,—
His blood-gained liberty is lost!

And so, for such a place of rest,
Old prisoner, dropped thy blood as rain
On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,
And Saratoga's plain?
Look forth, thou man of many scars,
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars;
It must be joy, in sooth, to see
Yon monument upreared to thee—
Piled granite and a prison cell,—
The land repays thy service well!

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle-shout:
Let boastful eloquence declaim
Of honor, liberty, and fame;
Still let the poet's strain be heard,
With glory for each second word,
And every thing with breath agree
To praise "our glorious liberty!"

But when the patron cannon jars
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,
And through its grates the stripes and stars
Rise on the wind and fall—
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
Rejoices in the general cheer?
Think ye his dim and failing eye
Is kindled at your pageantry?
Sorrowing of soul, and chained of limb,
What is your carnival to him?

Down with the LAW that binds him thus!
Unworthy freemen, let it find
No refuge from the withering curse
Of God and human kind!
Open the prison's living tomb,
And usher from its brooding gloom
The victims of your savage code,
To the free sun and air of God;
No longer dare as crime to brand
The chastening of the Almighty's hand.

PULPIT ORATORY.—Daniel Dougherty.

The daily work of the pulpit is not to convince the judgment, but to touch the heart. We all know it is our duty to love our Creator and serve him, but the aim is to make mankind do it. It is not enough to convert our belief to Christianity, but to turn our souls towards God. Therefore the preacher will find in the armory of the feelings the weapons with which to defend against sin, assail Satan and achieve the victory, the fruits of which shall never perish. And oh, how infinite the variety, how inexhaustible the resources, of this armory! how irresistible the weapons, when grasped by the hand of a master!

Every passion of the human heart, every sentiment that sways the soul, every action or character in the vast realms of history or the boundless world about us, the preacher can summon obedient to his command. He can paint in vivid colors the last hours of the just man—all his temptations and trials over, he smilingly sinks to sleep, to awake amid the glories of the eternal morn. He can tell the pampered man of ill-gotten gold that the hour draws nigh when he shall feel the cold and clammy hand of Death, and that all his wealth cannot buy him from the worm. He can drag before his hearers the slimy hypocrite, tear from his heart his secret crimes and expose his damnable villainy to the gaze of all. He can appeal to the purest promptings of the Christian heart, the love of God and hatred of sin. He can depict the stupendous and appalling truth that the Saviour from the highest throne in heaven descended, and here, on earth, assumed the form of fallen man, and for us died on the cross like a malefactor. He can startle and awe-strike his hearers as he descants on the terrible justice of the Almighty in hurling from heaven Lucifer and his apostate legions; in letting loose the mighty waters until they swallowed the wide earth and every living thing, burying the highest mountains in the universal deluge, shadows of the coming of that awful day for which all other days are made. He can roll back the sky as a scroll, and, ascending to heaven, picture its ecstatic joys, where seraphic voices tuned in celes-

tial harmony sing their canticles of praise. He can dive into the depths of hell and describe the howling and gnashing of teeth of the damned, chained in its flaming caverns, *ever* burning yet *never* consumed. He can, in a word, in *imagination*, assume the sublime attributes of the Deity, and, as the supreme mercy and goodness, make tears of contrition start and stream from every eye; or, armed with the dread prerogatives of the inexorable judge, with the lightning of his wrath strike unrepentant souls until sinners sink on their knees and quail as Felix quailed before St. Paul.

SIGNS AND OMENS.

An old gentleman, whose style was Germanized, was asked what he thought of signs and omens.

"Vell, I don't dinks mooch of dem dings, und I don't pelieve everydings; but I dells you somedimes dere is somedings ash dose dings. Now de oder night I sits und reads mine newspaper, und my frau she speak und say,—

"'Fritz, de dog ish howling!'

"Vell I don't dinks mooch of dem dings, und I goes on und reads mine baper, und mine frau she say,—

"'Fritz, dere is somedings pad is happen,—der dog ish howling!'

"Und den I gets hup mit mineself und look out troo de wines on de porch, und de moon was shinin, und mine leetle dog he shoomp right up und down like everydings, und he park at de moon, dat vash shine so bright ash never vas. Und ash I hauled mine het in de winder, de old voman she say,—

"'Mind, Fritz, I dells you dere ish some pad ish happen. *De dog ish howling!*'

"Vell, I goes to ped, und I shleeps, und all night long ven I vakes up dere vas dat dog howling outside, und ven I dream I hear dat howling vorsher ash never. Und in de morning I kits up und kits mine breakfast, und mine frau she looks at me und say, werry solemn,—

"'Fritz, dere is somedings pad is happen. De dog vas howl all night.'

"Und shoost den de newsbaper come in, und I opens him, und by shings, vot you dinks! *dere vas a man died in Philadelphia!*"

THE THREE FISHERS.—Charles Kingsley.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west—
  Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
  And the children stood watching them out of the town,
For men must work, and women must weep;
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
  Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
  And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
  And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
  And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
  In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
  For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,—
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,—
  And good-by to the bar and its moaning.

COUNT CANDESPINA'S STANDARD.—Geo. H. Boker.

"The King of Aragon now entered Castile, by way of Soria and Osma, with a powerful army; and, having been met by the queen's forces, both parties encamped near Sepulveda, and prepared to give battle.

"This engagement, called, from the field where it took place, (de la Espina,) is one of the most famous of that age. The dastardly Count of Lara fled at the first shock, and joined the queen at Burgos, where she was anxiously awaiting the issue; but the brave Count of Candespina (Gomez Gonzalez) stood his ground to the last, and died on the field of battle. His standard-bearer, a gentleman of the house of Olea, after having his horse killed under him, and both hands cut off by sabre-strokes, fell beside his master, still clasping the standard in his arms and repeating his war-cry of 'Olea!'"—Annals of the Queens of Spain.

Scarce were the splintered lances dropped,
  Scarce were the swords drawn out,
Ere recreant Lara, sick with fear,
  Had wheeled his steed about:

His courser reared, and plunged, and neighed,
  Loathing the fight to yield;
But the coward spurred him to the bone,
  And drove him from the field.

Gonzalez in his stirrups rose:
"Turn, turn, thou traitor knight!
Thou bold tongue in a lady's bower,
Thou dastard in a fight!"

But vainly valiant Gomez cried
Across the waning fray:
Pale Lara and his craven band
To Burgos scoured away.

"Now, by the God above me, sirs,
Better we all were dead,
Than a single knight among ye all
Should ride where Lara led!

"Yet ye who fear to follow me,
As yon traitor turn and fly;
For I lead ye not to win a field;
I lead ye forth to die.

"Olea, plant my standard here—
Here on this little mound;
Here raise the war-cry of thy house,
Make this our rallying ground.

"Forget not, as thou hop'st for grace,
The last care I shall have
Will be to hear thy battle-cry,
And see that standard wave."

Down on the ranks of Aragon
The bold Gonzalez drove,
And Olea raised his battle-cry,
And waved the flag above.

Slowly Gonzalez' little band
Gave ground before the foe;
But not an inch of the field was won
Without a deadly blow;

And not an inch of the field was won
That did not draw a tear
From the widowed wives of Aragon,
That fatal news to hear.

Backward and backward Gomez fought,
And high o'er the clashing steel,
Plainer and plainer rose the cry,
"Olea for Castile!"

Backward fought Gomez, step by step,
Till the cry was close at hand,
Till his dauntless standard shadowed him,
And there he made his stand.

Mace, sword, and axe rang on his mail,
Yet he moved not where he stood,
Though each gaping joint of armor ran
A stream of purple blood.

As, pierced with countless wounds, he fell,
The standard caught his eye,
And he smiled, like an infant hushed asleep,
To hear the battle-cry.

Now one by one the wearied knights
Have fallen, or basely flown;
And on the mound where his post was fixed
Olea stood alone.

"Yield up thy banner, gallant knight!
Thy lord lies on the plain;
Thy duty has been nobly done;
I would not see thee slain."

"Spare pity, King of Aragon!
I would not hear thee lie:
My lord is looking down from heaven
To see his standard fly."

"Yield, madman, yield! thy horse is down,
Thou hast nor lance nor shield;
Fly!—I will grant thee time." "This flag
Can neither fly nor yield!"

They girt the standard round about,
A wall of flashing steel;
But still they heard the battle-cry,
"Olea for Castile!"

And there, against all Aragon,
Full-armed with lance and brand,
Olea fought until the sword
Snapped in his sturdy hand.

Among the foe with that high scorn
Which laughs at earthly fears,
He hurled the broken hilt, and drew
His dagger on the spears.

They hewed the hauberk from his breast,
The hemlet from his head;
They hewed the hands from off his limbs;
From every vein he bled.

Clasping the standard to his heart,
He raised one dying peal,
That rang as if a trumpet blew,—
"Olea for Castile!"

MY FRIEND'S SECRET.—B. P. Shillaber.

I found my friend in his easy chair,
With his heart and his head undisturbed by a care;
The smoke of a Cuba outpoured from his lips,
His face like the moon in a semi-eclipse;
His feet, in slippers, as high as his nose,
And his chair tilted back to a classical pose.

I marveled much such contentment to see—
The secret whereof I begged he'd give me.
He puffed away with re-animate zest,
As though with an added jollity blest;—
"I'll tell you my friend," said he in a pause,
"What is the very 'identical' cause.

"Don't fret!—Let this be the first rule of your life;—
Don't fret with your children, don't fret with your wife;
Let every thing happen as happen it may,
Be cool as a cucumber every day;
If favorite of fortune or a thing of its spite,
Keep calm, and believe that all is just right.

"If you're blown up abroad or scolded at home,
Just make up your mind to let it all come;
If people revile you or pile on offence,
'Twill not make any odds a century hence;
For all the reviling that malice can fling,
A little philosophy softens the sting.

"Run never in debt, but pay as you go;
A man free from debt feels a heaven below;
He rests in a sunshine undimmed by a dun,
And ranks 'mid the favored as A No. 1.
It needs a great effort the spirit to brace
'Gainst the terror that dwells in a creditor's face.

"And this one resolve you should cherish like gold,
—It has ever my life and endeavor controlled,—
If fortune assail, and worst comes to worst,
And business proves bad, its bubbles all burst,
Be resolved, if disaster your plans circumvent,
That you will, if you fail, owe no man a cent."

There was Bunsby's deep wisdom revealed in his tone,
Though its depth was hard to fathom I own;
"For how can I fail," I said to myself,
"If to pay all my debts I have enough pelf?"
Then I scratched my sinciput, battling for light,
But gave up the effort, supposing 'twas right;
And herein give out, as my earnest intent,
Whenever I fail to owe no man a cent.

SNYDER'S NOSE.—"Our Fat Contributor."

Snyder kept a beer-saloon some years ago "over the Rhine." Snyder was a ponderous Teuton of very irascible temper,—"sudden and quick in quarrel,"—get mad in a minute. Nevertheless his saloon was a great resort for "the boys,"—partly because of the excellence of his beer, and partly because they liked to chafe "old Snyder" as they called him; for, although his bark was terrific, experience had taught them that he wouldn't bite.

One day Snyder was missing; and it was explained by his "frau," who "jerked "the beer that day that he had "gone out fishing mit der poys." The next day one of the boys, who was particularly fond of "roasting" old Snyder, dropped in to get a glass of beer, and discovered Snyder's nose, which was a big one at any time, swollen and blistered by the sun, until it looked like a dead-ripe tomato.

"Why, Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?" said the caller.

"I peen out fishing mit der poys," replied Snyder, laying his finger tenderly against his proboscis: "the sun it pese hot like ash never vas, und I purns my nose. Nice nose, don't it?" And Snyder viewed it with a look of comical sadness in the little mirror back of his bar. It entered at once into the head of the mischievous fellow in front of the bar to play a joke upon Snyder; so he went out and collected half a dozen of his comrades, with whom he arranged that they should drop in at the saloon one after another, and ask Snyder, "What's the matter with that nose?" to see how long he would stand it. The man who put up the job went in first with a companion, and seating themselves at a table called for beer. Snyder brought it to them; and the new-comer exclaimed as he saw him, "Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?"

"I yust dell your frient here I peen out fishin' mit der poys, ant de sun he purnt 'em—zwi lager—den cents—all right."

Another boy rushes in. "Halloo, boys, you're ahead of me this time: s'pose I'm in, though. Here, Snyder, bring me a glass of lager and a pret"—(appears to catch a sudden glimpse of Snyder's nose, looks wonderingly a moment, and

then bursts out laughing)—"ha! ha! ha! Why, Snyder,—ha!—ha!—what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder, of course, can't see any fun in having a burnt nose or having it laughed at; and he says, in a tone sternly emphatic,—

"I peen out fishin' mit der poys, unt de sun it yust ash hot ash blazes, unt I purnt my nose; dat ish all right."

Another tormentor comes in, and insists on "setting 'em up" for the whole house. "Snyder," says he, "fill up the boys' glasses, and take a drink yourse——ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! Snyder, wha—ha! ha!—what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder's brow darkens with wrath by this time, and his voice grows deeper and sterner,—

"I peen out fishin' mit der poys on the Leedle Miami. De sun pese hot like ash—vel, I purn my pugle. Now, that is more vot I don't got to say. Vot gind o' peseness? Dat ish all right; I purn my *own* nose, don't it?"

"Burn your nose,—burn all the hair off your head, for what I care; you needn't get mad about it."

It was evident that Snyder wouldn't stand more than one more tweak at that nose; for he was tramping about behind his bar, and growling like an exasperated old bear in his cage. Another one of his tormentors walks in. Some one sings out to him, "Have a glass of beer, Billy?"

"Don't care about any beer," says Billy, "but Snyder, you may give me one of your best ciga— Ha-a-a! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! he! he! he! ah-h-h-ha! ha! ha! ha! Why—why—Snyder—who—who—ha-ha! ha! what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder was absolutely fearful to behold by this time; his face was purple with rage, all except his nose, which glowed like a ball of fire. Leaning his ponderous figure far over the bar, and raising his arm aloft to emphasize his words with it, he fairly roared,—

"I peen out fishin' mit ter poys. The sun it pese hot like ash never vas. I purnt my nose. Now you no like dose nose, you yust take dose nose unt wr-wr-wr-wring your mean American finger mit em! That's the kind of man vot I am!" And Snyder was right.

A STRAY CHILD.—Eliza Sproat Turner.

The chill November day was done.
The working world home hieing:
The wind came roaring through the streets
And set the gas-lights flaring:
And hopelessly and aimlessly
The stared old leaves were flying:
When, mingled with the sighing wind,
I heard a small voice crying.

And shivering on the corner stood
A child of four, or over:
No cloak or hat her small, soft arms,
And wind blown curls to cover.
Her dimpled face was stained with tears;
Her round blue eyes ran over:
She cherished in her wee, cold hand,
A bunch of faded clover.

And one hand round her treasure while
She slipped in mine the other:
Half scared, half confidential, said,
"Oh! please, I want my mother!"
"Tell me your street and number, pet:
Don't cry. I'll take you to it."
Sobbing she answered, "I forget:
The organ made me do it.

"He came and played at Milly's steps,
The monkey took the money:
And so I followed down the street,
The monkey was so funny.
I've walked about a hundred hours,
From one street to another:
The monkey's gone, I've spoiled my flowers,
Oh! please, I want my mother."

"But what's your mother's name? and what
The street? Now think a minute."
"My mother's name is mamma dear—
The street—I can't begin it."
"But what is strange about the house,
Or new—not like the others?"
"I guess you mean my trundle bed.
Mine and my little brother's.

"Oh dear! I ought to be at home
To help him say his prayers.—

He's such a baby he forgets;
And we are both such players;—
And there's a bar to keep us both
From pitching on each other,
For Harry rolls when he's asleep:
Oh dear! I want my mother."

The sky grew stormy; people passed
All muffled, homeward faring:
"You'll have to spend the night with me,"
I said at last despairing.
I tied a kerchief round her neck—
"What ribbon's this, my blossom?"
"Why, don't you know?" she smiling, said,
And drew it from her bosom.

A card with number, street, and name;
My eyes astonished met it;
"For," said the little one, "you see
I might sometimes forget it:
And so I wear a little thing
That tells you all about it;
For mother says she's very sure
I should get lost without it."

WHEN THE TIDE GOES OUT.

Through the weary day on his couch he lay,
With the life tide ebbing slowly away,
And the dew on his cold brow gathering fast,
As the pendulum numbered moments passed.
And I heard a sad voice whispering say,
"When the tide goes out he will pass away.
Pray for a soul's serene release!
That the weary spirit may rest in peace,
When the tide goes out."

When the tide goes out from the sea-girt lands,
It bears strange freight from the gleaming sands:
The white-winged ships that silent wait
For the foaming wave, and a wind that's late;
The treasures cast on a rocky shore,
From the stranded ships that shall sail no more;
And hopes that follow the shining seas,
Oh! the ocean shall win all these
When the tide goes out.

But of all that drift from the shore to the sea,
Is the human soul to Eternity
Floating away from a silent shore,
Like a fated ship to return no more,
Saddest, most solemn of all;—a soul,
Pausing where unknown waters roll.
Where shall the surging current tend,
Slowly drifting friend from friend,
When the tide goes out.

For our parting spirit pray, oh! pray,
While the tide of life is ebbing away,
That the soul may pass o'er sunnier seas
Than clasped of old the Hesperides.
A bark whose sails by angel hands
Shall be furled on a strand of golden sands:
And the friends that stand on a silent shore
Knowing that we shall return no more,
Shall wish us joy of a voyage fair,
With calm, sweet skies and a favoring air,
When the tide goes out.

CALLING A BOY IN THE MORNING.

The Connecticut editor who wrote the following, evidently knew what he was talking about:—

Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of "pastimes," especially if the boy is fond of exercise the day before. And it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is getting him into it. There is rarely a mother who is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this; so do their boys. And yet the mother *seems* to go at it in the right way. She opens the stair-door and insinuatingly observes, "Johnny." There is no response. "Johnny." Still no response. Then there is a short, sharp, "John," followed a moment later by a long and emphatic "John Henry." A grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made; and the mother is encouraged to add, "You'd better be getting down here to your breakfast, young man, before I come up there, an' give you something you'll feel." This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again.

And the operation has to be repeated several times. A father knows nothing about this trouble. He merely opens his mouth as a soda-bottle ejects its cork, and the "John Henry" that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into that boy like electricity, and pierces the deepest recesses of his nature. And he pops out of that bed and into his clothes, and down the stairs, with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once a year is believed to be as often as is consistent with the rules of health. He saves his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness.

HER LETTER.—Bret Harte.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even *you* would admire,—
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue:
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;
I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich,—when he grows up,—
And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
"And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"
"And isn't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
"And aren't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes,—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand,—
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand,—

If you saw papa's picture, as taken
  By Brady, and tinted at that,—
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
  And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
  In the glare of the grand chandelier,—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
  The "finest *soiree* of the year,"—
In the mists of a *gauze de Chambery*,
  And the hum of the smallest of talk,—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry,"
  And the dance that we had on "The Fork";

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
  Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
  And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
  Of the dress of my queer *vis-a-vis;*
And how I once went down the middle
  With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
  On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
  From under their bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride,—that to me was the rarest;
  Of—the something you said at the gate,—
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
  To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
  To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
  That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,
  And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
  The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
  (Mamma says my taste still is low,)
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
  I'm spooning on Joseph,—heigh-ho!
And I'm to be "finished" by travel,—
  Whatever's the meaning of that,—
Oh! why did papa strike pay gravel
  In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good night,—here's the end of my paper;
Good night,—if the longitude please,—
For maybe, while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you've struck it,—on Poverty Flat.

THE TIME FOR PRAYER.

When is the time for prayer?
With the first beams that light the morning sky
Ere for the toils of day thou dost prepare,
Lift up thy thoughts on high;
Commend thy loved ones to His watchful care:
Morn is the time for prayer.

And in the noontide hour,
If worn by toil, or by sad cares oppressed,
Then unto God thy spirit's sorrow pour,
And He will give thee rest;
Thy voice shall reach Him through the fields of air:
Noon is the time for prayer.

When the bright sun hath set,
While eve's bright colors deck the skies;
When with the loved at home again thou'st met,
Then let thy prayers arise
For those who in thy joys and sorrows share:
Eve is the time for prayer.

And when the stars come forth—
When to the trusting heart sweet hopes are given,
And the deep stillness of the hour gives birth
To pure bright dreams of heaven,
Kneel to thy God—ask strength, life's ills to bear:
Night is the time for prayer.

When is the time for prayer?
In *every hour*, while life is spared to thee;
In crowds or solitude, in joy or care,
Thy thoughts should heavenward flee!
At home, at morn and eve, with loved ones there,
Bend thou the knee in prayer.

THE DOUBLE SACRIFICE.—Arthur Wm. Austin.

"And so thou say'st, my brother, to-morrow the end shall be,
And I must perish amid the flames of the awful *auto-da-fe!*

"Thus let it be; for 'tis well to die, that the word of the Lord may live:
O blessed Jesu! be near to the last, that I, like thee, may forgive."

On the damp dungeon-floor she knelt, and prayed in a tremulous voice
For strength to endure the fiery trial, and faith to retain her choice;

While the cowléd priest stood mute, and gazed through the strong bars, yellow with rust,
And trembled, as in her pallid face he read an unfaltering trust.

At last he whispered, "O sister mine! recant ere it be too late.
In the youthful bloom of a beautiful life, why choose ye so cruel a fate?

"Renounce thine heresies even now, and the condemnation dire
Of the Inquisition shall be revoked,—the torturing death by fire!

"O sister beloved! remember well, thou art last of our kin and race:
The name of our father is dear to the land; shall it fade in this cloud of disgrace?

"Great Galileo at Rome hath knelt, and abjured his errors vain:
Why do ye not even as he hath done, while the way of escape is plain?"

So pleaded the priest, though he knew for nought, as she rose in the dismal gloom,
Possessed of the hope and the peace not of earth, fixed far beyond terror of doom.

More beautiful then, in her strength of soul, she seemed than whenever of old,
She had graced the palace or regal court, radiant with jewels and gold.

No lady of all the wide kingdom of Spain, from the Pyrenees to the sea,
Might boast of a lineage prouder than hers, or a name from reproach more free.

And he, the priest, though a soldier bred, yet forced from the glory and strife,
For the solemn peace and the sacred vows of the stern monastic life.

And she answered him, "I will never renounce the priceless vows of my faith,
But brave the impotent curse of the Church, and choose the heretic's death!

"Thou servest the Church; but I serve Him whose temple is built above,
And will die as the martyred saints of old, for the sake of the truth I love."

The hour had come; and they led her forth, in the yellow robe arrayed;
And she stood among the group of the doomed, still fearless and undismayed.

And she saw not the eager multitude, nor the king enthroned on high,
Nor the stern Inquisitors, robed in black, who had judged her worthy to die.

They bound her fast to the fatal stake, and piled the fagots around,
Then paused till the solemn chant had ceased, and the signal of doom should sound.

Then the flames burst forth, and the smoke rolled high, and blinded her lifted eyes;
And she murmured in agony, "Courage, O soul! thou hast almost gained the prize!"

And he who had stood at the dungeon-door, and strove to save her in vain,
When he saw her thus in the grasp of death, swift madness seized his brain.

With the strong resolve of a frenzied hope, he sprang in the midst of the fire,
Which rose and leaped like a wrathful fiend, hissing with baleful ire.

Too late, alas! the vengeful flame withered the outstretched hand,
And the two freed souls *together* passed into the spirit land!

THE SARACEN BROTHERS.

Attendant. A stranger craves admittance to your highness.
Saladin. Whence comes he?
Atten. That I know not.
Enveloped with a vestment of strange form,
His countenance is hidden; but his step,
His lofty port, his voice in vain disguised,
Proclaim—if that I dare pronounce it—
Sal. Whom?
Atten. Thy royal brother!
Sal. Bring him instantly. [*Exit* ATTENDANT.
Now, with his specious, smooth, persuasive tongue,
Fraught with some wily subterfuge, he thinks
To dissipate my anger. He shall die.
[*Enter* ATTENDANT *and* MALEK ADHEL.
Leave us together. [*Exit* ATTENDANT.] [*Aside.*] I should know that form.
Now summon all thy fortitude, my soul,
Nor though thy blood cry for him, spare the guilty!
[*Aloud.*] Well, stranger, speak; but first unveil thyself,
For Saladin must view the form that fronts him.
Malek Adhel. Behold it, then!
Sal. I see a traitor's visage.
Mal. Ad. A brother's!
Sal. No! Saladin owns no kindred with a villain.
Mal. Ad. Oh, patience, Heaven! Had any tongue but thine
Uttered that word, it ne'er should speak another.
Sal. And why not now? Can this heart be more pierced
By Malek Adhel's sword than by his deeds?
Oh, thou hast made a desert of this bosom!
For open candor, planted sly disguise;
For confidence, suspicion; and the glow
Of generous friendship, tenderness, and love,
Forever banished! Whither can I turn,
When he by blood, by gratitude, by faith,
By every tie, bound to support, forsakes me?
Who, who can stand, when Malek Adhel falls?
Henceforth I turn me from the sweets of love:
The smiles of friendship, and this glorious world,
In which all find some heart to rest upon,
Shall be to Saladin a cheerless void,—
His brother has betrayed him!
Mal. Ad. Thou art softened;
I am thy brother, then; but late thou saidst———
My tongue can never utter the base title!
Sal. Was it traitor? True!
Thou hast betrayed me in my fondest hopes!
Villain? 'Tis just; the title is appropriate!

Dissembler? 'Tis not written in thy face;
No, nor imprinted on that specious brow;
But on this breaking heart the name is stamped,
Forever stamped, with that of Malek Adhel!
Think'st thou I'm softened? By Mohammed! these hands
Should crush these aching eyeballs, ere a tear
Fall from them at thy fate! O monster, monster!
The brute that tears the infant from its nurse
Is excellent to thee, for in his form
The impulse of his nature may be read;
But thou, so beautiful, so proud, so noble,
Oh! what a wretch art thou! Oh! can a term
In all the various tongues of man be found
To match thy infamy?
Mal. Ad. Go on! go on!
'Tis but a little while to hear thee, Saladin;
And, bursting at thy feet, this heart will prove
Its penitence, at least.
Sal. That were an end
Too noble for a traitor! The bowstring is
A more appropriate finish! Thou shalt die!
Mal. Ad. And death were welcome at another's mandate!
What, what have I to live for? Be it so,
If that, in all thy armies, can be found
An executing hand.
Sal. Oh! doubt it not!
They're eager for the office. Perfidy,
So black as thine, effaces from their minds,
All memory of thy former excellence.
Mal. Ad. Defer not then their wishes. Saladin,
If e'er this form was joyful to thy sight,
This voice seemed grateful to thine ear, accede
To my last prayer:—Oh! lengthen not this scene,
To which the agonies of death were pleasing!
Let me die speedily!
Sal. This very hour!
[*Aside.*] For, oh! the more I look upon that face,
The more I hear the accents of that voice,
The monarch softens, and the judge is lost
In all the brother's weakness; yet such guilt,—
Such vile ingratitude,—it calls for vengeance;
And vengeance it shall have! What, ho! who waits there?
[*Enter* ATTENDANT.
Atten. Did your highness call?
Sal. Assemble quickly
My forces in the court! Tell them they come
To view the death of yonder bosom-traitor!
And bid them mark, that he who will not spare
His brother when he errs, expects obedience,
Silent obedience, from his followers. [*Exit* ATTENDANT.

Mal. Ad. Now, Saladin,
The word is given, I have nothing more
To fear from thee, my brother. I am not
About to crave a miserable life.
Without thy love, thy honor, thy esteem,
Life were a burden to me. Think not, either,
The justice of thy sentence I would question!
But one request now trembles on my tongue,—
One wish still clinging round the heart, which soon
Not even that shall torture,—will it, then,
Think'st thou, thy slumbers render quieter,
Thy waking thoughts more pleasing, to reflect,
That when thy voice had doomed a brother's death
The last request which e'er was his to utter,
Thy harshness made him carry to the grave?
Sal. Speak, then; but ask thyself if thou hast reason
To look for much indulgence here.
Mal. Ad. I have not!
Yet will I ask for it. We part forever;
This is our last farewell; the king is satisfied;
The judge has spoke the irrevocable sentence.
None sees, none hears, save that omniscient Power,
Which, trust me, will not frown to look upon
Two brothers part like such. When in the face
Of forces once my own, I'm led to death,
Then be thine eye unmoistened; let thy voice
Then speak my doom untrembling: then
Unmoved, behold this stiff and blackened corse;
But now I ask—nay, turn not, Saladin!—
I ask one single pressure of thy hand;
From that stern eye one solitary tear—
Oh! torturing recollection!—one kind word
From the loved tongue which once breathed naught but kindness.
Still silent? Brother! friend! beloved companion
Of all my youthful sports!—are they forgotten?
Strike me with deafness, make me blind, O Heaven!
Let me not see this unforgiving man
Smile at my agonies! nor hear that voice
Pronounce my doom, which would not say one word,
One little word, whose cherished memory
Would soothe the struggles of departing life!
Yet, yet thou wilt! Oh, turn thee, Saladin!
Look on my face—thou canst not spurn me then;
Look on the once-loved face of Malek Adhel
For the last time, and call him—
Sal. [*seizing his hand.*] Brother! brother!
Mal. Ad. [*breaking away.*] Now call thy followers.
Death has not now a single pang in store. Proceed! I'm ready.

Sal. Oh! art thou ready to forgive, my brother?
To pardon him who found one single error,
One little failing, 'mid a splendid throng
Of glorious qualities—
Mal. Ad. Oh, stay thee, Saladin!
I did not ask for life. I only wished
To carry thy forgiveness to the grave.
No, Emperor, the loss of Cesarea
Cries loudly for the blood of Malek Adhel.
Thy soldiers, too, demand that he who lost
What cost them many a weary hour to gain,
Should expiate his offences with his life.
Lo! even now they crowd to view my death,
Thy just impartiality. I go!
Pleased by my fate to add one other leaf
To thy proud wreath of glory. [*Going.*
Sal. Thou shalt not. [*Enter* ATTENDANT.
Atten. My lord, the troops assembled by your order
Tumultuous throng the courts. The prince's death
Not one of them but vows he will not suffer.
The mutes have fled; the very guards rebel.
Nor think I, in this city's spacious round,
Can e'er be found a hand to do the office.
Mal. Ad. Oh, faithful friends! [*To Atten.*] Thine shalt.
Atten. Mine?—Never!—
The other first shall lop it from the body.
Sal. They teach the Emperor his duty well.
Tell them he thanks them for it. Tell them, too,
That ere their opposition reached our ears,
Saladin had forgiven Malek Adhel.
Atten. Oh, joyful news!
I haste to gladden many a gallant heart,
And dry the tear on many a hardy cheek,
Unused to such a visitor. [*Exit.*
Sal. These men, the meanest in society,
The outcasts of the earth,—by war, by nature
Hardened, and rendered callous,—these, who claim
No kindred with thee,—who have never heard
The accents of affection from thy lips,—
Oh, these can cast aside their vowed allegiance,
Throw off their long obedience, risk their lives,
To save thee from destruction! While I,—
I, who can not, in all my memory,
Call back one danger which thou hast not shared,
One day of grief, one night of revelry,
Which thy resistless kindness hath not soothed,
Or thy gay smile and converse rendered sweeter,—
I, who have thrice in the ensanguined field,
When death seemed certain, only uttered, "BROTHER!"
And seen that form like lightning rush between

Saladin and his foes, and that brave breast
Dauntless exposed to many a furious blow
Intended for my own,—I could forget
That 'twas to thee I owed the very breath
Which sentenced thee to perish! Oh, 'tis shameful!
Thou canst not pardon me!

Mal. Ad. By these tears, I can!
O brother! from this very hour, a new,
A glorious life commences! I am all thine!
Again the day of gladness or of anguish
Shall Malek Adhel share; and oft again
May this sword fence thee in the bloody field.
Henceforth, Saladin,
My heart, my soul, my sword, are thine forever.

UNCLE DANIEL'S APPARITION AND PRAYER.

The following, from "THE GILDED AGE," by Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens,) and Charles Dudley Warner, represents a family emigrating from Eastern Tennessee into Missouri. The subjects of this sketch had never before been out of sight of "The Knobs of East Tennessee."

Whatever the lagging, dragging journey may have been to the rest of the emigrants, it was a wonder and delight to the children, a world of enchantment; and they believed it to be peopled with the mysterious dwarfs and giants and goblins that figured in the tales the negro slaves were in the habit of telling them nightly by the shuddering light of the kitchen fire.

At the end of nearly a week of travel, the party went into camp near a shabby village which was caving, house by house into the hungry Mississippi. The river astonished the children beyond measure. Its mile-breadth of water seemed an ocean to them, in the shadowy twilight, and the vague riband of trees on the further shore, the verge of a continent which surely none but they had ever seen before.

"Uncle Dan'l" (colored,) aged 40; his wife, "aunt Jinny," aged 30, "Young Miss" Emily Hawkins, "Young Mars" Washington Hawkins and "Young Mars" Clay, the new member of the family, ranged themselves on a log, after supper, and contemplated the marvelous river and discussed it. The moon rose and sailed aloft through a maze of shredded cloud-wreaths; the sombre river just perceptibly brightened under the veiled light; a deep silence pervaded the air and

was emphasized, at intervals, rather than broken, by the hooting of an owl, the baying of a dog, or the muffled crash of a caving bank in the distance.

The little company assembled on the log were *all children*, (at least in simplicity and broad and comprehensive ignorance,) and the remarks they made about the river were in keeping with their character; and so awed were they by the grandeur and the solemnity of the scene before them, and by their belief that the air was filled with invisible spirits and that the faint zephyrs were caused by their passing wings, that all their talk took to itself a tinge of the supernatural, and their voices were subdued to a low and reverent tone. Suddenly Uncle Dan'l exclaimed:

"Chil'en, dah's sumfin a comin'!"

All crowded close together and every heart beat faster. Uncle Dan'l pointed down the river with his bony finger.

A deep coughing sound troubled the stillness, way toward a wooded cape that jutted into the stream a mile distant. All in an instant a fierce eye of fire shot out from behind the cape and sent a long brilliant pathway quivering athwart the dusky water. The coughing grew louder and louder, the glaring eye grew larger and still larger, glared wilder and still wilder. A huge shape developed itself out of the gloom, and from its tall duplicate horns dense volumes of smoke, starred and spangled with sparks, poured out and went tumbling away into the farther darkness. Nearer and nearer the thing came, till its long sides began to glow with spots of light which mirrored themselves in the river and attended the monster like a torchlight procession.

"What is it! Oh, what *is* it, Uncle Dan'l!"

With deep solemnity the answer came:

"It's de Almighty! Git down on yo' knees!"

It was not necessary to say it twice. They were all kneeling, in a moment. And then while the mysterious coughing rose stronger and stronger and the threatening glare reached farther and wider, the negro's voice lifted up its supplications:

"O Lord, we's ben mighty wicked, an' we knows dat we 'zerve to go to de bad place, but good Lord, deah Lord, we aint ready yit, we aint ready—let dese po' chil'en hab one

mo' chance, jes' one mo' chance. Take de ole niggah if you's got to hab somebody.—Good Lord, good deah Lord, we don't know whah you's a gwine to, we don't know who you's got yo' eye on, but we knows by de way you's a comin', we knows by de way you's a tiltin' along in yo' charyot o' fiah dat some po' sinner's a gwyne to ketch it. But good Lord, dese chil'en don't b'long heah, dey's f'm Obedstown whah dey don't know nuffin, an' you knows, yo' own sef, dat dey aint 'sponsible. An' deah Lord, good Lord, it aint like yo' mercy, it aint like yo' pity, it aint like yo' long-sufferin' lovin'-kindness for to take dis kind o' 'vantage o' sich little chil'en as dese is when dey's so many ornery grown folks chuck full o' cussedness dat wants roastin' down dah. O Lord, spah de little chil'en, don't tar de little chil'en away f'm dey frens, jes' let 'em off jes' dis once, and take it out'n de ole niggah. HEAH I IS, LORD, HEAH I IS! De ole niggah's ready, Lord, de ole———"

The flaming and churning steamer was right abreast the party, and not twenty steps away. The awful thunder of a mud-valve suddenly burst forth, drowning the prayer, and as suddenly Uncle Dan'l snatched a child under each arm and scoured into the woods with the rest of the pack at his heels. And then, ashamed of himself, he halted in the deep darkness and shouted, (but rather feebly:)

"Heah I is, Lord, heah I is!"

There was a moment of throbbing suspense, and then, to the surprise and comfort of the party, it was plain that the august presence had gone by, for its dreadful noises were receding. Uncle Dan'l headed a cautious reconnoissance in the direction of the log. Sure enough "the Lord" was just turning a point a short distance up the river, and while they looked, the lights winked out and the coughing diminished by degrees and presently ceased altogether.

"H'wsh! Well now dey's some folks says dey aint no 'ficiency in prah. Dis chile would like to know whah we'd a ben *now* if it warn't fo' dat prah? Dat's it. Dat's it!"

"Uncle Dan'l, do you reckon it was the prayer that saved us?" said Clay.

"Does I *reckon?* Don't I *know* it! Whah was yo' eyes? Warn't de Lord jes' a comin' *chow! chow!* chow! an' a goin'

on turrible—an' do de Lord earry on dat way 'dout dey's sumfin don't suit him? An' warn't he a lookin' right at dis gang heah, an' warn't he jes' a reachin' for 'em? An' d'you spec' he gwyne to let 'em off 'dout somebody ast him to do it? No indeedy!"

"Do you reckon he saw us, Uncle Dan'l?"

"De law sakes, chile, didn't I see him a lookin at us?"

"Did you feel seared, Uncle Dan'l?"

"*No* sah! When a man is 'gaged in prah, he aint 'fraid o' nuffin—dey ean't nuffin teteh him."

"Well what did you run for?"

"Well, I—I—Mars Clay, when a man is under de influenee ob de sperit, he do-no what he's 'bout—no sah; dat man do-no what he's 'bout. You mout take an' tah de head off'n dat man an' he wouldn't seasely fine it out. Dah's de Hebrew chil'en dat went frough de fiah; dey was burnt considable—ob *coase* dey was; but *dey* didn't know nuffin 'bout it—heal right up agin; if dey'd ben gals dey'd missed dey long haah. (hair,) maybe, but dey wouldn't felt de burn."

"*I* don't know but what they *were* girls. I think they were."

"Now Mars Clay, you knows better'n dat. Sometimes a body ean't tell whedder you's a sayin' what you means or whedder you's a sayin' what you don't mean, 'case you says 'em bofe de same way."

"But how should *I* know whether they were boys or girls?"

"Goodness sakes, Mars Clay, don't de good book say? 'Sides, don't it eall ' ' 'e *He*-brew chil'en? If dey was gals wouldn't dey be de she-brew chil'en? Some people dat kin read don't 'pear to take no notiee when dey *do* read."

"Well, Uncle Dan'l, I think that——— My! here eomes another one up the river! There ean't be *two!*"

"We gone dis time—we done gone dis time, sho'! Dey aint two, Mars Clay—dat's de same one. De Lord kin 'pear eberywhah in a second. Goodness, how de fiah an' de smoke do beleh up! Dat mean business, honey. He eomin' now like he fo'got sumfin. Come 'long, chil'en, time you's gwyne to roos'. Go 'long wid you—ole Uncle Dan'l gwyne out in de woods to rastle in prah—de ole niggah gwyne to do what he kin to sabe you agin."

He did go to the woods and pray; but he went so far that he doubted, himself, if the Lord heard him when He went by.

WHEN MARY WAS A LASSIE.

The maple trees are tinged with red,
  The birch with golden yellow;
And high above the orchard wall
  Hang apples, rich and mellow;
And that's the way through yonder lane
  That looks so still and grassy,—
The way I took one Sunday eve,
  When Mary was a lassie.

You'd hardly think that patient face,
  That looks so thin and faded,
Was once the very sweetest one
  That ever bonnet shaded:
But when I went through yonder lane,
  That looks so still and grassy,
Those eyes were bright, those cheeks were fair,—
  When Mary was a lassie.

But many a tender sorrow since,
  And many a patient care,
Have made those furrows on the face
  That used to be so fair.
Four times to yonder churchyard,
  Through the lane so still and grassy
We've born and laid away our dead,—
  Since Mary was a lassie.

And so you see I've grown to love
  The *wrinkles* more than *roses;*
Earth's winter flowers are sweeter far
  Than all spring's dewy posies:
They'll carry *us* through yonder lane
  That looks so still and grassy,—
Adown the lane I used to go
  When Mary was a lassie.

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.—Francis S. Smith.

The drunkard lay on his bed of straw
  In a poverty-stricken room,—
And near him his wife and children three
Sat shivering in their misery
  And weeping amid the gloom.

And as he slept, the drunkard dreamed
Of happy days gone by,
When he wooed and won a maiden fair,
With rosy cheeks and golden hair,
And heavenly, soft-blue eye.

Again he wandered near the spot
Where Mary used to dwell,
And heard the warbling of the birds
His darling loved so well,
And caught the fragrance of the flowers
That blossomed in the dell.

Again he at the altar stood
And kissed his blushing bride,
And gazing on her beauty, felt
His bosom swell with pride;
And thought no prince could rival him,
With Mary at his side.

The drunkard's wife is brooding o'er
The happy long ago—
In mute despair she sighs and rocks
Her body to and fro.
He *dreams*—she *thinks*—yet both their thoughts
In the same channel flow.

But now upon the drunkard's brow
A look of horror dwells,
And of his fearful agony
Each feature plainly tells,—
Some hideous scene which wakes despair,
His dream of bliss dispels!

Upon him glares a monster now
With visage full of ire,
And yelling fiends with ribald songs
Replace the feathered choir,
And the pure water of the spring
Is turned to liquid fire.

And as the red flames leap and roar
Around the brooklet's brink,
The fiends a flaming goblet raise
And urge the wretch to drink,
While overhead the stars fade out
And all is black as ink.

"Drink, comrade, drink!" the demons cry.
"Come to our banquet—come!
This is the fitting draught for those
Who sell their souls for rum!"
No word the drunkard speaks, but stares
As he were stricken dumb.

And now they point him to the brook,
  And cry, "See, drunkard, see!
Amid yon flames are struggling
  Your wife and children three,
And in their terror and despair,
  They call for help on thee!"

He rushed to aid them, but at once
  The demons blocked his way,
And then he sank upon his knees
  In agony, to pray;
But palsied was his tongue, and he
  Could no petition say.

The drunkard writhed, and from his brow
  Cold perspiration broke,
As round the forms of those he loved
  Curled up the flame and smoke,
And shrieking in his agony,
  The wretched man awoke.

He glared around with frenzied eyes,—
  His wife and children three
Sat shivering in their tattered rags
  In abject misery,
And wept outright to look upon
  His waking agony.

A pause—a sigh—and reason's light
  Again did on him beam,
And springing to his feet, he cried,
  "Thank God, 'twas but a dream,
And I, perhaps, may yet regain
  My fellow-man's esteem!"

Then reaching forth his trembling hand,
  He from the table took
A mother's gift when he was wed--
  The good God's Holy Book;
And while his loved ones knelt around,
  A solemn vow he took.

"So help me God, I ne'er again
  Will touch the poisoned bowl
Which ruins health and character,
  And steeps in guilt the soul,
And swells the fearful list of names
  Affixed to Satan's scroll!

"Help me, O Lord! to keep this oath—
  To shun each vicious den
Wherein I'd feel the tempter's power
  To make me sin again!"

And from his sobbing wife's white lips
Arose a loud "Amen!"

And then on her wan visage beamed
A smile of joy once more,
And clinging to her husband's neck,
She kissed him o'er and o'er,
And wept such happy tears as she
Had never wept before.

He kept his oath, and from that time
Their home did heaven seem;
No discord now—sweet peace was theirs,
And love their only theme.
And daily both gave thanks to God
Who sent the Drunkard's Dream.

A JUDGE'S TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

At Morris, Grundy county, Illinois, three saloon keepers—one woman and two men—were arrested and indicted for selling liquor to minors. As usual in such cases, the liquor sellers were lavish of their funds in aid of their unfortunate co-workers, and eminent counsel was employed in defense of these destroyers of the bodies and souls of the young and rising generation. But the proof of their guilt was so fully demonstrated that the jury were compelled to pronounce them guilty. Hon. J. N. Reading, the presiding Judge, in pronouncing the sentence of the court, used the following language:

The jury having found you guilty of selling intoxicating liquors to a minor, it remains for the court to pronounce the sentence of the law. The penalty of this offense, fixed by the Legislature, indicates that it considered the crime to be of a serious character. By the law you may sell to men and to women if they will buy. You have given your bond and paid for your license to sell to them, and no one has the right to molest you in your legal business. No matter what the consequences may be, no matter what poverty and destitution are produced by selling according to law, you have paid your money for this privilege, and you are licensed to pursue your calling. No matter what families are distracted and rendered miserable, no matter what wives are treated with violence, what children starve, or mourn over the degradation of a parent, your business is legalized and no one may interfere with you in it. No matter what mother may agonize over the loss of a son or sister blush for the shame of a brother, you have the right to disregard them *all* and pursue your legal calling; *you are licensed.* You can fit up

your lawful place of business in the most enticing and captivating form; you can furnish it with the most elegant and costly equipments for your lawful trade; you may fill it with the allurements to amusements; you may use all your arts to induce visitors; you may skillfully arrange and expose to view your choice wines and most captivating beverages; you may then induce thirst by all contrivances to produce a raging appetite for drink; and then you may *supply* that appetite to the full—because it is *lawful;* you have a license. You may allow boys, almost children, to frequent your saloon; they may witness the apparent satisfaction with which their seniors quaff the sparkling glass; you may be schooling and training them for the period of twenty-one, when they too can participate, for all this is lawful. You may hold the cup to their very lips: but you must not let them drink—that is unlawful. But, while you have all these privileges for the money which you pay, this poor privilege of selling to children is denied you. Here parents have the right to say, "Leave my son to me until the law gives you the right to destroy him! Do not anticipate that terrible moment when I can assert for him no further rights of protection! That will be soon enough for me, for his mother, for his sisters, for his friends, and for the community, to see him take his road to death. Give him to us in his childhood, at least! Let us have a few years of his young life, in which we may enjoy his innocence, to repay us in some degree for the care and love we have lavished upon him!" This is something you, who now stand a prisoner at the bar, have *not* paid for; this is not embraced in your license. You have your "bond" to use in its full extent; but in thus taking your "pound of flesh," you draw the blood, and that which is nearest the heart. The law in its wisdom does not permit this, and you must obey the law. By the verdict of the jury, you have been found guilty of transgressing the law. Its extreme penalty is thirty days' imprisonment in the county jail, and $100 fine; its lowest, ten days' imprisonment and $20 fine.

For this offense, the court sentences you to ten days' imprisonment in the county jail, and that you pay a fine of $75 and the costs, and that you stand committed until the fine and costs of this prosecution are paid.

BLIFKINS THE BACCHANAL.—B. P. Shillaber.

"Do I look like a debauchee?" said Blifkins, as he came in the morning after the re-union of the Jolliboys at Parker's. We told him that we didn't think he did. We turned him round to the light, so that we could look into his eyes. They were as clear as a bell, and as full of laugh as an egg is full of meat.

"Why do you ask?" we said, as he sat down on the damask lounge in our back room, in front of the great mirror that had in the early days of the republic reflected the features of the Father of his Country. He looked up, with a very roguish expression, as he said, "Mrs. Blifkins," and broke out with a laugh that shook things. We took another look at him, to ascertain if our first impression were not wrong, for it seemed to us that a sober man would not have acted thus. He cooled down, and then again attempted to explain the reason for his mirth. After several commencements he managed to tell his story.

"Mrs. Blifkins will have it that I was tight," said he, "though there isn't a Jolliboy that will not say I was right as a trivet. It was about three when I got home, and when I unlocked the door there stood Mrs. Blifkins in a spirit of patience, and a long flannel bed-gown, waiting for me.

"'So you've come,' said she as I entered.

"I assured her that such was the fact, and asked her if she wasn't afraid that getting up so early would be injurious to her health. Whereupon she informed me that her health was the last thing I cared for—that no man who cared for his wife's health would expose her to the danger of sitting up till three o'clock in the morning, and he away indulging in dissipation.

"'But,' said I, 'my dear, there was no need of your sitting up. I was fully competent to take care of myself. I have that prudent regard for myself that never leads me over the bounds of sobriety, and to-night, in particular, I am wonderfully correct.'

"I attempted to salute her, but she drew back with a contemptuous and deprecating 'Faugh!' as though she detect-

ed odors of bacchanalian haunts in my breath. But I saw that a change was coming over her face, and she immediately assumed the patronizing and sympathetic.

"'Come, Mr. Blifkins,' said she; 'you had better go to bed, and sleep it off. Your head will ache fearfully in the morning, and serve you right, because a man with a family ought to know better than to make such a brute of himself.'

"'But, my dear,' said I, interrupting her, 'I assure you your fears are groundless. See me walk that seam in the carpet.'

"I attempted it; but I stepped on a confounded marble that one of the children had dropped on the floor, and came nigh falling down.

"'I knew so,' she sighed; 'what a pity! But I am used to it. I am glad the children are not up to witness their father's disgrace—little dears.'

"'But I'm not,' cried I, trying to save my credit.

"'Don't say another word,' she said: 'go to bed, and sleep it off.'

"I made no further parley, but walked up stairs, and in five minutes was enjoying the sleep that only the innocent know. When I awoke in the morning, Mrs. Blifkins was standing over me with the most severely virtuous face I ever knew her to wear.

"'Well,' said she, 'I dare say your head aches finely this morning—good enough for you, and all such as indulge in such practices.'

"'Nary a headache,' said I, sitting up in bed; 'never felt better in my life. Give us a cup of chocolate, and I will soon join you.'

"'Chocolate!' said she; 'chocolate after a debauch! You mean a cup of strong tea.'

"I thought of Mrs. Joe Gargery's tar water, and said no more. She was determined, I saw, that I was 'an example,' although I assure you, on my word as a member of the Association for the Promotion of Universal Good, that I was as straight as a die. Isn't it strange?"

We assured Blifkins that the saying, "Once a rogue, always suspected," applied to him, and that he ought to be grateful for the never-tiring interest thus disposed to watch over his unguardedness; but he didn't see it.

—*Partingtonian Patchwork.*

MEPHISTOPHELES, GENERAL DEALER.

Who'll buy tresses, bonnie brown tresses?
Maids and matrons come and buy!
Here is one that was cut from a beggar
Crouching low down in a ditch to die.
Look at it, countess! envy it, duchess!
'Tis long and fine, and will suit you well;
Hers by nature, yours by purchase,—
Beauty was only made to sell.

Who'll buy hair of lustrous yellow?
Maids and matrons, 'tis bright as gold,
'Twas shorn from the head of a wretched pauper—
Starving with hunger, and bitter cold.
It brought her a supper, a bed, and a breakfast;
Buy it, fair ladies, whose locks are thin,
'Twill help to cheat the silly lovers
Who care not for heads that have brains within.

Who'll buy tresses, jet black tresses?
Maids and matrons, lose no time!
These raven locks so sleek and glossy,
Belonged to a murderess red with crime.
The hangman's perquisite;—worth a guinea!
Wear them, and flaunt them, good *ma dame!*
They'll make you look a little younger;—
She was reality, *you* are a sham!

Who'll buy tresses, snow-white tresses?
Widows and matrons whose blood is cold,
Buy them and wear them, and show the scorners
You're not ashamed of growing old.
The face and the wig should pull together,
We all decay, but we need not *dye;*
But age as well as youth needs helping,—
Snow-white tresses, come and buy!

Who'll buy hair of all shades and colors,
For masquerade and false pretence?
Padding, and make-believe and swindle
That never deceive a man of sense!
Chignons! chignons! lovely chignons!
'Tis art, not nature, wins the day—
False hair, false forms, false hearts, false faces!
Marry them, boobies, for you may!

THE GRANGER'S WIFE.—J. W. Donovan.

I know what it is to live in a cabin—a little log cabin, hid under the trees,—
And feel the long days pass away in the kitchen, with hardly a chance for enjoyment and ease.

I know what it is to rise in the morning at five, or soon after, the milking to do,
And all through the day, free from frolic or laughter, to tend to my knitting or spinning for you.

I know what it is to wait at the noonday my husband's return from a newly cleared field;
And when he related how much it would pay him I was happy and proud at the thought of such yield.

I know what it is to struggle with care,—to keep a warm hearth when the world looked so cold,—
And often in life I have asked it in prayer that time would return us some blessings when old.

I know what it is, when the wolf at the door howled grimly and loudly for bread,
To live upon meal till the *meal* was no more, then use something coarser instead.

I know what it is on a hot summer day to work like a *man* in the sun,
In gathering grain, or unloading the hay, and holding on late, till 'twas done.

I know what it is when our best years are past to move from a cabin and live
A few pleasant days in more modern ways;—but my life is a half-empty sieve.

It seems like a dream in waking, a gleam of happiness covered with care,
How much of its joy is mixed with alloy; how little remains to my share!

I know what it is to have looked on my life as a rainbow of beautiful hue,
When the future of love, like the angels above, was painted so holy and true.

When a girl with my mother, I foretold my fate, and wondered how else it could be
Than a garden of ease, to live and to please, and to have everybody please me.

I know what it is to have married a youth that I loved for
his heart and his face;
To have seen him work on till the battle was won and pov-
erty yielded to place.

I know what it is to see people grow rich and abundantly
prosper in life;—
But I've noticed the man who gets rich as he can, too often
neglects his own wife.

I know what you mean by office and place,—by position,
and profit, and trust;
But I learned, long ago, that *it's sorrow to know*, for they drag
a man down in the dust!

And when I look back on my girlhood once more the jour-
ney of life to review,
My happiest days were in the sun's blaze, when I was so
busy with you.

To be sure, I am old; but my heart is not cold,—I'd see our
dear children do more;
I'd lift up a land more noble and grand than nations have
known heretofore!

Away with deceit! and let us all meet as brothers, so free
and content,
And all through the earth let's honor real worth, and save
many millions misspent!

As mothers of toil, who helped clear the soil, I feel that our
mission and range
Will be brought into play in a wonderful way to build up the
power of the *grange*.

SCHOOLING A HUSBAND.

Mrs. Centre was jealous. She was one of those discontented women who are never satisfied unless something goes wrong. When the sky is bright and pleasant, they are annoyed because there is nothing to grumble at. The trouble is not with the outward world, but with the heart, the mind; and every one who wishes to grumble will find a subject.

Mrs. Centre was jealous. Her husband was a very good sort of person, though he probably had his peculiarities.

At any rate, he had a cousin, whose name was Sophia Smithers, and who was very pretty, very intelligent, and very amiable and kind-hearted. I dare say he occasionally made her a social call, to which his wife solemnly and seriously objected, for the reason that Sophia was pretty, intelligent, amiable, and kind-hearted. These were the sum total of her sins.

Centre and his wife boarded at a private establishment at the South end of Boston. At the same house also boarded Centre's particular, intimate, and confidential friend Wallis, with his wife. Their rooms might almost be said to be common ground, for the two men and the two women were constantly together.

Wallis could not help observing that Mrs. Centre watched her husband very closely, and Centre at last confessed that there had been some difficulty. So they talked the matter over together, and came to the conclusion that it was very stupid for any one to be jealous, most of all for Mrs. Centre to be jealous. What they did, I don't know, but one evening, Centre entered the room and found Mrs. Wallis there.

"My dear, I am obliged to go out a few moments to call upon a friend," said Centre.

"To call upon a friend!" sneered Mrs. Centre.

"Yes, my dear, I shall be back presently;" and Mr. Centre left the room.

"The old story," said she, when he had gone.

"If it was my husband I would follow him," said Mrs. Wallis.

"I will!" and she immediately put on her bonnet and shawl. "Sophia Smithers lives very near, and I am sure he is going there."

Centre had gone up stairs to put on his hat and overcoat, and in a moment she saw him on the stairs. She could not mistake him, for there was no other gentleman in the house who wore such a peculiarly shaped Kossuth as he wore.

He passed out, and Mrs. Centre passed out after him. She followed the queer shaped Kossuth of her husband, and it led her to C——— Street, where she had suspected it would lead her. And further, it led her to the house of Smithers, the father of Sophia, where she suspected also it would lead her.

Mrs. Centre was very unhappy. Her husband had ceased to love her; he loved another; he loved Sophia Smithers. She could have torn the pretty, intelligent, amiable, and kind-hearted cousin of her husband in pieces at that moment; but she had the fortitude to curb her belligerent tendencies, and ring the doorbell.

She was shown into the sitting-room where the beautiful girl of many virtues was engaged in sewing.

"Is my husband here?" she demanded.

"Mr. Centre? Bless you, no! He hasn't been here for a month."

Gracious! What a whopper! Was it true that she whose multitudinous qualities had been so often rehearsed to her could tell a lie? Hadn't she seen the peculiar Kossuth of her husband enter that door? Hadn't she followed that unmistakable hat to the house?

She was amazed at the coolness of her husband's fair cousin. Before, she had believed it was only a flirtation. Now, she was sure it was something infinitely worse, and she thought about a divorce, or at least a separation.

She was astounded and asked no more questions. Did the guilty pair hope to deceive her—her, the argus-eyed wife? She had some shrewdness, and she had the cunning to conceal her purpose by refraining from any appearance of distrust. After a few words upon commonplace topics, she took her leave.

When she reached the sidewalk, there she planted herself, determined to wait till Centre came out. For more than an hour she stood there, nursing the yellow demon of jealousy. He came not. While she, the true, faithful and legal wife of Centre, was waiting on the cold pavement, shivering in the cold blast of autumn, he was folded in the arms of the black-hearted Sophia, before a comfortable coal fire.

She was catching her death a-cold. What did he care—the brute! He was bestowing his affections upon her who had no legal right to them.

The wind blew, and it began to rain. She could stand it no longer. She should die before she got the divorce, and that was just what the inhuman Centre would wish her to do. She must preserve her precious life for the present,

and she reluctantly concluded to go home. Centre had not come out, and it required a struggle for her to forego the exposure of the nefarious scheme.

She rushed into the house,—into her room. Mrs. Wallis was there still. Throwing herself upon the sofa, she wept like a great baby. Her friend tried to comfort her, but she was firmly resolved not to be comforted. In vain Mrs. Wallis tried to assure her of the fidelity of her husband. She would not listen to the words. But while she was thus weeping, Mr. Centre entered the room, looking just as though nothing had happened.

"You wretch!" sobbed the lady.

"What is the matter, my dear?" coolly inquired the gentleman, for he had not passed through the battle and storm of matrimonial warfare without being able to "stand fire."

"You wretch!" repeated the lady, with compound unction.

"What has happened?"

"You insult me, abuse me, and then ask me what the matter is!" cried the lady. "Haven't I been waiting in C——— Street for two hours, for you to come out of Smithers' house?"

"Have you?"

"I have, you wretch!"

"And I did not come out?"

"No! You know you didn't!"

"There was an excellent reason for that, my dear. I wasn't there," said Centre, calmly.

"You wasn't there, you wretch! How dare you tell me such an abominable lie! But I have found you out. You go there every day, yes, twice, three times a day! I know your amiable cousin, now! She can lie as well as you."

"Sophia tell a lie! Oh no, my dear!"

"But she did. She said you were not there."

"That was very true; I was not."

"How dare you tell me such a lie! You have been with Sophia all the evening. She is a nasty baggage!"

"Nay, Mrs. Centre, you are mistaken," interposed Mrs. Wallis. "Mr. Centre has been with me in this room all the evening."

"What! Didn't I see him go out and follow him to C——— Street?"

Huge sacks are barrowed from floor to floor;
The wheels redouble their din;
The hoppers clatter, and the engines roar,
And the flour o'erflows the bin.

But with the morning's pearly sheen,
This ghastly hubbub wanes,
And the moon-dim face of a woman is seen
Through the meal-dulled window-panes;
She opens the sash, and her words resound
In tones of unearthly power—
"Come hither, good folks, the corn is ground;
Come hither and take your flour!"

Thereon strange hazy lights appear,
A-flitting all through the pile,
And a deep, melodious, choral cheer
Ascends through the roof the while;
But a moment more, and you gaze and hark,
And wonder and wait in vain;
For suddenly all again is dark,
And all is hushed again.

It stands in the desolate Winterthal,
At the base of Ilsberg hill;
It stands as though it would rather fall,—
The long deserted mill.
Its engines, coated with moss and mould,
Bide silent all the day;
Its mildewed walls and windows old
Are crumbling fast away.

SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.—Francis L. Keeler.

At home or away, in the alley or street,
Wherever I chance in this wide world to meet
A girl that is thoughtless, or a boy that is wild,
My heart echoes softly, "'Tis some mother's child."

And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled,
Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose spirits are cold,—
Be it woman all fallen, or man all defiled,
A voice whispers sadly, "Ah! some mother's child."

No matter how far from the right she hath strayed;
No matter what inroads dishonor hath made:
No matter what elements cankered the pearl—
Though tarnished and sullied, she is some mother's girl.

No matter how wayward his footsteps have been;
No matter how deep he is sunken in sin:
No matter how low is his standard of joy;—
Though guilty and loathsome, he is some mother's boy.

That head hath been pillowed on some tender breast;
That form hath been wept o'er, those lips have been pressed;
That soul hath been prayed for, in tones sweet and mild:
For *her* sake deal gently with—some mother's child.

TRUE HEROISM.

Let others write of battles fought,
  Of bloody, ghastly fields,
Where honor greets the man who wins,
  And death, the man who yields;
But I will write of him who fights
  And vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on through weary years
  Against *himself*, and wins.

He is a hero staunch and brave
  Who fights an unseen foe,
And puts at last beneath his feet
  His passions base and low;
Who stands erect in manhood's might
  Undaunted, undismayed,—
The bravest man who drew a sword
  In foray, or in raid.

It calls for something more than brawn
  Or muscle to o'ercome
An enemy who marcheth not
  With banner, plume, and drum—
A foe forever lurking nigh,
  With silent, stealthy tread;
Forever near your board by day,
  At night beside your bed.

All honor, then, to that brave heart!
  Though poor or rich he be,
Who struggles with his better part—
  Who conquers and is free.
He may not wear a hero's crown,
  Or fill a hero's grave,
But truth will place his name among
  The bravest of the brave.

THE BABY'S FIRST TOOTH.—Danbury News Man.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones had just finished their breakfast. Mr. Jones had pushed back his chair and was looking under the lounge for his boots. Mrs. Jones sat at the table, holding the infant Jones and mechanically working her forefinger in its mouth. Suddenly she paused in the motion, threw the astonished child on its back, turned as white as a sheet, pried open its mouth, and immediately gasped "Ephraim!" Mr. Jones, who was yet on his knees with his head under the lounge, at once came forth, rapping his head sharply on the side of the lounge as he did so, and getting on his feet, inquired what was the matter. "O Ephraim," said she, the tears rolling down her cheeks and the smiles coursing up. "Why, what is it, Aramathea?" said the astonished Mr. Jones, smartly rubbing his head where it had come in contact with the lounge. "Baby!" she gasped. Mr. Jones turned pale and commenced to sweat. "Baby! O—O—O Ephraim! Baby has—baby has got—a little toothey, oh! oh!" "No!" screamed Mr. Jones, spreading his legs apart, dropping his chin and staring at the struggling heir with all his might. "I tell you it is," persisted Mrs. Jones, with a slight evidence of hysteria. "Oh, it can't be!" protested Mr. Jones, preparing to swear if it wasn't. "Come here and see for yourself," said Mrs. Jones. "Open its 'ittle mousy-wousy for its own muzzer; that's a toody-woody; that's a blessed 'ittle 'ump o' sugar." Thus conjured, the heir opened its mouth sufficiently for the father to thrust in his finger, and that gentleman having convinced himself by the most unmistakable evidence that a tooth was there, immediately kicked his hat across the room, buried his fist in the lounge, and declared with much feeling that he could lick the individual who would dare to intimate that he was not the happiest man on the face of the earth. Then he gave Mrs. Jones a hearty smack on the mouth and snatched up the heir, while that lady rushed tremblingly forth after Mrs. Simmons, who lived next door. In a moment Mrs. Simmons came tearing in as if she had been shot out of a gun, and right behind her came Miss Simmons at a speed that indicated that she had

been ejected from two guns. Mrs. Simmons at once snatched the heir from the arms of Mr. Jones and hurried it to the window, where she made a careful and critical examination of its mouth, while Mrs. Jones held its head and Mr. Jones danced up and down the room, and snapped his fingers to show how calm he was. It having been ascertained by Mrs. Simmons that the tooth was a sound one, and also that the strongest hopes for its future could be entertained on account of its coming in the new of the moon, Mrs. Jones got out the necessary material and Mr. Jones at once proceeded to write seven different letters to as many persons, unfolding to them the event of the morning and inviting them to come on as soon as possible.

Part Eleventh.

Each of the Four Numbers of "100 Choice Selections" contained in this volume is paged separately, and the Index is made to correspond therewith. See EXPLANATION *on first page of Contents.*

The entire book contains nearly 1000 pages.

100

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

No. 11

THE MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.—J. G. Clark.

There's a land far away, 'mid the stars we are told,
  Where they know not the sorrows of time,—
Where the pure waters wander through valleys of gold,
  And life is a treasure sublime;—
'Tis the land of our God, 'tis the home of the soul,
Where the ages of splendor eternally roll;
Where the way-weary traveler reaches his goal,
  On the evergreen Mountains of Life.

Our gaze cannot soar to that beautiful land,
  But our visions have told of its bliss,
And our souls by the gale of its gardens are fanned,
  When we faint in the desert of this;
And we sometimes have longed for its holy repose,
When our spirits were torn with temptations and woes,
And we've drank from the tide of the river that flows
  From the evergreen Mountains of Life.

Oh, the stars never tread the blue heavens at night,
  But we think where the ransomed have trod;
And the day never smiles from his palace of light,
  But we feel the bright smile of our God!
We are traveling homeward through changes and gloom,
To a kingdom where pleasures unceasingly bloom,
And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb,
  From the evergreen Mountains of Life.

"IF THINGS WAS ONLY SICH!"—B. P. Shillaber.

A seedy old beggar asked alms of me
As he sat 'neath the shade of a wayside tree.
He was beggared in purse and beggared in soul,
And his voice betrayed a pitiful dole,
As he sang a song, to a dismal pitch,
With the burden, "If things was only sich!"

"If things was only sich," said he,
"You should see what a wonderful man I'd be:
No beggar I, by the wayside thrown,
But I'd live in a palace and millions own
And men would court me if I were rich—
As I'd be if things was only sich."

"If things was only sich," said he,
"I'd be lord of the land and lord of the sea;
I would have a throne and be a king,
And rule the roast with a mighty swing—
I'd make a place in fame's bright niche;—
I'd do it if things was only sich."

"If things was only sich," said he,
"Rare wines I'd quaff from the far countree,
I'd clothe myself in dazzling garb,
I'd mount the back of the costly barb,
And none should ask me wherefore or which—
Did it chance that things was only sich."

"If things was only sich," said he,
"I'd love the fairest and they'd love me;
Yon dame, with a smile that warms my heart,
Might have borne with me life's better part,
But lost to me, here in poverty's ditch,
What were mine if things was only sich."

Thus the old beggar moodily sung,
And his eyes dropped tears as his hands he wrung.
I could but pity to hear him berate,
In dolorous tones, the decrees of fate,
That laid on his back its iron switch,
While he cried, "If things was only sich."

"If things was only sich!"—e'en all
Might the past in sad review recall;
But little the use and little the gain,
Exhuming the bones of buried pain,—
And whether we're poor or whether we're rich,
We'll *say not*, "If things was only sich."

CULTURE THE RESULT OF LABOR.—Wm. Wirt.

The education, moral and intellectual, of every individual must be chiefly *his own work*. How else could it happen that young men, who have had precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies? Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favor of the disappointed candidate.

You will see issuing from the walls of the same college—nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family,—two young men, of whom the *one* shall be admitted to be a genius of high order, the *other* scarcely above the point of mediocrity; yet you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness; while, on the other hand, you shall observe the mediocre plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting, at length, to eminence and distinction, —an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country.

Now whose work is this? Manifestly their own. Men *are* the architects of their respective fortunes. It is the fiat of fate from which no power of genius can absolve you. Genius, unexerted, is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind which, like the condor of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo, above the clouds, and sustains itself at pleasure in that empyreal region, with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort.

It is this capacity for high and long-continued exertion, this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation, this careering and wide-spreading comprehension of mind, and those long reaches of thought, that

> "Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
> Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
> Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
> And drag up drowned honor by the locks."

This is the prowess, and these the hardy achievements, which are to enroll your names among *the great men* of the earth.

A CHINESE STORY.—C. P. Cranch.

None are so wise as they who make pretense
To know what fate conceals from mortal sense.
This moral from a tale of Ho-hang-ho
Might have been drawn a thousand years ago,
When men were left to their unaided senses,
Long ere the days of spectacles and lenses.

Two young, short-sighted fellows, Chang and Ching,
Over their chopsticks idly chattering,
Fell to disputing which could see the best;
At last they agreed to put it to the test.
Said Chang, "A marble tablet, so I hear,
Is placed upon the Bo-hee temple near,
With an inscription on it. Let us go
And read it (since you boast your optics so),
Standing together at a certain place
In front, where we the letters just may trace;
Then he who quickest reads the inscription there,
The palm for keenest eyes henceforth shall bear."
"Agreed," said Ching, "but let us try it soon:
Suppose we say to-morrow afternoon."

"Nay, not so soon," said Chang: "I'm bound to go
To-morrow a day's ride from Ho-hang-ho,
And shan't be ready till the following day:
At ten a. m. on Thursday, let us say."

So 'twas arranged; but Ching was wide awake:
Time by the forelock he resolved to take;
And to the temple went at once and read
Upon the tablet: "To the illustrious dead,
The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang."
Scarce had he gone when stealthily came Chang,
Who read the same; but peering closer, he
Spied in a corner what Ching failed to see—
The words, "This tablet is erected here
By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear."

So on the appointed day—both innocent
As babes, of course—these honest fellows went,
And took their distant station; and Ching said,
"I can read plainly, 'To the illustrious dead,
The chief of mandarins, the great Goh-Bang.'"
"And is that all that you can spell?" said Chang,
"I see what you have read, but furthermore,
In smaller letters, toward the temple door,
Quite plain, 'This tablet is erected here
By those to whom the great Goh-Bang was dear.'"

"My sharp-eyed friend, there are no such words!" said Ching.
"They're there," said Chang, "if I see anything,
As clear as daylight." "Patent eyes, indeed,
You have!" cried Ching; "do you think I cannot read?"
"Not at this distance as I can," Chang said,
"If what you say you saw is all you read."

In fine, they quarreled, and their wrath increased,
Till Chang said, "Let us leave it to the priest;
Lo! here he comes to meet us." "It is well,"
Said honest Ching; "no falsehood *he* will tell."

The good man heard their artless story through,
And said, "I think, dear sirs, there must be few
Blest with such wondrous eyes as those you wear:
There's no such tablet or inscription there!
There *was* one, it is true; 'twas moved away
And placed *within* the temple yesterday."

GIVE ME THE HAND.—Goodman Barnaby.

Give me the hand that is kind, warm, and ready;
Give me the clasp that is calm, true, and steady;
Give me the hand that will never deceive me;
Give me its grasp that I aye may believe thee.
Soft is the palm of the delicate woman;
Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy yeoman;
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has harmed not another;
Give me the hand that has never forsworn it;
Give me the grasp that I aye may adore it!
Lovely the palm of the fair blue-veined maiden;
Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen;
Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,
Free as the breeze and unshackled by party:
Let friendship give me the grasp that becomes her,
Close as the twine of the vines of the summer,—
Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has wronged not another;
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

THE KING'S TEMPLE.

A mighty king on his couch reclined,
With a haughty thought in his lonely mind:
"Has not God prospered me more than all?
A nation would rise at my single call,
And its fairest maid would be proud to wear
A crown by the side of my crowned gray hair;
I'll rear him a house for my greatness' sake,
And nobody's aid will I claim or take;
From the gilded spire to the great crypt stone
It shall be my offering, and mine alone."

Then the site was chosen, the builders wrought
To find a shape for the monarch's thought;
Soon the abbey rose 'gainst the calm blue sky,
And they built it broad, and they built it high;
But if any offered with spade or hod,
To give his labor for naught to God,
Then the poor man's mite by the king was spurned,
And he paid him for every stone he turned.

Till at last, on a gorgeous autumn day,
All the solemn priests in their white array,
With prayers, and anthems, and censers came,
And opened the abbey in God's great name.

Now there lay in the chancel a great white stone,
With the king's name on it, and his alone;
And the king stood near it with haughty brow,
And pondered, "The future will know me now
By the glorious temple I have made,
Unsullied by any plebeian aid."

And far away where the melody came
But softly, there lingered an agéd dame;
Her garment was worn, and her hair was thin,
And she looked like the last of all her kin,—
Who had none to love, who had none to blame,
Who would start at the sound of her Christian name.
Yet she said, as the music o'er her passed,
"Thank God that His house is complete at last!"

* * * * *

The monarch, that night, on his couch reclined,
With a proud content in his lonely mind;
But when he slept, he strangely dreamed;—
In the abbey chancel alone he seemed,

And he sought his own royal name to read,
But lo! another was there instead;
'Twas a woman's name he never had heard,
And his heart with wonder and wrath was stirred.

And when he awoke, throughout his land
By mouth of heralds he sent command
If a woman bearing a certain name,
Within a month to his presence came,
She should have a cup with a jeweled rim,—
Besides the honor of seeing him.

On the second day, as he sat alone,
The courtiers who stood about his throne
Informed him the woman was at the gate;
And they thought, of course, she would have to wait
(For even so did the royal kin,)
For the kingly pleasure to let her in;
But he stamped his foot with a stern "Begone!
And straightway bring her, and leave us alone."
So a great lord brought her, and that lord swore
That the king awaited her at the door!

Then, slowly and trembling, in there came,
In her poor best weeds, a poor old dame,
And the king himself (there were none to stare,)
Kindly led her up to a velvet chair;
And when she grew used to the splendid place,
And found she could gaze on a royal face,
He begged, if she could, she would make it known
Why he dreamed her name on the chancel stone.
"For what work have *you* done?" the monarch said;
'*I've* built all the abbey, and asked no aid."

And the old dame lifted her streaming eyes,
And held up her hands in her great surprise.
"My liege," she answered, "how much could I do
At a great, good work that was meet for you?
'If the king had asked us,' I often thought,
'I could not have given, for I have naught;'
But in works for God, how it seems his plan,
There's something to do that any one can.
So when the builders were ready to sink,
I carried some water and gave them to drink."

The king said nothing.
Ere morning shone
His name was gone from the chancel stone;
And with looks of wonder the courtiers read
The name of the *woman* writ there instead.

MIND, THE GLORY OF MAN.—D. Wise.

The mind is the glory of man. No possession is so productive of real influence as a highly cultivated intellect. Wealth, birth, and official station may and do secure to their possessors an external, superficial courtesy; but they never did, and they never can, command the reverence of the heart. It is only to the man of large and noble soul, to him who blends a cultivated mind with an upright heart, that men yield the tribute of deep and genuine respect.

But why do so few young men of early promise, whose hopes, purposes, and resolves were as radiant as the colors of the rainbow, fail to distinguish themselves? The answer is obvious; they are not willing to devote themselves to that toilsome culture which is the price of great success. Whatever aptitude for particular pursuits nature may donate to her favorite children, she conducts none but the laborious and the studious to distinction.

Great men have ever been men of thought as well as men of action. As the magnificent river, rolling in the pride of its mighty waters, owes its greatness to the hidden springs of the mountain nook, so does the wide-sweeping influence of distinguished men date its origin from hours of privacy, resolutely employed in efforts after self-development. The invisible spring of self-culture is the source of every great achievement.

Away, then, young man, with all dreams of superiority, unless you are determined to dig after knowledge, as men search for concealed gold! Remember, that every man has in himself the seminal principle of great excellence, and he may develop it by cultivation if he will TRY. Perhaps you are what the world calls *poor*. What of that? Most of the men whose names are as household words were also the children of poverty. Captain Cook, the circumnavigator of the globe, was born in a mud hut, and started in life as a cabin-boy.

Lord Eldon, who sat on the woolsack in the British parliament for nearly half a century, was the son of a coal merchant. Franklin, the philosopher, diplomatist, and statesman, was but a poor printer's boy, whose highest luxury,

at one time, was only a penny roll, eaten in the streets of Philadelphia. Ferguson, the profound philosopher, was the son of a half-starved weaver. Johnson, Goldsmith, Coleridge, and multitudes of others of high distinction, knew the pressure of limited circumstances, and have demonstrated that poverty even is no insuperable obstacle to success.

Up, then, young man, and gird yourself for the work of self-cultivation! Set a high price on your leisure moments. They are sands of precious gold. Properly expended, they will procure for you a stock of great thoughts—thoughts that will fill, stir and invigorate, and expand the soul. Seize also on the unparalleled aids furnished by steam and type in this unequaled age.

The great thoughts of great men are now to be procured at prices almost nominal. You can, therefore, easily collect a library of choice standard works. But above all, learn to reflect even more than you read. Without thought, books are the sepulchre of the soul,—they only immure it. Let thought and reading go hand in hand, and the intellect will rapidly increase in strength and gifts. Its possessor will rise in character, in power, and in positive influence.

TEMPTATIONS OF ST. ANTHONY.

"He would have passed a pleasant life of it, despite of the Devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was a woman."—SKETCH BOOK.

St. Anthony sat on a lowly stool,
And a book was in his hand;
Never his eyes from its page he took,
Either to right or left to look,
But with steadfast gaze as was his rule,
The holy page he scanned.

"We will woo," said the imp, "St. Anthony's eyes
Off from his holy book;
We will go to him in all strange disguise,
And tease him with laughter and whoops and cries,
That he may upon us look."

The Devil was in the best humor that day
That ever his highness was in,
And that's why he sent out his imps to play,
And he furnished them torches to light their way,
Nor stinted them incense to burn as they may—
Sulphur, and pitch, and rosin.

So they came to the Saint in a motley crew—
A heterogeneous rout;
There were imps of every shape and hue,
And some looked black and some looked blue,
And they passed and varied before the view,
And twisted themselves about;
And had they exhibited thus to you,
I think you'd have felt in a bit of a stew—
As I should myself, I doubt.

There were some with feathers and some with scales,
And some had warty skins;
Some had no heads and some had tails,
And some had claws like iron nails;
And some had combs and beaks like birds,
And yet like jays could utter words;
And some had gills and fins.

Some rode on skeleton beasts, arrayed
In gold and velvet stuff,
With rich tiaras on the head,
Like kings and queens among the dead;
While face and bridle-hand displayed,
In hue and substance seemed to cope
With maggots in a microscope,
And their thin lips as white as soap,
Were colder than enough.

And spiders big from the ceiling hung,
From every crook and nook;
They had a crafty, ugly guise,
And they looked at the Saint with their eight eyes;
And all that malice could devise
Of evil to the good and wise,
Seemed welling from their look.

Beetles and slow-worms crawled about,
And toads did squat demure;
From holes in the wainscoting mice peeped out,
Or a sly old rat with his whiskered snout,
And forty feet, a full span long,
Danced in and out in endless throng;
There ne'er has been such extravagant rout,
From that time to this, I'm sure.

But the good St. Anthony kept his eyes
Fixed on the holy book;
From it they did not sink or rise;
Nor sighs nor laughter, shouts nor cries
Could win away his look.

A quaint imp sat in an earthen pot;
In a big-bellied earthen pot sat he:
Through holes in the bottom his legs outshot,
And in holes in the sides his arms had got,
And his head came out through the mouth; God wot!
A comical sight to see.

And he sat on the edge of a table-desk,
And drummed it with his heels;
And he looked as strange and as picturesque
As the figures we see in arabesque;
Half hidden in flowers, all painted in fresque,
In gothic vaulted cells.

Then he whooped and hawed, and winked and grinned,
And his eyes stood out with glee;
And he said these words, and sung this song,
And his legs and his arms, with their double prong,
Keeping time to his tune as it galloped along,
As birth to his song gave he:

"Old Tony, my boy! shut up your book,
And learn to be merry and gay;
You sit like a bat in his cloistered nook,—
Like a round-shouldered fool of an owl you look,—
But straighten your back from its booby crook,
And more sociable be, I pray.

"Let us see you laugh, let us hear you sing;
Take a lesson from us, old boy!
Remember that life has a fleeting wing;
And then comes death, that stern old king,
So we'd better make sure of joy."

But the good St. Anthony bent his eyes
Upon his holy book.
He heard that song with a laugh arise,
But he knew that the imp had a naughty guise,
And he did not care to look.

Another imp came in a masquerade
Most like to a monk's attire,
But of living bats his cowl was made,
The wings stitched together with spider's thread,
And round and about him they fluttered and played,
And his eyes shot out from their misty shade
Long parallel bars of fire.

And his loose teeth clattered like clanking bones,
When the gibbet tree sways in the blast;
And, with gurgling shakes and stifled groans,
He mocked the good St. Anthony's tones,
As he muttered his prayer full fast.

A rosary of beads was hung by his side,—
Oh, gaunt looking beads were they!
And still when the good Saint dropped a bead,
He dropped a tooth; and he took good heed
To rattle his string, and the bones replied,
Like a rattle-snake's tail at play.

But the good St. Anthony bent his eyes
Upon the holy book;
He heard that mock of groans and sighs,
And he knew that the thing had an evil guise,
And he did not dare to look.

Another imp came with a trumpet snout,
That was mouth and nose in one:
It had stops like a flute, as you never may doubt,
Where his long lean fingers capered about,
As he twanged his nasal melodies out,
In quaver, and shake, and run.

And his head moved forward and backward still,
On his long and snaky neck;
As he bent his energies all to fill
His noisy tube with wind and skill,
And he sneezed his octaves out, until
'Twas well-nigh ready to break.

And close to St. Anthony's ear he came,
And piped his music in;
And the shrill sound went through the good Saint's frame
With a smart and a sting, like a shred of flame,
Or a bee in the ear,—which is much the same--
And he shivered with the din.

But the good St. Anthony bent his eyes
Upon the holy book;
He heard that snout with its gimlet cries,
And he knew that the imp had an evil guise,
And he did not dare to look.

A thing with horny eyes was there,—
With horny eyes like the dead;
And its long, sharp nose was all of horn,
And its bony cheeks of flesh were shorn,
And its ears were like thin cases torn
From feet of kine, and its jaws were bare,
And fish-bones grew instead of hair,
Upon the skinless head.

Its body was of thin birdy bones,
Bound round with a parchment skin;
And when 'twas struck, the hollow tones,
That circled round like drum-dull groans,
Bespoke a void within.

Its arm was like a peacock's leg,
And the claws were like a bird's;
But the creep that went, like a blast of plague,
To loose the live flesh from the bones,
And to wake the good Saint's inward groans,
As it clawed his cheek, and pulled his hair,
And pressed on his eyes in their beating lair
Cannot be told in words.

But the good St. Anthony kept his eyes
Still on the holy book;
He felt the clam on his brow arise,
And he knew that the thing had a horrid guise
And he did not dare to look.

An imp came then like a skeleton form
Out of the charnel vault;
Some clinging of meat had been left by the worms,
Some tendons and strings on his legs and arms,
And his jaws with gristle were black and deform,
But his teeth were as white as salt.

And he grinned full many a lifeless grin,
And he rattled his bony tail;
His skull was decked with gill and fin,
And a spike of bone was on his chin,
And his bat-like ears were large and thin,
And his eyes were the eyes of a snail.

He took his stand at the good Saint's back
And on tiptoe stood apace;
Forward he bent, all rotten-black,
And he sunk again on his heel, good lack!
And the good Saint uttered some ghostly groans,
For his head was caged in the gaunt rib-bones.
A horrible embrace!
And the skull hung o'er with an elfish pry,
And cocked down its india-rubber eye
To gaze upon his face.

The good St. Anthony sunk his eyes
Deep in the holy book;
He felt the bones, and so was wise
To know that the thing had a ghastly guise,
And he did not care to look.

Last came an imp—how unlike the rest!
A beautiful female form;
And her voice was like music, that sleep oppressed
Sinks on some cradling zephyr's breast;
And whilst with a whisper, his cheek she pressed,
Her cheek felt soft and warm.

When over his shoulder she bent the light
Of her soft eyes on his page,
It came like a moonbeam silver bright,
And relieved him then with mild delight;
For the yellow lamp-lustre scorched his sight,
That was weak with the mists of age.

Hey! the good St. Anthony boggled his eyes
Over the holy book;
Ho, ho! at the corners they 'gan to rise,
For he knew the thing had a lovely guise,
And he could not choose but look.

There are many devils that walk this world,
Devils large, and devils small;
Devils so meagre, and devils so stout;
Devils with horns, and devils without;
Sly devils that go with their tails uncurled,
Bold devils that carry them quite unfurled;
Meek devils, and devils that brawl;
Serious devils and laughing devils;
Imps for churches, and imps for revels;
Devils uncouth and devils polite;
Devils black and devils white;
Devils foolish, and devils wise;—
But a laughing woman, with two bright eyes
Is the very worst devil of all.

—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

FOOTPRINTS OF DECAY.

Oh! let the soul its slumbers break—
Arouse its senses, and awake
To see how soon
Life, in its glories, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we view the rolling tide,
Down which our rolling minutes glide
Away so fast,

Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream a joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind,
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day;
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hastening streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall—
The sea of death whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivulets glide,
To that sad wave;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side,
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place;
Life is the running of the race;
And death the goal:
There all our glittering toys are brought—
That path alone of all unsought,
Is found of all.

See, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth,
That lure us here;
Dreams of a sleep that death must break;
Alas! before it bids us wake,
We disappear.

Long ere the damp of death can blight,
The cheek's pure glow of red and white
Has passed away;
Youth smiled and all was heavenly fair,
Age came, and laid his finger there,
And where are they?

Where is the strength that spurned decay,
The step that roved so light and gay,
The heart's blithe tone?
The strength is gone, the step is slow,
And joy grows wearisome, and woe,—
When age comes on.

LITTLE STEENIE.—Anna L. Ruth.

Sturdy Steenie, rose-cheeked, bright-eyed,
  Standing at the open door
Bidding me good-bye with kisses
  And with promises a score—
"I'll be just as good as—apples!
  'Bey my aunties and not cry,
Not tease Mabe or wake the baby
  Till you comes, mamma,—good-bye!"

So I started, musing softly,
  On the blessings God had given
In my children—"Surely," said I,
  "They are cherubs strayed from heaven!
Hearts so full of tender loving,
  Eyes with earnest impulse bright—
Round them still there seems to linger
  Halos of celestial light!

Two hours' labor, home returning
  Languidly, with weary feet,
Standing in the self-same doorway
  Little Mabe I chanced to greet;
Bright blue eyes all flushed with weeping,
  Lips a-quiver, cheeks a-flame;
Eagerly, to pour her sorrows
  Into mamma's ears, she came.

"Mamma, Steenie's been *so* naughty!
  First he told aunt Sallie 'won't,'
Then he scratched my little table,
  Though I asked him 'please to don't!'
Then he screeched and waked the baby,
  Frighted him most to a fit,
And when aunt Belle called him naughty,
  Said he didn't care a bit!

"Then he made a face at Dolly,
  Said she was an 'ugly sing,'
Said some day he's going to hang her
  To the door-knob with a string.
Then I told him if he did it
  You would send him right to bed,
So he thumped me on the shoulder,—
  See the place—it's *awful* red!

"When he saw you coming, mamma,
  He hid hisself behind the door,

And he's wearing out his slippers,
Poundin' with 'em on the floor.
Mamma, if he is so wicked,
Does so many dreffful things,
Will he *ever* be an angel
Up in heaven with shiny wings?"

With a sudden jerk, my visions
Of celestial cherubs fled.
Frowningly my brows contracted;
In an accent stern, I said,
"Come to me, you naughty fellow!
What are all these things I hear?
Rude to aunties! striking sister!
I must punish you, I fear!"

From his stronghold came the culprit,
Seeming not at all afraid;
Round his mouth the dimples lurking,
Brown eyes beaming undismayed;
By my knee he took his station,
Small defiance in his air,
Answering only to my chidings
Saucily, "I doesn't care!"

In my eyes the tear-drops started,
Anger giving place to pain,
"O my baby, how you grieve me!
Are my teachings *all* in vain?"
Suddenly, two arms were round me—
Little fingers softly drew
Down my quiv'ring lips to meet his,
"Kiss me mamma—I loves—*you!*"

This was all of his confession;
All his plea for pardoning grace,
Yet I knew that I had conquered
By the love-light in his face,—
So I gave him absolution,—
Though I pondered sadly still
On this mingled human nature,
Half of good, and half of ill.

Inwardly I prayed for wisdom,
Safe my little band to guide,
Through the perils that beset them,
Hedge them in on every side.
And an answer seemed to reach me,
Softly falling from above,
"Safest guard and guide, O mother,
Is the holy power of *love!*"

THE BOY'S LAST REQUEST.

Half raised upon the dying couch, his hand
Drooped on his mother's bosom, like a bud
Which, broken from its parent stock, adheres
By some attenuate fibre. His thin hand,
From 'neath the downy pillow drew a book,
And slowly pressed it to his bloodless lips.
"Mother, dear mother, see your birthday gift
Fresh and unsoiled. Yet have I kept your word,
And ere I slept each night, and every morn,
Did read its pages, with my simple prayer,
Until this sickness came."

He paused: for breath
Came scantily, and with a toilsome strife—
"Brother or sister have I none, or else
I'd lay this Bible on their hearts, and say,
'Come read it on my grave, among the flowers.'
So *you* who gave must take it back again,
And love it for my sake."

"My son! My son!"
Whispered the mourner in that tender tone,
Which woman in her sternest agony
Commands to soothe the pang of those she loves:
"*The soul! the soul!* to whose charge yield you that?"
"To God who gave it!"—So that gentle soul,
With a slight shudder, and a seraph smile,
Left the pale clay for it's Creator's arms.

LAUGHIN' IN MEETIN'.—H. B. Stowe.

We were in disgrace, we boys, and the reason of it was this: we had laughed out in meeting-time! To be sure, the occasion was a trying one, even to more disciplined nerves. Parson Lothrop had exchanged pulpits with Parson Summeral, of North Wearem. Now, Parson Summeral was a man in the very outset likely to provoke the risibles of unspiritualized juveniles. He was a thin, wiry, frisky little man, in a powdered white wig, black tights, and silk stockings, with bright knee-buckles and shoe-buckles, with round, dark, snapping eyes, and a curious, high, cracked, squeaking voice, the very first tones of which made all the children

stare and giggle. The news that Parson Summeral was going to preach in our village spread abroad among us as a prelude to something funny. It had a flavor like the charm of circus-acting; and on the Sunday morning of our story we went to the house of God in a very hilarious state, all ready to set off in a laugh on the slightest provocation.

The occasion was not long wanting. Parson Lothrop had a favorite dog yclept Trip, whose behavior in meeting was notoriously far from that edifying pattern which befits a minister's dog on Sundays. Trip was a nervous dog, and a dog that never could be taught to conceal his emotions or to respect conventionalities. If anything about the performance in the singers' seat did not please him, he was apt to express himself in a lugubrious howl. If the sermon was longer than suited him, he would gape with such a loud creak of his jaws as would arouse every body's attention. If the flies disturbed his afternoon's nap, he would give sudden snarls or snaps; or if anything troubled his dreams, he would bark out in his sleep in a manner not only to dispel his own slumbers, but those of certain worthy deacons and old ladies, whose sanctuary repose was thereby sorely broken and troubled. For all these reasons, Madame Lothrop had been forced, as a general thing, to deny Trip the usual sanctuary privileges of good family dogs in that age, and shut him up on Sundays to private meditation. Trip, of course, was only the more set on attendance, and would hide behind doors, jump out of windows, sneak through by-ways and alleys, and lie hid till the second bell had done tolling, when suddenly he would appear in the broad aisle, innocent and happy, and take his seat as composedly as any member of the congregation.

Imagine us youngsters on the *qui vive* with excitement at seeing Parson Summeral frisk up into the pulpit with all the vivacity of a black grasshopper. We looked at each other and giggled very cautiously, with due respect to Aunt Lois' sharp observation.

At first there was only a mild, quiet simmering of giggle, compressed decorously within the bounds of propriety, and we pursed our muscles up with stringent resolution whenever we caught the apprehensive eye of our elders.

But when, directly after the closing notes of the tolling second bell, Master Trip walked gravely up the front aisle, and, seating himself squarely in front of the pulpit, raised his nose with a critical air toward the scene of the forthcoming performance, it was too much for us—the repression was almost convulsive. Trip wore an alert, attentive air, befitting a sound, orthodox dog, who smells a possible heresy, and deems it his duty to watch the performance narrowly.

Evidently he felt called upon to see who and what were to occupy that pulpit in his master's absence.

Up rose Parson Summeral, and up went Trip's nose, vibrating with intense attention.

The parson began in his high, cracked voice to intone the hymn, "Sing to the Lord aloud," when Trip broke into a dismal howl.

The parson went on to give directions to the deacon in the same voice in which he had been reading, so that the whole effect of the performance was somewhat as follows:

Sing to the Lord aloud,
(Please to turn out that dog,)
And make a joyful noise.

The dog was turned out, and the choir did their best to make a joyful noise, but we boys were upset for the day, delivered over to the temptations of Satan, and plunged in waves and billows of hysterical giggle, from which neither winks nor frowns from Aunt Lois, nor the awful fear of the tithing-man, nor the comforting bits of fennel and orange-peel passed us by grandmother, could recover us.

Every body felt, to be sure, that here was a trial that called for some indulgence. Hard faces, even among the stoniest saints, betrayed a transient quiver of the risible muscles, old ladies put up their fans; youths and maidens in the singers' seat laughed outright; and for the moment a general snicker among the children was pardoned. But I was one of that luckless kind whose nerves, once set in vibration, could not be composed. When the reign of gravity and decorum had returned, Harry and I sat by each other, shaking with suppressed laughter. Everything in the subsequent exercises took a funny turn, and in the long prayer, when every body else was still and decorous, the whole scene

came over me with such overpowering force that I exploded with laughter, and had to be taken out of meeting and marched home by Aunt Lois as a convicted criminal. What especially moved her indignation was, that the more she rebuked and upbraided the more I laughed, till the tears rolled down my cheeks—which Aunt Lois construed into wilful disrespect to her authority, and resented accordingly.

By Sunday evening, as we gathered around the fire, the reaction from undue gayety to sobriety had taken place, and we were in a pensive and penitent state. Grandmother was gracious and forgiving, but Aunt Lois still preserved that frosty air of reprobation which she held to be a salutary means of quickening our consciences for the future. It was, therefore, with unusual delight that we saw our old friend Sam come in and set himself quietly down on the block in the chimney corner. With Sam we felt assured of indulgence and patronage, for, though always rigidly moral and instructive in his turn of mind, he had that fellow-feeling for transgressors which is characteristic of the loose-jointed, easy-going style of his individuality.

"Lordy massy, boys—yis," said Sam, virtuously, in view of some of Aunt Lois' thrusts, ye ought never to laugh nor cut up in meetin'; that'are's so, but then there is times when the best on us gets took down. We gets took unawares, ye see—even ministers does. Yis, natur' will git the upper hand afore they know it."

"Why, Sam, *ministers* don't ever laugh in meetin', do they?"

We put the question with wide eyes. Such a supposition bordered on profanity, we thought; it was approaching the sin of Uzzah, who unwarily touched the ark of the Lord.

"Laws, yes. Why heven't you never heard how there was a council held to try Parson Morrell for laughin' out in prayer-time?"

"Laughin' in prayer-time!" we both repeated, with uplifted hands and eyes.

My grandfather's mild face became luminous with a suppressed smile, which brightened it as the moon does a cloud, but he said nothing.

"Yes, yes," said my grandmother, "that affair did make a dreadful scandal in the time on't. But Parson Morrell was a good man, and I'm glad the council wasn't hard on him."

"Wal," said Sam Lawson, "after all, it was more Ike Babbitt's fault than 'twas anybody's. Ye see, Ike he was allers for gettin' what he could out o' the town, and he would feed his sheep on the meetin'-house green. Somehow or other Ike's fences allers contrived to give out, come Sunday, and up would come his sheep, and Ike was too pious to drive 'em back, Sunday, and so there they was. He was talked to enough about it, 'cause, ye see, to hev sheep and lambs a ba-a-in' and a blatin' all prayer and sermon time wa'n't the thing. 'Member that 'are old meetin'-house up to the north end, down under Blueberry Hill, the land sort o' sloped down, so as a body hed to come into the meetin'-house steppin' down instead o' up.

"Fact was, they said 'twas put there 'cause the land wa'n't good for nothin' else, and the folks thought puttin' a meetin'-house on't would be a clear savin'—but Parson Morrell he didn't like it, and was free to tell 'em his mind on't, that 'twas like bringin' the lame and the blind to the Lord's sarvice—but there 'twas.

"There wa'n't a better minister nor no one more set by in all the State than Parson Morrell. His doctrine was right up and down, good and sharp, and he give saints and sinners their meat in due season, and for consolin' and comfortin' widders and orphans Parson Morrell hedn't his match. The women sot lots by him, and he was allus' ready to take tea round and make things pleasant and comfortable, and he hed a good story for every one, an' a word for the children, and maybe an apple or a cookey in his pocket for 'em. Wal, you know there ain't no pleasin' every body, and ef Gabriel himself, right down out o' heaven, was to come and be a minister, I expect there'd be a pickin' at his wings, and sort o' fault-findin'.

"Now Aunt Jerushy Scran and Aunt Polly Hokum, they sed Parson Morrell wa'n't solemn enough. Ye see there's them that thinks that a minister ought to be jest like the town hearse, so that ye think of death, judgment, and eternity, and nothin' else, when you see him round; and ef they see

a man rosy and chipper, and hevin' a pretty nice sociable sort of a time, why they say he ain't spiritooal-minded. But in my times I've seen ministers that the most awakenin' kind when in the pulpit was the liveliest when they was out on't. There is a time to laugh, Scriptur' says, though some folks never seem to remember that 'are."

"But, Sam, how came you to say it was Ike Babbitt's fault? What was it about the sheep?"

"O wal, yis—I'm a comin' to that 'are. It was all about them sheep— I expect they was the instrument the devil sot to work to tempt Parson Morrell to laugh in prayer-time.

"Ye see there was old Dick, Ike's bell-wether, was the fightin'est old crittur, that ever ye see. Why Dick would butt at his own shadder, and every body said it was a shame the old crittur should be left to run loose, 'cause he run at the children and scared the women half out of their wits. Wal, I used to live out in that parish in them days, and Lem Sudoc and I used to go out sparkin' Sunday nights to see the Larkin gals—and we had to go right 'cross the lot where Dick was—so we used to go and stand at the fence and call, and Dick would see us and put down his head and run at us full chisel, and come bunt agin the fence, and then I'd ketch him by the horns and hold him while Lem run and got over the fence t'other side the lot, and then I'd let go; and Lem would holler and shake a stick at him, and away he'd go full butt at Lem, and Lem would ketch his horns and hold him till I came over—that was the way we managed Dick—but ef he come sudden up behind a fellow, he'd give him a butt in the small of his back that would make him run on all fours one while—he was a great rogue, Dick was. Wal, that summer I remember they had old Deacon Titkins for tithing-man, and I tell you he give it to the boys lively. There wa'n't no sleepin' nor no playin', for the deacon hed eyes like a gimblet, and he was quick as a cat, and the youngsters hed to look out for themselves. It did really seem as if the deacon was like them four beasts in the Revelation that was full o' eyes behind and before, for which ever way he was standin' if you gave only a wink he was down on you and hit you a tap with his stick. I know

once Lem Sudoc jist wrote two words in the psalm-book and passed to Keziah Larkin, and the deacon give him such a tap that Lem grew red as a beet, and vowed he'd be up with him some day for that.

"Wal, Lordy massy! folks that is so chipper and high-steppin' has to hev their come-downs, and the deacon he hed to hev his.

"That 'are Sunday, I 'member it now jest as well as if 'twas yesterday. The parson he giv us his gret sermon, reconcilin' decrees and free-agency. Every body said that 'are sermon was a masterpiece! He preached it up to Cambridge at Commencement,—but it so happened it was one o' them bilin' hot days that come in August, when you can fairly hear the huckleberries a sizzlin' and cookin' on the bushes, and the locust keeps a gratin' like a red-hot saw. Wal, such times, decrees or no decrees, the best on us will get sleepy. The old meetin'-house stood right down at the foot of a hill that kep' off all the wind, and the sun blazed away at them gret west winders, and there was pretty sleepy times there. Wal, the deacon he flew round a spell, and woke up the children and tapped the boys on the head, and kep' every thing straight as he could till the sermon was most through, when he railly got most tuckered out, and he took a chair, and he sot down in the door right opposite the minister, and fairly got to sleep himself, jest as the minister got up to make the last prayer.

"Wal, Parson Morrell hed a way o'prayin' with his eyes open. Folks said it wa'n't the best way, but it was Parson Morrell's way anyhow, and so as he was prayin' he couldn't help seein' that Deacon Titkins was a noddin' and a bobbin' out towards the place where old Dick was feedin' with the sheep, front o' the meetin'-house door.

"Lem and me we was sittin' where we could look out, and we could jest see old Dick stop feedin' and look at the deacon. The deacon hed a little round head as smooth as an apple, with a nice powdered wig on it, and he sot there makin' bobs and bows, and Dick begun to think it was suthin' sort o' pussonel. Lem and me was sittin' jest where we could look out and see the hull picter, and Lem was fit to split.

"'Good, now,' says he, 'that crittur'll pay the deacon off lively, pretty soon.'

"The deacon bobbed his head a spell, and old Dick he shook his horns and stamped at him sort o' threatnin'. Finally the deacou he give a great bow and brought his head right down at him, and old Dick he sot out full tilt and come down on him ker chunk, and knocked him head over heels into the broad aisle, and his wig flew one way and he t'other, and Dick made a lunge at it as it flew, and carried it off on his horns.

"Wal, you may believe that broke up the meetin' for one while, for Parson Morrell laughed out, and all the girls and boys they stomped and roared. And the old deacon he got up and begun rubbin' his shins—'cause he didu't see the joke on't.

"'You don't orter laugh,' says he, 'it's no laughin' matter—it's a solemn thing,' says he. 'I might hev been sent into 'tarnity by that darned crittur,' says he. Then they all roared and haw-hawed the more to see the deacon dancin' round with his little shiny head, so smooth a fly would trip up on't. 'I believe, on my soul, you'd laugh to see me in my grave,' says he.

"Wal, the truth on't was, 'twas jist one of them bustin' up times that natur' has, when there ain't nothin' for it but to give in; 'twas jest like the ice breakin' up in the Charles River—it all come at once and no whoa to't. Sunday or no Sunday, sin or no sin, the most on 'em laughed till they cried, and couldn't help it.

"But the deacon he went home feelin' pretty sore about it. Lem Sudoc he picked up his wig and handed it to him. Says he, 'Old Dick was playin' tithing-man, wa'n't he, deacon? Teach you to make allowance for other folks that get sleepy.'

"Then Mrs. Titkins she went over to Aunt Jerushy Scran's and Aunt Polly Hokum's, and they hed a pot o' tea over it, and 'greed it was awful of Parson Morrell to set sich an example, and suthin' hed got to be done about it. Miss Hokum said she allers knew that Parson Morrell hedn't no spiritooality, and now it hed broke out into open sin, and led all the rest of 'em into it; and Mrs. Titkins she said such a man

wa'n't fit to preach; and Miss Hokum said she couldn't never hear him ag'in, and the next Sunday the deacon and his wife they hitched up and driv eight miles over to Parson Lothrop's, and took Aunt Polly on the back seat.

"Wal, the thing growed and growed till it seemed as if there wa'n't nothin' else talked about, 'cause Aunt Polly and Mrs. Titkins and Jerushy Scran they didn't do nothin' but talk about it, and that sot every body else a talkin'.

"Finally it was 'greed they must hev a council to settle the nash. So all the wimmen they went to choppin' mince, and makin' up punkin pies and cranberry tarts, and bilin' doughnuts, gettin' reddy for the ministers and delegates—'cause councils always eats powerful—and they hed quite a stir, like a gineral trainin'. The hosses, they was hitched all up and down the stalls, a stompin' and switchin' their tails, and the wimmen was a talkin', and they hed up every body round for witnesses, and finally Parson Morrell he says, 'Brethren,' says he, 'jest let me tell you the story jest as it happened, and if you don't every one of you laugh as hard as I did, why, then I'll give up.'

"The parson he was a master hand at settin' off a story, and afore he'd done he got 'em all in sich a roar they didn't know where to leave off. Finally, they give sentence that there hedn't no temptation took him but such as is common to man; but they advised him afterward allers to pray with his eyes shet, and the parson he confessed he orter 'a done it, and meant to do better in future, and so they settled it.

"So, boys," said Sam, who always drew a moral, "ye see it larns you you must take care what ye look at, ef ye want to keep from laughin' in meetin'."

—*Oldtown Fireside Stories.*

ASPIRATIONS.

Our aims are all too high; we try
To gain the summit at a bound,
When we should reach it step by step,
And climb the ladder round by round.

He who would climb the heights sublime,
  Or breathe the purer air of life,
Must not expect to rest in ease,
  But brace himself for toil or strife.

We should not in our blindness seek
  To grasp alone for grand and great,
Disdaining every smaller good,—
  For trifles make the aggregate.
And if a cloud should hover o'er
  Our weary path-way like a pall,
Remember God permits it there,
  And His good purpose reigns o'er all.

Life should be full of earnest work,
  Our hearts undashed by fortune's frown;
Let *perseverance* conquer fate,
  And *merit* seize the victor's crown.
The battle is not to the strong,
  The race not always to the fleet;
And he who seeks to pluck the stars,
  Will lose the jewels at his feet.

THE PORTRAIT.—Owen Meredith.

Midnight past! Not a sound of aught
  Through the silent house, but the wind at his prayers,
I sat by the dying fire, and thought
  Of the dear dead woman up stairs.

A night of tears! for the gusty rain
  Had ceased, but the eaves were dripping yet;
And the moon looked forth, as though in pain,
  With her face all white and wet.

Nobody with me my watch to keep
  But the friend of my bosom, the man I love:
And grief had sent him fast to sleep
  In the chamber up above.

Nobody else, in the country place
  All round, that knew of my loss beside,
But the good young priest with the Raphael-face,
  Who confessed her when she died.

That good young priest is of gentle nerve,
  And my grief had moved him beyond control,
For his lips grew white as I could observe,
  When he speeded her parting soul.

I sat by the dreary hearth alone;
I thought of the pleasant days of yore;
I said, "The staff of my life is gone,
The woman I loved is no more.

"On her cold dead bosom my portrait lies,
Which next to her heart she used to wear—
Haunting it o'er with her tender eyes
When my own face was not there.

"It is set all around with rubies red,
And pearls which a Peri might have kept;
For each ruby there my heart hath bled,
For each pearl my eyes have wept."

And I said "The thing is precious to me;
They will bury her soon in the churchyard clay;
It lies on her heart, and lost must be
If I do not take it away."

I lighted my lamp at the dying flame,
And crept up the stairs that creaked for fright,
Till into the chamber of death I came,
Where she lay all in white.

The moon shone over her winding sheet;
There stark she lay on her carven bed;
Seven burning tapers about her feet,
And seven about her head.

As I stretched my hand I held my breath;
I turned as I drew the curtains apart:
I dared not look on the face of death:
I knew where to find her heart.

I thought at first as my touch fell there
It had warmed that heart to life, with love;
For the thing I touched was warm, I swear,
And I could feel it move.

'Twas the hand of a man, that was moving slow
O'er the heart of the dead—from the other side—
And at once the sweat broke over my brow,
"Who is robbing the corpse?" I cried.

Opposite me, by the tapers' light,
The friend of my bosom, the man I loved,
Stood over the corpse and all as white,
And neither of us moved.

"What do you here my friend?" The man
Looked first at me, and then at the dead.
"There is a portrait here," he began:
"There is. It is mine," I said.

Said the friend of my bosom, "Yours no doubt
The portrait was, till a month ago,
When this suffering angel took that out,
And placed mine there, I know."

"This woman, she loved me well," said I.
"A month *ago*," said my friend to me:
"And in your throat," I groaned, "you lie!"
He answered, "Let us see."

"Enough! let the dead decide;
And whosesoever the portrait prove,
His shall it be, when the cause is tried,—
Where death is arraigned by love."

We found the portrait there in its place,
We opened it by the tapers' shine,
The gems were all unchanged; the face
Was—neither his nor mine.

"One nail drives out another, at last!
The face of the portrait there," I cried,
"Is our friend's the Raphael-faced young priest
Who confessed her when she died."

The setting is all of rubies red,
And pearls which a Peri might have kept,—
For each ruby she my heart hath bled,
For each pearl my eyes have wept.

IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

I saw wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old family bureau this evening, and went softly out, and wandered up and down, until I knew that she had shut it up and gone to her sewing. We have some things laid away in that drawer which the gold of kings could not buy, and yet they are relics which grieve us until both our hearts are sore. I haven't dared look at them for a year, but I remember each article.

There are two worn shoes, a little chip-hat with part of the brim gone, some stockings, pants, a coat, two or three spools, bits of broken crockery, a whip, and several toys.

Wife—poor thing—goes to that drawer every day of her life, and prays over it, and lets her tears fall upon the precious articles; but I dare not go.

Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but not often. It has been a long time, but somehow we can't get over grieving. He was such a burst of sunshine into our lives that his going away has been like covering our every-day existence with a pall. Sometimes, when we sit alone of an evening, I writing and she sewing, a child on the street will call out as our boy used to, and we will both start up with beating hearts and a wild hope, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever.

It is so still and quiet now. I look up at the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at my coming, but he is not there. I listen for his pattering feet, his merry shout, and his ringing laugh; but there is no sound. There is no one to climb over my knees, no one to search my pockets and tease for presents: and I never find the chairs turned over, the broom down, or ropes tied to the door-knobs.

I want some one to tease me for my knife; to ride on my shoulder; to lose my axe; to follow me to the gate when I go, and be there to meet me when I come; to call "good-night" from the little bed, now empty. And wife, she misses him still more: there are no little feet to wash, no prayers to say; no voice teasing for lumps of sugar, or sobbing with the pain of a hurt toe; and she would give her own life, almost, to awake at midnight, and look across to the crib and see our boy there as he used to be.

So we preserve our relics; and when we are dead we hope that strangers will handle them tenderly, even if they shed no tears over them.

THE MAN WITH A COLD IN HIS HEAD.

By dabe is Jodes—Daddle Jodes. I ab the bost biserable bad udder the sud. I ab eterdally catchig cold; by doze is everlastigly plaguig be so that I dever cad talk plaid. I have tried every thig id the world to prevedt it, but the cold will

cub in spite of be. Subber ad widter, it is all the sabe. I breathe through by bouth frob Jaduary to Decebber, frob the begiddig to the edd of the year. I've tried Allopathy, Hydropathy, Hobeopathy, and Tobsodiadisb; every systeb of bedicid, but id vaid. All kides of teas, drobs, add old wibbed's dostrubs have bid tried; I've swallowed edough of theb to drowd be; bud 's do use. Dothig udder heaved cad keep by feet warb,—dothig keep be frob catching cold.

I ab dot rich, I ab dot poor; but I rather'd be a beggar,—ad orgad grider's budkey,—the beadest thig you could dabe—adythig— rather thad be a bad with a stopped ub doze. I ab very fod of wibbed's society, but I dare dot go idto cubpady; people are too polite to evidce disgust, but everybody becubs udeasy whedever I vedture dear theb. I wad't to barry; but doboddy will have be with by doze—dever! dever! Oh! I ab idcodceivably udhappy!

Sub years ago I fell id love with a charbig girl. Her father was a bad of beads, ad she was the bost widdig little dabsel id the world. Ad she alode of all the world seebed dot to bide by bisfortude. Ad I loved her with a love of udibadgidable idtedsity; every atob of by beig adored her. I deterbid to seredade her. Accordigly I shut byself ub id by roob ad waited a log tibe, udtil by cold got albost edtirely well. At last, wud fide Autub dight, I vedtured forth, wrapped up to the eyes id cloaks, overcoats, shawls, ad what dot; od by feet I wore the thickest kide of gub shoes. A bad of busiciads wedt alog with be. 'Twas after eleved o'clock whed we reached her residedce id a fashiodable ad retired street. After the bad had played a dubber of fide tudes, edough I thought to have waked her, I ordered theb to stob, so that I bight sig. I had studied several sogs, all bore or less sedibedtal ad beladcholy, udtil I thought I was perfect. But do sooder had I pulled the hadkerchief off by doze ad bouth thad I caught cold. I cobbedced,—

"'Twas ted o'clock wud boodlight dight,"

it souded very badly, so I thought I would try

"Whed twilight dews are fallig fast:"

but that was albost as bad as the first. But I had cub there

to sig, ad sig I bust. So I sug at the top of by voice,—

"Cub, oh cub with be,
The bood is beabig;
Cub, oh cub with be,
The stars are gleabig;
Ad all aroud, above,
With beauty teabig;
Boodlight hours are the best for love!
Tra la lala la,"

ad so forth.

While I was goidg on with "tra la lala la," codgratulatig byself bedtally upod by success, a yug fellow livig id the house adjoidig by sweetheart threw up the widdow ad shouted, "*Blow your doze, you fool! blow your doze!*" Ad all the bad of busiciads laughed log ad udfeeligly. Fadcy by feligs! Shakig by cledched fist at the yug scoudrel id the widdow, I adathebatized hib with the bost awful ibprecatiods I could thidk of, udmidful who bight hear or who bight dot. Of the iddecedt ad udfeelig busiciads, I took do further dotice thad to hurl theb their pay upod the groud. Thed barched hobe, ad retired to by apartbedt, frob which I did dot eberge for budahs.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.—Elizabeth Akers.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between:
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listened your lullaby song:
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

IN HEAVEN I'LL ROCK THEE TO SLEEP.

Yes, darling one, I will rock thee to sleep!
Stay not to murmur or sadly to weep;
Smile, though thy pathway is rugged and cold,
Soon shall I greet thee in heaven's sweet fold;
Cease thy repinings, for trouble must come
Where'er on earth thou shalt find thee a home;
Over life's desert the shadows will creep,—
In realms of joy I will rock thee to sleep!

No love like that of thy mother thou'lt find,
No hand to guide thee, no ties that will bind,
No eyes to watch thee, and no heart to love—
As love the angels in mansions above;
Still doth my heart sweetly roam to my child
When tempests come and when life's night is wild,—
Over my darling my fond watch I'll keep,
Till when in heaven I rock thee to sleep.

Soon wilt thou cross the dark river of death,
Ere long thou'lt feel the great reaper's cold breath,
Angels shall bear thee from life's cheerless shore,
To realms where beauty shall fade nevermore;
Sweet songs shall greet thee and bright forms appear,
Nevermore care and grief's shadows thou'lt fear,
But where dwells happiness—lasting and deep—
Gladly, my loved one, I'll rock thee to sleep!

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.—N. P. Willis.

She rose from her delicious sleep,
And put away her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer;
Her snow-white hands together pressed,
Her blue eyes sheltered in the lid,
The folded linen on her breast
Just swelling with the charms it hid.

And from her long and flowing dress
Escaped a bare and snowy foot,
Whose step upon the earth did press
Like a sweet snow-flake soft and mute;
And then from slumber chaste and warm,
Like a young spirit fresh from heaven,
She *bowed* that young and matchless form;
And *humbly prayed* to be forgiven.

Oh, God! if souls as pure as these
Need daily mercy from Thy throne—
If she upon her bended knee,
Our holiest and our purest one—
She with a face so clear and bright
We deem her some stray child of light;
If she, with these soft eyes and tears,
Day after day in her young years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from Thee,
How hardly if *she* win not heaven
Will *our* wild errors be forgiven!

BASCOMB'S BABY.

She brought it over to our house, Mrs. Bascomb did. It was their first—a wee little red-faced, red-headed, pug-nosed, howling infant. It was one of the hottest days in July, but she had it wrapped up in three shawls and a bedquilt, and was in agony every moment for fear it would sneeze.

"Do see his darling, darling little face!" she said to me, as she unwound him about forty times, and looked to see which end his feet were on.

I looked.

I have been the father of eleven just such howling little wopsies, and I didn't see anything remarkable about Bascomb's baby.

"See those eyes—that firmness of mouth, that temper in his look!" she went on.

I saw them.

The little scoundrel began to get red in the face and beat the air, and his mother shouted:

"He's being murdered by a pin!"

She turned him wrong end up, laid him on his face, then on his back, loosened his bands, rubbed the soles of his feet, and the tears stood in her eyes as she solemnly remarked:

"I know he won't live—he's too smart!"

The child recovered, and as he lay on his back across her knees and surveyed the ceiling, she went on:

"Such a head! Why, every one who sees him says that he is going to be a Lincoln, a Greeley, or a Bismarck; do you notice that high forehead?"

I did.

I thought he was all forehead, as his hair didn't commence to grow until the back of his neck was reached, but she assured me that I was mistaken.

"Wouldn't I just heft him once?"

I hefted him.

I told her I never saw a child of his weight weigh so much, and she smiled like an angel; she said that she was afraid I didn't appreciate children, but now she knew I did.

"Wouldn't I just look at his darling little feet—his little red feet and cunning toes?"

Yes, I would.

She rolled him over on his face and unwound his feet, and triumphantly held them up to my gaze. I contemplated the hundreds of little wrinkles running lengthwise and crosswise, the big toes and the little toes, and I agreed with her that so far as I could judge from the feet and the toes and the wrinkles, a future of unexampled brilliancy lay before that pug-nosed imp.

He began to kick and howl, and she stood him on end, set him up, laid him down and trotted him until she bounced the wind-colic into the middle of September.

"Who did he look like?"

I bent over the scarlet-faced rascal, pushed his nose one side, chucked him under the chin, and didn't answer without due deliberation. I told her that there was a faint resemblance to George Washington around the mouth, but the eyes reminded me of Daniel Webster, while the general features had made me think of the poet Milton ever since she entered the house.

That was just her view exactly, only she hadn't said anything about it before.

"Did I think he was too smart to live?"

I felt of his ears, rubbed his head, put my fingers down the back of his neck, and I told her that in my humble opinion he wasn't, though he had had a narrow escape. If his nose had been set a little more to one side, or his ears had appeared in the place of his eyes, Bascomb could have purchased a weed for his hat without delay. No; the child would live; there wasn't the least doubt about it, and any man or woman who said he wouldn't grow up to make the world thunder with his fame would steal the wool off a lost lamb in January.

She felt so happy that she rolled the imp up in his forty-nine bandages, shook him to straighten his legs and take the kinks out of his neck, and then carried him home under her arm, while my wife made me go along with an umbrella, for fear the sun would peel his little nose.

THE IVY GREEN.—Charles Dickens.

Oh! a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim;
And the mouldering dust that years have made,
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he;
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend the huge oak tree!
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim death has been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past:
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping on where time has been,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

LOVE AND AGE.

I played with you 'mid cowslips growing,
When I was six and you were four;
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more;
Through groves and meads, o'er grass and heather,
With little playmates, to and fro,
We wandered hand in hand together;—
But that was sixty years ago.

You grew a lovely, roseate maiden,
And still our early love was strong;

Still with no cares our days were laden,
They glided joyously along;
And I did love you very dearly,—
How dearly, words want power to show;
I thought your heart was touched as nearly;
But that was *fifty years* ago.

Then other lovers came around you;
Your beauty grew from year to year,
And many a splendid circle found you
The centre of its glittering sphere.
I saw you then, first vows forsaking,
On rank and wealth your hand bestow;
Oh, then I thought my heart was breaking!
But that was *forty* years ago.

And I lived on to wed another;
No cause she gave me to repine;
And when I heard you were a mother,
I did not wish the children mine.
My own young flock, in fair progression,
Made up a pleasant Christmas row;
My joy in them was past expression;—
But *that* was *thirty* years ago.

You grew a matron, plump and comely,
You dwelt in fashion's brightest blaze;
My earthly lot was far more homely,
But I, too, had my festal days.
No merrier eyes have ever glistened
Around the hearthstone's wintry glow,
Than when my youngest child was christened;—
But that was *twenty* years ago.

Time passed. My oldest girl was married,
And now I am a grandsire gray;
One pet of four years old I carried
Among the wild-flowered meads to play,—
In those same fields of childish pleasure,
Where *now*, as *then*, the cowslips blow,—
She fills her casket's ample measure,
And that is *not ten* years ago.

But though first love's impassioned blindness
Has passed away in colder night,
I still have thought of you with kindness,
And shall do till our last good-night.
The ever-rolling, silent hours
Will bring a time we shall not know,
When our young days of gathering flowers
Will be—*a hundred years ago.*

SUBLIMITY OF THE BIBLE.—L. J. Halsey.

The Bible is not only the revealer of the unknown God to man, but His grand interpreter as the God of nature. In revealing God, it has given us the key that unlocks the profoundest mysteries of creation, the clew by which to thread the labyrinth of the universe, the glass through which to look "from nature up to nature's God."

It is only when we stand and gaze upon nature, with the Bible in our hands, and its idea of God in our understandings, that nature is capable of rising to her highest majesty, and kindling in our souls the highest emotions of moral beauty and sublimity. Without the all-pervading spiritual God of the Bible in our thoughts, nature's sweetest music would lose its charm, the universe its highest significance and glory.

Go, and stand with your open Bible upon the Areopagus of Athens, where Paul stood so long ago! In thoughtful silence, look around upon the site of all that ancient greatness; look upward to those still glorious skies of Greece, and what conceptions of wisdom and power will all those memorable scenes of nature and art convey to your mind, now, more than they did to an ancient worshipper of Jupiter or Apollo? They will tell of Him who made the worlds, "by whom, and through whom, and for whom, are all things." To you, that landscape of exceeding beauty, so rich in the monuments of departed genius, with its distant classic mountains, its deep blue sea, and its bright bending skies, will be telling a tale of glory the Grecian never learned; for it will speak to you no more of its thirty thousand petty contending deities, but of the one living and everlasting God.

Go, stand with David and Isaiah under the star-spangled canopy of the night; and, as you look away to the "range of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres wheeling unshaken through the void immense," take up the mighty questionings of inspiration!

Go, stand upon the heights at Niagara, and listen in awe-struck silence to that boldest, most earnest, and eloquent of all nature's orators! And what is Niagara, with its plunging waters and its mighty roar, but the oracle of God, the whis-

per of His voice who is revealed in the Bible as sitting above the water-floods forever?

Go, once more, and stand with Coleridge, at sunrise, in the Alpine Valley of Chamouni; join with him in that magnificent invocation to the hoary mount, "sole sovereign of the vale," to rise,

> "and tell the silent sky,
> And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
> Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God."

Who can stand amid scenes like these, with the Bible in his hand, and not feel that if there is moral sublimity to be found on earth, it is in the Book of God, it is in the thought of God? For what are all these outward, visible forms of grandeur but the expression and the utterance of that conception of Deity which the Bible has created in our minds, and which has now become the leading and largest thought of all civilized nations?

A ROMANCE IN VERSE.

When first I met Louisa Ann
I was a very happy man.
I saw and loved her—*verbum sat,*
My sorrow is not due to that.

No obstacles were in the way.
She'd no relations to say "Nay;"
No one to murmur at my plan
To marry dear Louisa Ann.

She did not hesitate—not she!
She owned that we might married be.
Against my love arose no ban
From my adored Louisa Ann.

She did not all too early die,
Nor—if it comes to that—did I;
Unchecked the course of true love ran:
I married my Louisa Ann.

There the romance however ends.
Dear reader, you and I are friends!
You don't *like* my Louisa Ann?
No more do I—I never *can.*

A CHARMING WOMAN.—John G. Saxe.

A charming woman, I've heard it said
  By other women as light as she;
But all in vain I puzzle my head
  To find wherein the charm may be.
Her face, indeed, is pretty enough,
  And her form is quite as good as the best,
Where nature has given the bony stuff,
  And a clever milliner all the rest.

Intelligent? Yes—in a certain way:
  With the feminine gift of ready speech;
And knows very well what *not* to say
  Whenever the theme transcends her reach.
But turn the topic on things to wear,
  From an opera cloak to a *robe de nuit*—
Hats, basques, or bonnets—'twill make you stare
  To see how fluent the lady can be.

Her laugh is hardly a thing to please;
  For an honest laugh must always start
From a gleesome mood, like a sudden breeze,
  And her's is purely a matter of art—
A muscular motion made to show
  What nature designed to lie beneath
The finer mouth; but what can she do,
  If *that* is ruined to show the teeth?

To her seat in church—a good half mile—
  When the day is fine she is sure to go,
Arrayed, of course, in the latest style
  La mode de Paris has got to show;
And she puts her hands on the velvet pew
  (Can hands so white have a taint of sin?)
And thinks how her prayer-book's tint of blue
  Must harmonize with her milky skin!

Ah! what shall we say of one who walks
  In fields of flowers to choose the weeds?
Reads authors of whom she never talks,
  And talks of authors she never reads?
She's a charming woman, I've heard it said
  By other women as light as she;
But all in vain I puzzle my head
  To find wherein the charm may be.

SSS —*Harper's Magazine.*

MARY, THE MAID OF THE INN.—Robert Southey.

Who is yonder poor maniac, whose wildly-fixed eyes
  Seem a heart overcharged to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs:
She never complains, but her silence implies
  The composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion the maniac will seek;
  Cold and hunger awake not her care;
Through her rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor withered bosom half bare, and her cheek
  Has the deathly pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
  Poor Mary the maniac has been;
The traveler remembers, who journeyed this way,
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
  As Mary, the maid of the inn.

Her cheerful address filled the guests with delight,
  As she welcomed them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the abbey at night,
  When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved; and young Richard had settled the day,
  And she hoped to be happy for life:
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say
  That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
  And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
And smoking in silence with tranquil delight
  They listened to hear the wind roar.

"'Tis pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fireside
  To hear the wind whistle without."
"A fine night for the abbey!" his comrade replied;
"Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried
  Who should wander the ruins about.

"I myself, like a school-boy, would tremble to hear
  The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old abbot's grim spirit appear.—
  For this wind might awaken the dead!"

"I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
"That Mary would venture there now."
"Then wager, and lose!" with a sneer he replied;
"I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a white cow."

"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"
His companion exclaimed with a smile;
"I shall win,—for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the elder that grows in the aisle."

With fearless good humor did Mary comply,
And her way to the abbey she bent;
The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,
And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky
She shivered with cold as she went.

O'er the path so well known still proceeded the maid,
Where the abbey rose dim on the sight;
Through the gateway she entered, she felt not afraid;
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howled dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-covered fragments still fearless she pass'd,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the elder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near,
And hastily gathered the bough;
When the sound of a voice seemed to rise on her ear:
She paused, and she listened, all eager to hear,
And her heart panted painfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head,—
She listened,—naught else could she hear.
The wind ceased; her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
She crept to conceal herself there:
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,
And between them a corpse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold;
Again the rough wind hurried by,—

It blew off the hat of the one, and behold!
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it rolled;—
She fell, and expected to die.

"Curse the hat!" he exclaimed. "Nay, come on till we hide
The dead body," his comrade replies.
She beholds them in safety pass on by her side,
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
And fast through the abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rushed in at the door,
She gazed in her terror around,
Then her limbs could support their faint burden no more,
And exhausted and breathless she sunk on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view;—
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,
For—O God! what cold horror then thrilled through her heart
When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old abbey stands on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen;
His irons you still from the road may espy,
The traveler beholds them, and thinks with a sigh
Of poor Mary, the maid of the inn.

TRUTH.—Cowper.

The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue; the only lasting treasure, truth.
But what is truth? 'Twas Pilate's question put
To truth itself, that deigned him no reply.
And wherefore? will not God impart His light
To them that ask it?—Freely: 'tis his joy,
His glory, and his nature, to impart.
But to the proud, uncandid, insincere,
Or negligent inquirer, not a spark.
What pearl is it that rich men cannot buy,
That learning is too proud to gather up;
But which the poor and the despised of all
Seek and obtain, and often find unsought?
Tell me, and I will tell thee what is truth.

HE DIDN'T WANT A COFFIN.

He came into the office of a West End undertaker yesterday with a look of great care on his honest face. His eyes were heavy and slightly bloodshot, telling of nightly vigils and loss of sleep. His hair was unkempt and shaggy. The soft-hearted man of coffins looked upon his visitor with a gaze full of pity and thankfulness—pity for the customer's loss, and thankfulness for his patronage. He was so young to be burdened with the loss of a dear one by death.

The manufacturer of burial cases nodded a silent assent and consoling recognition; the young man from the country said: "How d'ye?" Then ensued a painful silence, broken at length by the man of grave business.

"Can I do anything for you to-day, sir?"

"Wall, I reckin so, stranger!"

Another silence. Once more the undertaker began by suggesting: "Your sister?"

The young man stared a moment, then, as a light gradually broke upon his perplexed mind, he smiled a smile more suggestive of sorrow than happiness, and replied:

"No—my wife."

"Sudden?"

"No—expected su'thun' of the kind for several months."

"When did it happen?"

"'Bout four o'clock this morning."

"Looks natural?"

"Rather." Spoken carefully, and expressive of some doubt.

"About what do you want the cost of it to be?"

"Don't care for expense; git it up kinder nice. I'll treat her handsome, 'cause she is the first one I ever had."

"Very well, my friend; you'll have it lined with white satin, I suppose?"

"Just as you say, stranger."

"Silver-headed screws, too, I suppose?"

"Y-a-a-s—Oh, certainly—you bet! Git her up sniptious, you know, old fellow. None of your pesky one-horse fixins for me. No, sir'ee!"

"Just so. Silver handles, of course?"

"Eh? What's that you say, stranger—silver handles? Oh, blame it, now, won't that be pilin' it on too hefty like? I kin stand silver screws and sich, but there's no use makin' the hull consarn of silver. The thing has to be moved, and *must have handles*, but I ain't quite so stuck up as that now—not quite, stranger."

"Very well," acquiesced the man of obsequies. "I'll put ordinary handles to it, then?"

"Eggs-actly—them's 'em, mister, now yer talkin'. Or'nary handles'll do. But, I say stranger,—(reflectively) make the wheels glisten like thunder."

"Wh-wh-wh-eels?"

"Yas, wheels. What's the matter with yer, anyhow?"

"But who ever heard of wheels to a coffin?"

"*Coffin!*" shrieked the dejected-looking young man. "Coffin! Now, who the dickins said anything *about* coffins?"

"Why, don't you want a coffin?"

"No-o! I want a cradle—a trap to rock my new baby in."

"And isn't your wife dead?"

"Not by a jugfull. Don't yer make cradles for sale?"

"No, my friend, I am an undertaker."

"Undertaker of what?"

"I make coffins."

"Oh, Lord, let me ketch the feller that sent me here!"

And the grief-stricken youth crammed his hat over his eyes, ran his hands deep down in the pockets of his trousers, and pounced out on the streets searching for vengeance

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THE WIFE'S APPEAL.—W. C. Bennett.

Oh, don't go in to-night, John!—
Now, husband, don't go in:
To spend our only shilling, John,
Would be a cruel sin.
There's not a loaf at home, John,
There's not a coal, you know,
Though with hunger I am faint, John,
And cold comes down the snow—
Then don't go in to-night!

Ah, John, you must remember,
And, John, I can't forget,
When never foot of yours, John,
Was in the ale-house set.
Ah! those were happy times, John,
No quarrels then we knew,
And none were happier in our lane
Than I, dear John, and you.
Then don't go in to-night!

You will not go, John—John, I mind
When we were courting, few
Had arm as strong, or step as firm,
Or cheek as red as you.
But drink has stolen your strength, John,
And paled your cheek to white;
Has tottering made your once firm tread,
And bowed your manly height.
You'll not go in to-night!

You'll not go in! Think on the day
That made me, John, your wife;
What pleasant talk we that day had
Of all our future life;
Of how your steady earnings, John,
No wasting should consume,
But weekly some new comfort bring
To deck our happy room.
Then don't go in to-night!

To see us, John, as then we dressed,
So tidy, clean, and neat,
Brought out all eyes to follow us
As we went down the street.
Ah, little thought our neighbors then,
And *we* as little thought,
That ever, John, to rags like these
By drink we should be brought.
You won't go in to-night!

And will you go? If not for me,
Yet for your *baby* stay;—
You know, John, not a taste of food
Has passed my lips to-day.
And tell your father, little one,
'Tis mine *your* life hangs on!
You will not spend the shilling, John,
You'll give it him?—Come, John!
Come home with us to-night.

A YARN.—Mary E. Hewitt.

"'Tis Saturday night, and our watch below—
What heed we, boys, how the breezes blow,
While our cans are brimmed with the sparkling flow?
Come, Jack—uncoil, as we pass the grog,
And spin us a yarn from memory's log."

Jack's brawny chest like the broad sea heaved,
While his loving lip to the beaker cleaved;
And he drew his tarred and well-saved sleeve
Across his mouth, as he drained the can,
And thus to his listening mates began:

"When I sailed a boy, in the schooner Mike,
No bigger, I trow, than a marlinspike—
But I've told ye the tale ere now, belike?"
"Go on!" each voice re-echoéd,
And the tar thrice hemmed, and thus he said:

"A stanch-built craft as the waves e'er bore—
We had loosed our sail for home once more,
Freighted full deep from Labrador,
When a cloud one night rose on our lee,
That the heart of the stoutest quailed to see.

"And voices wild with the winds were blent,
As our bark her prow to the waters bent;
And the seamen muttered their discontent—
Muttered and nodded ominously—
But the mate, right carelessly whistled he.

"'Our bark may never outride the gale—
'Tis a pitiless night! the pattering hail
Hath coated each spar as 'twere in mail;
And our sails are riven before the breeze,
While our cordage and shrouds into icicles freeze!'

"Thus spake the skipper beside the mast,
While the arrowy sleet fell thick and fast;
And our bark drove onward before the blast
That goaded the waves, till the angry main
Rose up and strove with the hurricane.

"Up spake the mate, and his tone was gay—
'Shall we at this hour to fear give way?
We must labor, in sooth, as well as pray:
Out, shipmates, and grapple home yonder sail,
That flutters in ribands before the gale!'

"Loud swelled the tempest, and rose the shriek—
'Save, save! we are sinking!—A leak! a leak!'
And the hale old skipper's tawny cheek
Was cold, as 'twere sculptured in marble there,
And white as the foam, or his own white hair.

"The wind piped shrilly, the wind piped loud—
It shrieked 'mong the cordage, it howled in the shroud,
And the sleet fell thick from the cold, dun cloud:
But high over all, in tones of glee,
The voice of the mate rang cheerily—

"'Now, men, for your wives' and your sweethearts' sakes!
Cheer, messmates, cheer!—quick! man the breaks!
We'll gain on the leak ere the skipper wakes;
And though our peril your hearts appall,
Ere dawns the morrow we'll laugh at the squall.'

"He railed at the tempest, he laughed at its threats,
He played with his fingers like castanets:
Yet think not that he, in his mirth forgets
That the plank he is riding this hour at sea,
May launch him the next to eternity!

"The white-haired skipper turned away,
And lifted his hands, as it were to pray;
But his look spoke plainly as look could say,
The boastful thought of the Pharisee—
'Thank God, I'm not hardened as others be!'

"But the morning dawned, and the waves sank low,
And the winds, o'erwearied, forbore to blow;
And our bark lay there in the golden glow—
Flashing she lay in the bright sunshine,
An ice-sheathed hulk on the cold still brine.

"Well, shipmates, my yarn is almost spun—
The cold and the tempest their work had done,
And I was the last, lone, living one,
Clinging, benumbed, to that wave-girt wreek,
While the dead around me bestrewed the deek.

"Yea, the dead were round me everywhere!
The skipper gray, in the sunlight there,
Still lifted his paralyzed hands in prayer;
And the mate, whose tones through the darkness leapt,
In the silent hush of the morning, slept.

"Oh, bravely he perished who sought to save
Our storm-tossed bark, from the pitiless wave,
And her crew from a yawning and fathomless grave,

Crying, 'Messmates, cheer!' with a bright, glad smile,
And praying, 'Be merciful, God!' the while.

"True to his trust, to his last chill gasp,
The helm lay clutched in his stiff, cold grasp—
You might scarcely in death undo the clasp:
And his crisp, brown locks were dank and thin,
And the icicles hung from his bearded chin.

"My timbers have weathered, since, many a gale;
And when life's tempests this hulk assail,
And the binnacle-lamp in my breast burns pale,
'Cheer, messmates, cheer!' to my heart I say,
'We must labor, in sooth, as well as pray.'"

BUILDING THE CHIMNEY.

"Father will have done the great chimney to-night, won't he mother?" said little Tommy Howard, as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast which he carried to him at his work every morning.

"He said that he hoped that all the scaffolding would be down to-night," answered the mother, "and that'll be a fine sight; for I never like the ending of those great chimneys; it is so risky for father to be last up."

"Oh! then, but I'll go and seek him; and help 'em to give a shout before he comes down," said Tom.

"And then," continued the mother, "if all goes on right, we are to have a frolic to-morrow, and go into the country, and take our dinner, and spend all the day in the woods."

"Hurrah!" cried Tom as he ran off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand and some bread in the other. His mother stood at the door watching him, as he went merrily whistling down the street, and she thought of the dear father he was going to, and the dangerous work he was engaged in; and then her heart sought its sure refuge, and she prayed to God to protect and bless her treasures.

Tom, with a light heart, pursued his way to his father, and leaving him his breakfast, went to his own work, which was at some distance. In the evening, on his way home, he went around to see how his father was getting on.

James Howard, the father, and a number of other workmen, had been building one of those lofty chimneys which, in our manufacturing towns, almost supply the place of other architectural beauty. The chimney was one of the highest and most tapering that ever had been erected; and as Tom shaded his eyes from the slanting rays of the setting sun, and looked up in search of his father, his heart sank within him at the appalling sight. The scaffold was almost down, the men at the bottom were removing the beams and poles. Tom's father stood alone on the top.

He then looked around to see that everything was right, and then, waving his hat in the air, the men below answered him with a long, loud cheer, little Tom shouting as loud as any of them. As their voices died away, however, they heard a different sound, a cry of horror and alarm from above. The men looked around, and coiled upon the ground lay the rope, which before the scaffolding was removed should have been fastened to the chimney for Tom's father to come down by! The scaffolding had been taken down without remembering to take the rope up. There was a dead silence. They all knew it was impossible to throw the rope up high enough to reach the top of the chimney, or even if possible, it would hardly be safe. They stood in silent dismay, unable to give any help or think of any means of safety.

And Tom's father! He walked round and round the little circle, the dizzy height seeming more and more fearful, and the solid earth further and further from him. In the sudden panic he lost his presence of mind, his senses failed him. He shut his eyes; he felt as if the next moment he must be dashed to pieces on the ground below.

The day passed as industrious as usual with Tom's mother at home. She was always busily employed for her husband and children in some way or other, and to-day she had been harder at work than usual, getting ready for the holiday to-morrow. She had just finished her arrangements, and her thoughts were silently thanking God for the happy home, and for all these blessings, when Tom ran in.

His face was white as ashes, and he could hardly get his words out:

"Mother! mother! he cannot get down!"

"Who, lad—thy father?" asked the mother.

"They have forgotten to leave him the rope," answered Tom, still scarcely able to speak. The mother started up, horror struck, and stood for a moment as if paralyzed, then pressing her hand over her face, as if to shut out the terrible picture, and breathing a prayer to God for help, she rushed out of the house.

When she reached the place where her husband was at work, a crowd had gathered round the foot of the chimney, and stood quite helpless, gazing up with faces full of sorrow.

"He says he will throw himself down!" said they.

"Thee mumma do that, lad," cried the wife, with a clear, hopeful voice; "thee mumma do that—wait a bit. Take off thy stocking, lad, and unravel it; let down the thread with a bit of mortar. Dost thou hear me, Jem?"

The man made a sign of assent; for it seemed as if he could not speak, and taking off his stocking, unraveled the worsted yarn, row after row. The people stood round in breathless silence and suspense, wondering what Tom's mother could be thinking of, and why she sent him in such haste for the carpenter's ball of twine.

"Let down one end of the thread with a bit of stone, and keep fast hold of the other," cried she to her husband. The little thread came waving down the tall chimney, blown hither and thither by the wind, but it reached the out-stretched hands that were awaiting it. Tom held the ball of twine, while his mother tied one end of it to the thread.

"Now, pull it slowly," cried she to her husband, and she gradually unwound the string until it reached her husband.

"Now, hold the string fast, and pull it up," cried she, and the string grew heavy and hard to pull, for Tom and his mother had fastened a thick rope to it. They had it gradually and slowly uncoiling from the ground, and the string was drawn higher.

There was but one coil left. It had reached the top. "Thank God!" exclaimed the wife. She hid her face in her hands in silent prayer, and tremblingly rejoiced.

The iron to which it should be fastened was there all right, but would her husband be able to make use of it? Would

not the terror of the past have so unnerved him as to prevent him from taking the necessary measures for safety? She did not know the magic influence which her few words exercised over him. She did not know the strength that the sound of her voice, so calm and steadfast, had given him —as if the little thread that carried to him the hope of life once more, had conveyed to him some portion of that faith in God, which nothing ever destroyed or shook in her pure heart. She did not know that, as she waited there, the words came over him:

"Why art thou cast down, O my soul? why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God."

She lifted her heart to God for hope and strength, but could do nothing more for her husband, and her heart turned to God and rested on him as on a rock.

There was a great shout. "He's safe, mother, he's safe!" cried Tom.

"Thou hast saved my life, my Mary," said the husband, folding her in his arms. "But what ails thee? thou seemest more sorrowful than glad about it."

But Mary could not speak, and if the strong arm of her husband had not held her up she would have fallen to the ground—the sudden joy, after such fear, had overcome her.

"Tom, let thy mother lean on thy shoulder," said his father, "and we will take her home."

And in their happy home they poured forth thanks to God for his great goodness, and their happy life together felt dearer and holier for the peril it had been in, and the nearness of the danger had brought them unto God. And the holiday next day—was it not indeed a thanksgiving day!

THE DEMON-SHIP.—Thomas Hood.

'Twas off the Wash—the sun went down—the sea looked
black and grim,
For stormy clouds, with murky fleece, were mustering at the
brim;
Titanic shades! enormous gloom!—as if the solid night
Of Erebus rose suddenly to seize upon the light!

It was a time for mariners to bear a wary eye,
With such a dark conspiracy between the sea and sky!

Down went my helm—close reef'd—the tack held freely in my hand—
With ballast snug—I put about, and scudded for the land.
Loud hiss'd the sea beneath her lee—my little boat flew fast,
But faster still the rushing storm came borne upon the blast.
Lord! what a roaring hurricane beset the straining sail!
What furious sleet, with level drift, and fierce assaults of hail!
What darksome caverns yawned before! what jagged steeps behind!
Like battle-steeds, with foamy manes, wild tossing in the wind.
Each after each sank down asteru, exhausted in the chase,
But where it sank another rose and galloped in its place;
As black as night—they turned to white, and cast against the cloud
A snowy sheet, as if each surge upturned a sailor's shroud:—
Still flew my boat; alas! alas! her course was nearly run!
Behold yon fatal billow rise—ten billows heaped in one!
With fearful speed the dreary mass came rolling, rolling fast,
As if the scooping sea contained one only wave at last!
Still on it came, with horrid roar, a swift pursuing grave;
It seemed as though some cloud had turned its hugeness to a wave!
Its briny sleet began to beat beforehand in my face—
I felt the rearward keel begin to climb its swelling base!
I saw its alpine hoary head impending over mine!
Another pulse—and down it rushed—an avalanche of brine!
Brief pause had I, on God to cry, or think of wife and home;
The waters closed—and when I shrieked, I shrieked below the foam!
Beyond that rush I have no hint of any after deed—
For I was tossing on the waste, as senseless as a weed.

* * * * * *

"Where am I? in the breathing world, or in the world of death?"
With sharp and sudden pang I drew another birth of breath;
My eyes drank in a doubtful light, my ears a doubtful sound—
And was that ship a *real* ship whose tackle seemed around?
A moon as if the earthly moon, was shining up aloft;
But were those beams the very beams that I had seen so oft?
A face, that mocked the human face, before me watched alone;
But were those eyes the eyes of man that looked against my own?

Oh! never may the moon again disclose me such a sight
As met my gaze, when first I looked, on that accursed night!
I've seen a thousand horrid shapes begot of fierce extremes
Of fever; and most frightful things have haunted in my dreams—
Hyenas, cats, blood-loving bats, and apes with hateful stare,
Pernicious snakes, and shaggy bulls—the lion, and she-bear—
Strong enemies, with Judas looks, of treachery and spite—
Detested features, hardly dimmed and banished by the light!
Pale-sheeted ghosts, with gory locks, upstarting from their tombs;
All phantasies and images that flit in midnight glooms—
Hags, goblins, demons, lemures, have made me all aghast,—
But nothing like that GRIMLY ONE who stood beside the mast!

His cheek was black, his brow was black, his eyes and hair as dark:
His hand was black, and where it touched, it left a sable mark;
His throat was black, his vest the same, and when I looked beneath,
His breast was black—all, all was black, except his grinning teeth.
His sooty crew were like in hue, as black as Afric slaves!
Oh, horror! e'en the ship was black that plowed the inky waves!
"Alas!" I cried, "for love of truth and blessed mercy's sake,
Where am I? in what dreadful ship? upon what dreadful lake?
What shape is that, so very grim, and black as any coal?
It is Mahound, the Evil One, and he has gained my soul!
Oh, mother dear! my tender nurse! dear meadows that beguiled
My happy days, when I was yet a little sinless child,—
My mother dear—my native fields, I never more shall see:
I'm sailing in the Devil's ship, upon the Devil's sea!"

Loud laughed that sable mariner, and loudly in return
His sooty crew sent forth a laugh that rang from stem to stern;
A dozen pair of grimly cheeks were crumpled on the nonce,
As many sets of grinning teeth came shining out at once:
A dozen gloomy shapes at once enjoyed the merry fit,
With shriek and yell, and oaths as well, like demons of the pit.
They crowed their fill, and then the chief made answer for the whole:—
"Our skins," said he, "are black ye see, because we carry coal;
You'll find your mother sure enough, and see your native fields,
For this here ship has picked you up—the Mary Ann of Shields!"

A COCKNEY WAIL.

The great Pacific journey I have done;
In many a town and tent I've found a lodgment.
I think I've traveled to the setting sun,
And very nearly reached the day of judgment!
Like Launcelot, in the quest of Holy Grail,
From Western Beersheba to Yankee Dan
I've been a seeker; yet I sadly fail
To find the genuine type American.

Where is this object of my youthful wonder,
Who met me in the pages of Sam Slick?
Who opened every sentence with "By thunder!"
And whittled always on a bit of stick?
The more the crowd of friends around me thicken,
The less my chance to meet him seems to be;
Why did he freely show himself to Dickens,
To Dixen, Sala, Trollope—not to me?

No one accosts me with the words: "Wa'll stranger?"
Greets me with "festive cuss," or shouts "old hoss"
No grim six-shooter threatens me with danger,
If I don't quickly "Pass the butter, boss."
I, too, have sat, like every other fellow,
In many a railway, omnibus, street car;
No girl has spiked me with a fierce umbrella,
And said: "You git, I mean to sit right thar!"

Gone are the Yankees of my early reading!
Faded the Yankee Land of eager quest!
I meet with culture, courtesy, good breeding,
Art, letters,—men and women of the best.
Oh! fellow-Britons, all my hopes are undone;
Take counsel of a disappointed man;
Don't come out here, but stay at home in London,
And seek *in books* the true American.

SHELTER.—William J. Lee.

There's mony a wee sweet lily sair nipped wi' the cold;
There's mony a cannie sparrow fa's upon the bleakie wold;
The wind hae aft times killit wee birdies on the tree;
But He will gaither in His nest weak bairns like you and me.

The bending heather i' the field, the primrose down the brae,
The hawthorn, fragrant i' the glen, and ilka milk-white slae,
He sifts the biting frost upon, and wings the blast wi' cold;
But gently shields His lammies a' within His safe, warm fold.

When hawk, wi' dark wings, swoopeth adown the simmer sky,
The mither ca's, and frichtened brood aneath her wingies fly;
When shadows, swooping, fa' on thee—warld sorrows—trouble stings—
He ca's for limpin', helpless weans to run aneath His wings!

The world hae, whiles, its dangers, and wingéd blasts o' care,
Yet the Father flecketh mony spots wi' hopings, bright and fair.
We gang to find a city where we hope wi' joy to sing:
And our pilgrim heads are sheltered aneath His feathery wing.

'Mang mists we sometimes stimble, and hunter's darts fa' fast,
The nicht comes down upon us, and nae starlight cheers the blast!
But nae sparrow e'er escapeth His watchfu', kindly ee;
And his gentle wings come drooping down to shelter you and me.

Wha's on before wi' bleeding feet, atween me and the storm?
My shield by day, my guide by night—that meek and weary form?
Each burden that my heart doth bend, He first the burden bore;
And His guid hand will lead me safe the last dark river o'er!

The bairn hath loving mither, and wee birdies leafy nest;
The calms are cradles of the storms, and ocean waves have rest!
We dinna ken how soon may fa' upon our hearts sae sair,
Down frae the gowden gate the cry, "Ye need nae journey mair!"

So gird the loins, and brichten up the sword, and forward gang!
We'll meet wi' mony trials, but it winna be for lang.
And as shepherd leads his lammies, and ca's them a' by name,
Our Friend will open wide the gate, and bid us a' come hame!

A SCENE FROM DOUGLAS.—Rev. John Home.

Characters.—*Norval, Glenalvon, and Lord Randolph.*

Glen. His port I love; he's in a proper mood
To chide the thunder, if at him it roared. [*Aside.*
[*Aloud.*] Has Norval seen the troops?
Norv. The setting sun
With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale,
And as the warriors moved, each polished helm,
Corslet, or spear, glanced back his gilded beams.
The hill they climbed, and halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, towering they seemed
A host angelic, clad in burning arms.
Glen. Thou talk'st it well; no leader of our host
In sounds more lofty talks of glorious war.
Norv. If I should e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely; since no part is mine
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.
Glen. You wrong yourself, brave sir; your martial deeds
Have ranked you with the great. But mark me, Norval,
Lord Randolph's favor now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.
Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.
Give them all honor: seem not to command,
Else they will hardly brook your late-sprung power,
Which nor alliance props nor birth adorns.
Norv. Sir, I have been accustomed, all my days,
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth;
And though I have been told that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yet in such language I am little skilled;
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms?
Glen. I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.
Norv. My pride!
Glen. Suppress it, as you wish to prosper;
Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake,
I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn?
Norv. A shepherd's scorn!
Glen. Why yes, if you presume
To bend on soldiers those disdainful eyes

As if you took the measure of their minds,
And said in secret, You're no match for me,
What will become of you?
Norv. Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self?
Glen. Ha! dost thou threaten me?
Norv. Didst thou not hear?
Glen. Unwillingly I did; a nobler foe
Had not been questioned thus; but such as thou—
Norv. Whom dost thou think me?
Glen. Norval.
Norv. So I am;
And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes?
Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar boy;
At best no more, even if he speak the truth.
Norv. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth?
Glen. Thy truth! thou'rt all a lie; and basely false
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.
Norv. If I were chained, unarmed, or bedrid old,
Perhaps I should revile; but, as I am,
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.
Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valor,
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.
Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon—born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee?
Norv. Villain, no more!
Draw, and defend thy life. I did design
To have defied thee in another cause;
But heaven accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs!

Enter Lord Randolph.

Lord R. Hold! I command you both! the man that stirs
Makes me his foe.
Norv. Another voice than thine
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.
Glen. Hear him, my lord; he's wondrous condescending!
Mark the humility of shepherd Norval!
Norv. Now you may scoff in safety.
Lord R. Speak not thus,
Taunting each other, but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel; then I judge betwixt you.
Norv. Nay, my good lord, though I revere you much,
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment.
I blush to speak; and will not, cannot speak
The opprobrious words that I from him have borne.
To the liege lord of my dear native land
I owe a subject's homage; but even him
And his high arbitration I'd reject!

Within my bosom reigns another lord—
Honor! sole judge and umpire of itself.
If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,
Revoke your favors, and let Norval go
Hence as he came; alone—but not dishonored!
Lord R. Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice:
The ancient foe of Caledonia's land
Now waves his banner o'er her frighted fields;
Suspend your purpose till your country's arms
Repel the bold invader; then decide
The private quarrel.
Glen. I agree to this.
Norv. And I.
Glen. Norval,
Let not our variance mar the social hour,
Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.
Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,
Shall stain my countenance. Smooth thou thy brow;
Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.
Norv. Think not so lightly, sir, of my resentment;
When we contend again our strife is mortal.

MY FIRST POLITICAL SPEECH.*—Max Adeler.

I had for some time entertained a strong conviction that nature designed me for an orator. I was assured that I possessed the gift of eloquence which enables great speakers to sway the passions of the multitude, and I felt that I needed but the opportunity to reveal this fact to the world. Accordingly, at the beginning of the political campaign, I sent my name to one of the executive committees of the State, in Wilmington, with the request that it might be written down with the names of the speakers who would be called upon whenever important meetings were held. I waited impatiently all through the campaign for a summons to appear and electrify the people. It did not come, and I was almost in despair. But on the day before the election I received from the chairman a brief note, saying that I had been announced to speak at Dover that evening before a great mass meeting, and requesting me to take the early afternoon train, so that I might report to the local chairman in Dover before nightfall. The pleasure with which this summons was received was in some measure marred by the fact that I had not a speech ready, and the time was so short that elaborate preparation was impossible. But I determined to throw into some sort of shape the ideas and arguments which would readily occur to the mind of a man famil-

*This amusing sketch is taken, by permission of the Author, from "Out of the Hurly-Burly," a book overflowing with genuine humor.

iar with the ordinary political questions of the day and with the merits of the candidates, and to trust to the inspiration of the occasion for the power to present them forcibly and eloquently.

Of course it was plain that anything like an attempt at gorgeousness in such a speech would be foolish, so I concluded to speak plainly and directly to the point, and to enliven my argument with some amusing campaign stories. In order to fix my points firmly in my mind and to ensure their presentation in their proper order, they were numbered and committed to memory, each argument and its accompanying anecdote being associated with a particular arithmetical figure. The synopsis, if it may be called by that name, presented an appearance something like the following, excepting that it contained a specification of the points of the speech which need not be reproduced here:

THE SPEECH.

1. *Exordium, concluding with Scott's famous lines, "Breathes there a man with soul so dead," etc.*

2. *Arguments, introducing a narrative of the facts in the case of Hotchkiss, who was locked out upon the roof of his house all night. (See particulars farther on.) The design of the story is to give a striking picture of the manner in which the opposition party will be left out in the cold by the election. (Make this strong, and pause for cheers.)*

3. *Arguments, followed by the story of the Kickapoo Indian who saw a locomotive approaching upon the plains, and thinking it was a superior breed of buffalo, determined to capture it, so that he could take the first prize at the Kickapoo agricultural fair. He tied his lasso to his waist and threw the other end over the smoke-stack. The locomotive did not stop; but when the engineer arrived at the next station, he went out and cut the string by which a small bit of copper-colored meat was tied to his smoke-stack. This is to illustrate the folly of the attempt of conservatism to check the onward career of pure and enlightened liberalism toward perfect civilization, etc., etc.*

4. *Arguments, and then the anecdote of that Dutchman in Berks county, Pa., who on the 10th of October, 1866, was observed to go out into his yard and raise the American flag; then he got his gun and fired a salute seventeen or eighteen times, after which he consumed six packs of fire-crackers and gave three cheers for the Union. He enjoyed himself in this manner nearly all day, while his neighbors gathered around outside and placed their elbows upon the fence, watching him and wondering what on earth he meant. A peddler who came along stopped and had an interview with him. To his surprise, he found that the German agriculturist was celebrating the Fourth of July, 1859. He did not know that it was any later in the century, for he had been keeping his time on a notched stick; and having been sick a great deal, he had gotten the thing in a*

dreadful tangle. When he learned that he was seven Fourths in arrears, he was depressed; but he sent out and bought a box of fire-crackers and a barrel of gun-powder, and spent a week catching up.

(Tell this vivaciously, and make the point that none but a member of the other party could forget the glorious anniversary of our country's birth, and say that the whole party will have to do up a lot of back patriotism some day, if it desires to catch up with the people whose devotion to the country is encouraged and kept active by our side.)

5. *Arguments, supplemented with the narrative of a confiding man who had such child-like faith in a patent fire extinguisher which he had purchased that he set fire to his house merely to have the fun of putting it out. The fire burned furiously, but the extinguisher gave only two or three imbecile squirts and then collapsed, and in two hours his residence was in ashes. Go on to say that our enemies have applied the torch of anarchy to the edifice of this government, but that there is an extinguisher which will not only* NOT *collapse, but will subdue the flames and quench the incendiary organization, and that extinguisher is our party. (Allow time for applause here.)*

6. *Arguments, introducing the story of the Sussex county farmer who was discouraged because his wife was perfidious. Before he was married she vowed over and over again that she could chop four cords of wood a day, but after the ceremony the farmer found he was deceived. The treacherous woman could not chop more than two cords and a half, and so the dream of the husband was dissipated, and he demanded a divorce as the only balm for the wounds which lacerated his heart. Let this serve to illustrate the point that our political enemies have deceived us with promises to reduce the debt, to institute reforms, etc., etc., none of which they have kept, and now we must have the government separated from them by such a divorce as will be decreed to-morrow, etc., etc.*

7. *Peroration, working in if posssible the story of Commodore Scudder's dog, which, while out with its master one day, pointed at some partridges. The commodore was about to fire, but he suddenly received orders to go off on a three years' cruise, so he dropped his gun, left the dog standing there and went right to sea. When he returned, three years later, he went back to the field, and there was his gun, there was the skeleton of the dog still standing and pointing just as he had left it, and a little farther on were the skeletons of the partridges. Show how our adversaries in their relation to the negro question, resemble that dog. We came away years ago and left them pointing at the negro question, and we come back now to find that they are at it yet. Work this in carefully, and conclude in such a manner as to excite frantic applause.*

It was not much of a speech, I know. Some of the arguments were weak, and several of the stories failed to fit into their places comfortably. But mass meetings do not criticise closely, and I was persuaded I should make a good im-

pression, provoking laughter and perhaps exciting enthusiasm. The only time that could be procured for study of the speech was that consumed by the journey. So when the train started I took my notes from my pocket and learned them by heart. Then came the task of enlarging them, in my mind, into a speech. This was accomplished satisfactorily. I suppose that speech was repeated at least ten times between New Castle and Dover until at last I had it at my tongue's end. In the cars the seat next to mine was occupied by a colored gentleman, who seemed to be a little nervous when he perceived that I was muttering something continually; and he was actually alarmed once or twice when in exciting passages I would forget myself and gesticulate violently in his direction. Finally, when I came to the conclusion and was repeating to myself the exhortation, "Strike for your altars and your fires," etc., etc., I emphasized the language by striking fiercely at the floor with the ferule of my umbrella. It hit something soft. I think it was the corn of my colored friend, for he leaped up hurriedly, and ejaculating "Gosh!" went up and stood by the water-cooler during the rest of the journey, looking at me as if he thought it was dangerous for such a maniac to be at large.

When the train arrived at Dover, I was gratified to find the chairman of the local committee and eighteen of his fellow-citizens waiting for me with carriages and a brass band. As I stepped from the car the band played "See, the Conquering Hero comes!" I marched into the waiting-room of the depot, followed by the committee and the band. The chairman and his friends formed a semi-circle and stared at me. I learned afterward that they had received information from Wilmington that I was one of the most remarkable orators in the State. It was impossible not to perceive that they regarded me already with enthusiastic admiration; and my heart sank a little as I reflected upon the possibility of failure.

Then the music ceased, and the chairman proposed "three cheers for our eloquent visitor." The devoted beings around him cheered lustily. The chairman thereupon came forward and welcomed me in the following terms:

"My dear sir, it is with unfeigned satisfaction that I have —may I say the exalted honor?—of welcoming you to the city of Dover. You come, sir, at a moment when the heart of every true patriot beats high with hope for a glorious triumph over the enemies of our cherished institutions; you come, sir, at a time when our great party, the true representative of American principles and the guardian of our liberties, bends to grapple with the deadly foe of our country; at a time, sir, when the American eagle—proud bird, which soars, as we would, to the sun—screams forth its defiance of treason, and when the banner of the free, the glorious em-

blem of our nationality, waves us onward to victory; you come, sir, to animate with your eloquence the hearts of our fellow-citizens; to inspire with your glowing language the souls of those who shrink from performing their duty in this contest; to depict in words of burning, scathing power the shame, the disgrace, the irretrievable ruin, which will befall our land if its enemies are victorious, and to hold up those enemies, as you well know how, to the scorn and contempt of all honest men. We give you a hearty welcome, then, and assure you that Dover will respond nobly to your appeal, giving to-morrow such a vote for justice, truth, and the rights of man that the conservative wolf will shrink back in dismay to his lair. Welcome, sir, thrice welcome, to our city!"

I stood looking at this man throughout his speech with a conviction, constantly growing stronger, that I should be obliged to reply to him at some length. The contemplation of such a thing, I need hardly say, filled me with horror. I had never made a speech of the kind that would be required in my life, and I felt positively certain that I could not accomplish the task now. I had half a mind to hurl at the heads of this chairman and his attendant fiends the entire oration prepared for the evening; but that seemed so dreadfully inappropriate that the idea was abandoned. And besides, what would I say at the mass meeting? The comfort of the situation was not, by any means, improved by the fact that these persons entertained the belief that I was an experienced speaker who would probably throw off a dozen brilliant things in as many sentences. It was exceedingly embarrassing; and when the chairman concluded his remarks, the cold perspiration stood upon my forehead and my knees trembled.

Happily, the leader of the band desired to make himself conspicuous, so he embraced the opportunity afforded by the pause to give us some startling variations of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

As we stood there listening to the music, I observed that the energetic gentleman who played upon the drum and cymbals was looking at me with what seemed to be a scornful smile. He had a peculiarly cold eye, and as he fixed it upon me I felt that the frigid optic pierced through and through my assumption of ease and perceived what a miserable sham it was for me to stand there pretending to be an orator. I quailed before that eye. Its glance humiliated me; and I did not feel more pleasantly when, as the band dashed into the final quavers which bring up suggestions of "the land of the free and the home of the brave," I saw the scorn which erst flashed from that eye change to a look of wild exultation. The cymbal man knew that my hour had come. He gave a final clash with his brasses and paused. I had to begin. Bowing to the chairman, I said,

"Mr. Chairman and fellow-citizens, there are times—times —there are times, fellow-citizens, when—times when—when the heart—there are times, I say, Mr. Chairman and fellow-citizens, when the heart—the heart of—of—" It wouldn't do. I stuck fast, and could not get out another word.

The cold-eyed man seemed ready to play triumphal strains upon his drum and to smash out a pæan upon his cymbals. In the frenzy and desperation of the moment, I determined to take the poetry from my exordium and to jam it into the present speech, whether it was appropriate or not. I began again:

"There are times, I say, fellow-citizens and Mr. Chairman, when the heart inquires if there breathes a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, 'This is my own, my native land'—whose heart has ne'er within him burned as home his footsteps he hath turned from wanderings on a foreign shore? If such there breathe, go, mark him well!" (Here I pointed to the street, and one of the committee, who seemed not to comprehend the thing exactly, rushed to the window and looked out, as if he intended to call a policeman to arrest the wretch referred to.) "For him no minstrel raptures swell." (Here the leader of the band bowed, as if he had a vague idea that this was a compliment ingeniously worked into the speech for his benefit; but the cold-eyed man had a sneering smile which seemed to say, "It won't do, my man, it won't do. I can't be bought off in that manner.") "High though his titles, proud his name, boundless his wealth as wish can claim; despite these titles, power and pelf, the wretch, concentred all in self, living, shall forfeit fair renown, and doubly dying shall go down to the vile dust from whence he sprung, unwept, unhonored and unsung."

I stopped. There was embarrassing silence for a moment, as if everybody thought I had something more to say. But I put on my hat and shouldered my umbrella to assure them that the affair was ended. Then it began to be apparent that the company failed to grasp the purpose of my remarks. One man evidently thought I was complaining of something that happened to me while I was upon the train, for he took me aside and asked me in a confidential whisper if it wouldn't be better for him to see the conductor about it.

Another man inquired if the governor was the man referred to.

I said, "No; the remarks were of a poetical nature; they were quoted."

The man seemed surprised, and asked where I got them from.

"From *Marmion*."

He considered a moment, and then said, "Don't know him. Philadelphia man, I recken?"

The occasion was too sad for words. I took the chairman's arm and we marched out to the carriages, the cold-eyed man thumping his drum as if his feeling of animosity for me would kill him if it did not find vigorous expression of that kind.

We entered the carriages and formed a procession, the band, on foot, leading the way and playing "Hail to the Chief." I rode with the chairman, who insisted that I should carry the American flag in my hand. As we passed up the street the crowd cheered us vehemently several times, and the chairman said he thought it would be better if I would rise occasionally and bow in response. I did so, remarking, at the last, that it was rather singular such a reception should be given to a complete stranger.

The chairman said he had been thinking of that, and it had occurred to him just at that moment that perhaps the populace had mistaken the character of the parade.

"You see," said he, "there is a circus in town, and I am a little bit afraid the people are impressed with the idea that this is the showman's procession, and that you are the Aerial King. That monarch is a man of about your build, and he wears whiskers."

The Aerial King achieved distinction and a throne by leaping into the air and turning two backward somersaults before alighting, and also by standing poised upon one toe on a wire while he balanced a pole upon his nose. I had no desire to share the sceptre with that man, or to rob him of any of his renown, so I furled the flag of my beloved country, pulled my hat over my eyes and refused to bow again.

It was supper-time when we reached the hotel, and as soon as we entered, the chairman invited us into one of the parlors, where an elaborate repast had been prepared for the whole party. We went into the room, keeping step with a march played by the band, which was placed in the corner. When supper was over, it was with dismay that I saw the irrepressible chairman rise and propose a toast, to which he called upon one of the company to respond. I knew my turn would come presently, and there seemed to be no choice between the sacrifice of my great speech to this paltry occasion and utter ruin and disgrace. It appeared to me that the chairman must have guessed that I had but one speech, and that he had determined to force me to deliver it prematurely, so that I might be overwhelmed with mortification at the mass meeting. But I made up my mind to cling desperately to the solitary oration, no matter how much pressure was brought to bear to deprive me of it. So I resolved that if the chairman called upon me I would tell my number two story, giving the arguments, and omitting all of it from my speech in the evening.

He did call. When two or three men had spoken, the chairman offered the toast, "The orator of the evening," and

it was received with applause. The chairman said: "It is with peculiar pleasure that I offer this sentiment. It gives to my eloquent young friend an opportunity which could not be obtained amid the embarrassments of the depot to offer, without restraint, such an exhibition of his powers as would prove to the company that the art which enabled Webster and Clay to win the admiration of an entranced world was not lost—that it found a master interpreter in the gentleman who sits before me."

This was severe. The cold-eyed child of the Muses sitting with the band looked as if he felt really and thoroughly glad in the inmost recesses of his soul for the first time in his life.

I rose, and said: "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, I am too much fatigued to make a speech, and I wish to save my voice for to-night; so I will tell you a story of a man I used to know whose name was Hotchkiss. He lived up at New Castle, and one night he thought he would have a little innocent fun scaring his wife by dropping a loose brick or two down the chimney into the fireplace in her room. So he slipped softly out of bed; and dressed in his night-shirt, he stole up stairs and crept out upon the roof. Mr. Hotchkiss dropped nineteen bricks down that chimney, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, each one with an emphatic slam, but his wife didn't scream once."

Everybody seemed to think this was the end of the story; so there was a roar of laughter, although I had not reached the humorous part or the real point of the anecdote, which describes how Hotchkiss gave it up and tried to go down stairs, but was surprised to find that Mrs. Hotchkiss, who had been watching all the time, had retreated, fastening the trap-door, so that he spent the next four hours upon the comb of the roof with his trailing garments of the night fluttering in the evening breeze. But they all laughed and began to talk; and the leader of the band, considering that his turn must have come, struck out into "Hail Columbia," while the man with the cymbals seemed animated with fiendish glee.

I tried to explain to the chairman that it was all wrong, that the affair was terribly mixed.

He said he thought himself that it seemed so somehow, and he offered to explain the matter to the company and to give me a chance to tell the story over again properly.

I intimated, gloomily, that if he undertook such a thing I would blow out his brains with the very first horse-pistol I could lay my hands upon.

He said perhaps, then, it would be better not to do so.

The proceedings at the mass meeting were to begin at eight o'clock. At half-past seven I went to the telegraph office, and sent the following dispatch to the Wilmington

papers, fearing the office might be closed when the meeting adjourned:

"DOVER, —— —, 18—: A tremendous mass meeting was held here to-night. The utmost enthusiasm was displayed by the crowd. Effective speeches were made by several prominent gentlemen, among them the eloquent young orator Mr. Max Adeler, whose spirited remarks, interspersed with sparkling anecdote, provoked uproarious applause. Dover is good for five hundred majority, and perhaps a thousand."

At eight o'clock a very large crowd really did assemble in front of the porch of one of the hotels. The speakers were placed upon the balcony, which was but a few feet above the pavement, and there was also a number of persons connected with the various political clubs of the town. I felt somewhat nervous; but I was tolerably certain I could speak my piece acceptably, even with the poetry torn out of the introduction and the number two story sacrificed. I took a seat upon the porch and waited while the band played a spirited air or two. It grieved me to perceive that the band stood directly in front of us upon the pavement, the cold-eyed drummer occupying a favorable position for staring at me.

The chairman began with a short speech in which he went over almost precisely the ground covered by my introduction; and as that portion of my oration was already reduced to a fragment by the use of the verses, I quietly resolved to begin, when my turn came, with point number two.

The chairman introduced to the crowd Mr. Keyser, who was received with cheers. He was a ready speaker, and he began, to my deep regret, by telling in capital style my story number three, after which he used up some of my number six arguments, and concluded with the remark that it was not his purpose to occupy the attention of the meeting for any length of time, because the executive committee in Wilmington had sent an eloquent orator who was now upon the platform and would present the cause of the party in a manner which he could not hope to approach.

Mr. Keyser then sat down, and Mr. Schwartz was introduced. Mr. Schwartz observed that it was hardly worth while for him to attempt to make anything like a speech, because the gentleman from New Castle had come down on *purpose* to discuss the issues of the campaign, and the audience, of course, was *anxious* to hear him. Mr. Schwartz would only tell a little story which seemed to illustrate a point he wished to make, and he thereupon related my anecdote number seven, making it appear that he was the bosom friend of Commodore Scudder and an acquaintance of the man who made the gun. The point illustrated I was shock-

ed to find was almost precisely that which I had attached to my story number seven. The situation began to have a serious appearance. Here, at one fell swoop, two of my best stories and three of my sets of arguments were swept off into utter uselessness.

When Schwartz withdrew, a man named Krumbauer was brought forward. Krumbauer was a German, and the chairman announced that he would speak in that language for the benefit of those persons in the audience to whom the tongue was pleasantly familiar. Krumbauer went ahead, and the crowd received his remarks with roars of laughter. After one particularly exuberant outburst of merriment, I asked the man who sat next to me, and who seemed deeply interested in the story, "What was that little joke of Krumbauer's? It must have been first rate."

"So it was, he said. "It was about a Dutchman up in Berks county, Penn'a., who got mixed up in his dates."

"What dates?" I gasped, in awful apprehension.

"Why, his Fourths of July, you know. Got seven or eight years in arrears and tried to make them all up at once. Good, wasn't it?"

"Good? I should think so; ha! ha! My very best story, as I'm a sinner!"

It was awfully bad. I could have strangled Krumbauer and then chopped him into bits. The ground seemed slipping away beneath me; there was the merest skeleton of a speech left. But I determined to take that and do my best, trusting to luck for a happy result.

But my turn had not yet come. Mr. Wilson was dragged out next, and I thought I perceived a demoniac smile steal over the countenance of the cymbal player as Wilson said he was too hoarse to say much; he would leave the heavy work for the brilliant young orator who was here from New Castle. He would skim rapidly over the ground and then retire. He did. Wilson rapidly skimmed all the cream off my arguments numbers two, five, and six, and wound up by offering the whole of my number four argument. My hair fairly stood on end when Wilson bowed and left the stand. *What on earth* was I to do now? Not an argument left to stand upon; all my anecdotes gone but two, and my mind in such a condition of frenzied bewilderment that it seemed as if there was not another available argument or suggestion or hint or anecdote remaining in the entire universe. In an agony of despair, I turned to the man next to me and asked him if I would have to follow Wilson.

He said it was his turn now.

"And what are *you* going to say?" I demanded, suspiciously.

"Oh, nothing," he replied—"nothing at all. I want to

leave room for you. I'll just tell a little story or so, to amuse them, and then sit down."

"What story, for instance?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing, nothing; only a little yarn I happened to remember about a farmer who married a woman who said she could cut four cords of wood, when she couldn't."

My worst fears were realized. I turned to the man next to me, and said, with suppressed emotion, "May I ask your name, my friend?"

He said his name was Gumbs.

"May I inquire what your Christian name is?"

He said it was William Henry.

"Well, William Henry Gumbs," I exclaimed, "gaze at me! Do I look like a man who would slay a human being in cold blood?"

"Hm-m-m, n-no; you don't," he replied, with an air of critical consideration.

"But I AM!" said I, fiercely—"I AM; and I tell you now that if you undertake to relate that anecdote about the farmer's wife I will blow you into eternity without a moment's warning; I will, by George!"

"Mr. Gumbs instantly jumped up, placed his hand on the railing of the porch, and got over suddenly into the crowd. He stood there pointing me out to the bystanders, and doubtless advancing the theory that I was an original kind of a lunatic, who might be expected to have at any moment a fit which would be interesting when studied from a distance.

The chairman looked around, intending to call upon my friend Mr. Gumbs; but not perceiving him, he came to me and said:

"Now is your chance, sir; splendid opportunity; crowd worked up to just the proper pitch. We have paved the way for you; go in and do your best."

"Oh yes; but hold on for a few moments, will you? I can't speak now; the fact is I am not quite ready. Run out some other man."

"Haven't got another man. Kept you for the last purposely, and the crowd is waiting. Come ahead and pitch in, and give it to 'em hot and heavy."

It was very easy for him to *say* "give it to them," but I had nothing to give. Beautifully they paved the way for me! Nicely they had worked up the crowd to the proper pitch! Here I was in a condition of frantic despair, with a crowd of one thousand people expecting a brilliant oration from me who had not a thing in my mind but a beggarly story about a fire-extinguisher and a worse one about a farmer's wife. I groaned in spirit and wished I had been born far away in some distant clime among savages who knew not of mass meetings, and whose language contained

such a small number of words that speech-making was impossible.

But the chairman was determined. He seized me by the arm and fairly dragged me to the front. He introduced me to the crowd in flattering, and I may say outrageously ridiculous terms, and then whispering in my ear, "Hit 'em hard, old fellow, hit 'em hard," he sat down.

The crowd received me with three hearty cheers. As I heard them I began to feel dizzy. The audience seemed to swim around and to increase tenfold in size. By a resolute effort I recovered my self-possession partially, and determined to begin. I could not think of anything but the two stories, and I resolved to tell them as well as I could. I said:

"Fellow-citizens: It is so late now that I will not attempt to make a speech to you." [Cries of "Yes!" "Go ahead!" "Never mind the time!" etc., etc.] Elevating my voice, I repeated: "I say it is so late now that I can't make a speech as I intended on account of its being so late that the speech which I intended to make would keep you here too late if I made it as I intended to. So I will tell you a story about a man who bought a patent fire-extinguisher which was warranted to split four cords of wood a day; so he set fire to his house to try her, and— No, it was his wife who was warranted to split four cords of wood—I got it wrong; and when the flames obtained full headway, he found she could only split two cords and a half, and it made him— What I mean is that the farmer, when he bought the exting—courted her, that is, she said she could set fire to the house, and when he tried her, she collapsed the first time—the extinguisher did, and he wanted a divorce because his house—Oh, hang it, fellow-citizens, you understand that this man, or farmer, rather, bought a—I should say courted a—that is, a fire-ex—" (Desperately.) "Fellow-citizens! IF ANY MAN SHOOTS THE AMERICAN FLAG, PULL HIM DOWN UPON THE SPOT; BUT AS FOR ME, GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH!"

As I shouted this out at the top of my voice, in an ecstasy of confusion, a wild, tumultuous yell of laughter came up from the crowd. I paused for a second beneath the spell of that cold eye in the band, and then, dashing through the throng at the back of the porch, I rushed down the street to the depot, with the shouts of the crowd and the uproarious music of the band ringing in my ears. I got upon a freight train, gave the engineer five dollars to take me along on the locomotive, and spent the night riding to New Castle.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.—George W. Bungay.

(CENTENARY LINES.)

The circling century has brought
The day on which our fathers fought
For liberty of deed and thought,
One hundred years ago!
We crown the day with radiant green,
And buds of hope to bloom between,
And stars undimmed, whose heavenly sheen
Lights all the world below!

At break of day again we hear
The ringing words of Paul Revere,
And beat of drum and bugle near,
And shots that shake the throne
Of tyranny, across the sea,
And wake the sons of Liberty
To strike for freedom and be free:—
Our King is God alone!

"Load well with powder and with ball,
Stand firmly, like a living wall;
But fire not till the foe shall call
A shot from every one—"
Said Parker to his gallant men.
Then Pitcairn dashed across the plain,
Discharged an angry threat, and then
The world heard Lexington!

Militia and brave minute-men
Stood side by side upon the plain,
Unsheltered in the storm of rain,
Of fire and leaden sleet;
But through the gray smoke and the flame,
Star-crowned, a white-winged angel came,
To bear aloft the souls of fame
From war's red winding-sheet!

Hancock and Adams glory won,
With yeomen whose best work was done
At Concord and at Lexington,
When first they struck the blow.
Long may their children's children bear,
Upon wide shoulders fit to wear,
The mantles that fell through the air
One hundred years ago!

HE DOETH HIS ALMS TO BE SEEN OF MEN.

A poor little girl in a tattered gown
Wandering alone through the crowded town,
All weary and worn, on the curb sat down,
By the side of the way to rest;
Bedimmed with tears were her eyes of brown,
Her hands on her bosom pressed.

The night was approaching,—the winter's chill blast
That fell on the child as he hurried past,
Concealed the tears that were falling fast
From the poor little maiden's eye,—
The blinding snow on her pale cheek cast,
Unheeded her plaintive cry.

Now hurriedly passing along the street,
She catches the sound of approaching feet;
And wearily rises, as if to entreat
Some aid from the passer by;
But slowly and sadly resumes her seat,
Repelled by the glance of his eye.

He saw the wind tempest resistlessly hurl
The gathering snow-flakes, with many a whirl,
Upon her bare head, where each soft-shining curl
Was swept by the breath of the storm;
But what did he care for the little girl,—
His raiment was ample and warm!

He went to a charity meeting that night
And spoke, to the listeners' great delight,
Of how 'twas the duty of all to unite,
The suffering poor to relieve;
And held up his check for a thousand at sight,
So all of the crowd could perceive.

He handed the check to the treasurer, when
The audience applauded again and again,
But the angel who holds the recording pen
This sentence methinks did record:
"He doeth his alms to be seen of men,
Their praise is his only reward."

The paper next morning had much to say
Of how the "good gentleman" did display
His generous spirit, in giving away
So much for the poor man's cause.
He smiled as he read his own praise that day
And thought of the night's applause.

Near by, the same paper went on to repeat
A story they'd heard, of how, out on the street,
A watchman at dawning of morn on his beat,
A poor little child had found,—
With only the snow for a winding sheet,—
Frozen to death on the ground!

Ah! who can declare that when God shall unfold
Eternity's records, he will not hold
Him guilty of murder, who seeks with his gold,
In charity's name to buy
The praises of men, while out in the cold
He leaves a poor child to die.

NATIONS AND HUMANITY.—Geo. W. Curtis.

It was not his olive valleys and orange groves which made the Greece of the Greek, it was not for his apple orchards or potato fields that the farmer of New England and New York left his plough in the furrow and marched to Bunker Hill, to Bennington, to Saratoga. A man's country is not a certain area of land, but it is a principle; and *patriotism* is loyalty to that principle. The secret sanctification of the soil and symbol of a country is the idea which they represent; and this idea the patriot worships through the name and the symbol.

So with passionate heroism, of which tradition is never weary of tenderly telling, Arnold von Winkelried gathers into his bosom the sheaf of foreign spears. So, Nathan Hale, disdaining no service that duty demands, perishes untimely with no other friend than God and the satisfied sense of duty. So, through all history from the beginning, a noble army of martyrs has fought fiercely, and fallen bravely, for that unseen mistress, their country. So, through all history to the end, that army must still march, and fight, and fall.

But countries and families are but nurseries and influences. A man is a father, a brother, a German, a Roman, an American; but beneath all these relations, *he is a man.* The end of his human destiny is not to be the best German, or the best Roman, or the best father; but the best *man* he can be.

History shows us that the association of men in various nations is made subservient to the gradual advance of the whole human race; and that all nations work together towards one grand result. So, to the philosophic eye, the race is but a vast caravan forever moving, but seeming often to encamp for centuries at some green oasis of ease, where luxury lures away heroism, as soft Capua enervated the hosts of Hannibal.

But still the march proceeds,—slowly, slowly over mountains, through valleys, along plains, marking its course with monumental splendors, with wars, plagues, crime,—advancing still, decorated with all the pomp of nature, lit by the constellations, cheered by the future, warned by the past. In that vast march, the van forgets the rear; the individual is lost; and yet the multitude is but many individuals. He faints, and falls, and dies; man is forgotten; but still mankind moves on, still worlds revolve, and the will of God is done in earth and heaven.

We of America, with our soil sanctified and our symbol glorified by the great ideas of liberty and religion,—love of freedom and love of God,—are in the foremost vanguard of this great caravan of humanity. To us rulers look, and learn justice, while they tremble; to us the nations look, and learn to hope, while they rejoice. Our heritage is all the love and heroism of liberty in the past; and all the great of the "Old World" are our teachers.

Our faith is in God and the right; and God himself is, we believe, our Guide and Leader. Though darkness sometimes shadows our national sky, though confusion comes from error, and success breeds corruption, yet will the storm pass in God's good time, and in clearer sky and purer atmosphere our national life grow stronger and nobler, sanctified more and more, consecrated to God and liberty by the martyrs who fall in the strife for the just and true.

And so with our individual hearts, strong in love for our principles, strong in faith in our God, shall the nation leave to coming generations a heritage of freedom, and law, and religion, and truth, more glorious than the world has known before; and our American banner be planted first and highest on heights as yet unwon in the great march of humanity.

THE MODERN BELLE.

The daughter sits in the parlor,
And rocks in her easy-chair;
She is dressed in silks and satins,
And jewels are in her hair;
She winks, and giggles, and simpers,
And simpers, and giggles and winks,
And though she talks but little for her,
It's vastly more than she thinks.

Her father goes clad in russet—
All brown and seedy at that;
His coat is out at the elbows,
And he wears a shocking bad hat.
He is hoarding and saving his dollars,
So carefully, day by day,
While she on her whims and fancies
Is squandering them all away.

She lies in bed of a morning
Until the hour of noon,
Then comes down, snapping and snarling
Because she's called too soon.
Her hair is still in papers,
Her cheeks still bedaubed with paint—
Remains of last night's blushes
Before she attempted to faint.

Her feet are so very little,
Her hands are so very white,
Her jewels so very heavy,
And her head so very light;
Her color is made of cosmetics—
Though this she'll never own;
Her body is mostly cotton,
And her heart is wholly stone.

She falls in love with a fellow
Who swells with a foreign air;
He marries her for her money,
She marries him for his hair—
One of the very best matches;
Both are well mated in life;
She's got a fool for a husband,
And he's got a fool for a wife.

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY.—John G. Whittier.

Conductor Bradley (always may his name
Be said with reverence!) as the swift doom came,
Smitten to death, a crushed and mangled frame,

Sank with the brake he grasped just where he stood
To do the utmost that a brave man could,
[illegible] a true man should.

Men stooped above him; women dropped their tears
On that poor wreck beyond all hopes or fears,
Lost in the strength and glory of his years.

What heard they? Lo! the ghastly lips of pain,
Dead to all thought save duty's, moved again:
"Put out the signals for the other train!"

No nobler utterance since the world began
From lips of saint or martyr ever ran,
Electric, through the sympathies of man.

Ah, me! how poor and noteless seem to this
The sick-bed drama of self-consciousness,—
Our sensual fears of pain and hopes of bliss!

Oh, grand, supreme endeavor! Not in vain
That last brave act of failing tongue and brain!
Freighted with life, the downward-rushing train,

Following the wrecked one as wave follows wave,
Obeyed the warning which the dead lips gave.
Others he saved, himself he could not save!

Nay, the lost life *was* saved. He is not dead
Who in his record still the earth shall tread
With God's clear aureole shining round his head.

We bow as in the dust, with all our pride
Of virtue dwarfed the *noble* deed beside.
God give us grace to live as Bradley died!

THE GUARD'S STORY.

We were on picket, sir, he and I,
Under the blue of a midnight sky
In the wilderness, where the night bird's song
Gives back an echo all night long.

Where the silver stars as they come and pass
Leave stars of dew on the tangled grass,
And the rivers sing in the silent hours
Their sweetest songs to the list'ning flowers.

He'd a slender form and a girlish face,
That seemed in the army out of place,
Though he smiled as I told him so that day,—
Aye, smiled and flushed in a girlish way
That 'minded me of a face I knew,
In a distant village, 'neath the blue;
When our army marched, at the meadow bars,
She met and kissed me 'neath the stars.

Before us the river silent ran,
And we'd been placed to guard the ford;
A dangerous place, and we'd jump and start
Whenever a leaf by the wind was stirred.
Behind us the army lay encamped,
Their camp-fires burned into the night,
Like bonfires built upon the hills,
And set by demon hands alight.

Somehow, whenever I looked that way,
I seemed to see her face again,
Kind o' hazy like, as you've seen a star
A peepin' out through a misty rain!
And once, believe, as I thought of her,
I thought aloud, and I called him Bess,
When he started quick, and smiling, said,
"You dream of some one at home, I guess."

'Twas just in the flush of the morning light,
We stopped for a chat at the end of our beat,
When a rifle flashed at the river's bank,
And bathed in blood he sank at my feet;
All of a sudden I knew *her* then,
And kneeling, I kissed the girlish face;
And raised her head from the tangled grass,
To find on my breast its resting place.

When the corporal came to change the guard,
At six in the morning, he found me there,
With Bessie's dead form clasped in my arms,
And hid in my heart her dying prayer.
They buried her under the moaning pines,
And never a man in the army knew
That Willie Searles and my girl were one.
You're the first I've told—the story's new.

GOD'S ANVIL.—Julius Sturm.

Pain's furnace-heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the fire doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in His hottest fire hold still.

He comes, and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into His own fair shape to beat it,
With his great hammer, blow on blow;
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And at His heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart, and beats it;
The sparks fly off at every blow;
He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow:
And yet I whisper, "As God will!"
And in His mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? for the sorrow
Thus only longer-lived would be;
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done His work in me;
So I say, trusting, "As God will!"
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles, for my profit purely,
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand;
And all His heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a master-hand:
So I say, praying, "As God will!"
And hope in Him, and suffer still.

JERE LLOYD ON "PHRENOLOGY."

I remarked, on a former occasion, that I had an abiding faith in phrenology. Well, I'm not so enthusiastic now. I have a kind of vague idea that it doesn't do the right thing by a fellow. I took a little. I had gazed admiringly upon the picture of a subject with his head all laid out in eligible lots, duly numbered and classified, and feeling convinced I had a like number of vacant sites, it occurred to me to have

them appraised. I called upon a professor and stated my business, whereupon he invited me to an inner apartment and bade me be seated, remarking, as he prepared for the examination, that we should soon understand each other. I smiled benignly and awaited operations. He passed both hands through my hair in a manner that would have done credit to a first-class barber, then went over and locked the safe and put the key in his pocket. He continued his survey, explaining as he went along. "You'll marry early and often. Will experience the parental feeling with great intensity, and exhibit it by feeling around your children with a stick, when occasion requires. Are warm, cordial, and ardent in friendship; will cheerfully borrow all the money your friends will lend. Inhabitativeness, large; are liable to home-sickness when away from home and dead broke. Continuity, moderate; love variety and change, especially the kind known as 'small change.' Have a good share of energy, yet no more than is necessary to grapple with an eating-house steak. Vitativeness, very large; will struggle resolutely through sickness, and will not give up to die while the 'lamp of life holds out to burn.' Combativeness is large, though it doesn't appear to be the kind that hurts anybody. Destructiveness is a strong point, experience powerful indignation, and with large combativeness, would make a dangerous onslaught on hash. Alimentiveness is a remarkable development; you'd ruin the prospects of a cheap boarding-house. Have a natural antipathy to water, but enjoy corn in the juice. Very large acquisitiveness; are eager to be rich, and your creditors hope for the best. Secretiveness is good; you'll keep a secret, or anything else you lay your hands on. Cautiousness is not your trump card. Approbativeness and self-esteem are curiosities; would advise you to paint them with iodine. Firmness, above the average; hold on long and hard, especially at meal time. Have conscientiousness full; feel sorry when you do wrong, and always repent it, and you are kept pretty busy repenting. Hope, very large; have 'great expectations,' which are good things to have in the absence of anything more tangible. You have the kind of veneration that's common at this day—devout on the Sabbath, but fly the track through the week.

There's a place for benevolence, but it doesn't appear to be built up. Have considerable mechanical skill, with large imitation and form, and are adapted for drawing, especially a salary, though you are not bad on a cork. Mirthfulness, very large; would make a cheerful funeral. Have an insatiate desire to see and know all about things, and peculiar methods of finding them out. Large order; order freely on credit. Possess good calculating powers; with practice, can calculate the number of beers for a dollar, and the amount of gratuitous 'Sweitzer' that should accompany each. Eventuality, very large; have a retentive memory of facts and incidents, particularly of the fact that anybody owes you anything. If you ever undertake to learn music, there's a piece of woods up in the country, seven miles from any house, where you ought to go." Now I submit this is not a fair deal.

BROTHERHOOD.—J. G. Holland.

Extract from "The Mistress of the Manse."

"My Philip, bred in Northern climes,
Preached the great Word I strive to sing;
And in the grand and golden times—
Aflame with love—he went to bring
His Mildred—subject of my rhymes—

From her far home on Southern plains;
And what they shared of bale and bliss,
And what their losses, what their gains,
The loving eye that readeth this
May gather, if it take the pains."

From the Prelude.

The day of Gettysburg had set;
The smoke had drifted from the scene,
And burnished sword and bayonet
Lay rusting where, but yestere'en,
They dropped with life-blood red and wet!

The swift invader had retraced
His march, and left his fallen braves,
Covered at night in voiceless haste,
To sleep in memorable graves,
But knew that all his loss was waste.

The nation's legions, stretching wide,
Too sore to chase, too weak to cheer,

Gave sepulture to those who died,
And saw their foemen disappear
Without the loss of power or pride.

And then, swift-sweeping like a gale,
Through all the land, from end to end,
Grief poured its wild, untempered wail,
And father, mother, wife, and friend
Forgot their country in their bale.

And Philip, with his fatal wound,
Was borne beyond the battle's blaze,
Across the torn and quaking ground,—
His ear too dull to heed the praise,
That spoke him hero, robed and crowned.

They bent above his blackened face,
And questioned of his last desire;
And with his old, familiar grace,
And smiling mouth, and eye of fire,
He answered them: "My wife's embrace!"

They wiped his forehead of its stain,
They bore him tenderly away,
Through teeming mart and wide champaign,
Till on a twilight, cool and gray,
And wet with weeping of the rain,

They gave him to a silent crowd
That waited at the river's marge,
Of men with age and sorrow bowed,
Who raised and bore their precious charge,
Through groups that watched and wailed aloud.

* * * * *

The hounds of power were at her gate;
And at their heels, a yelping pack
Of graceless mongrels stood in wait,
To mark the issue of attack,
With lips that slavered with their hate.

With window raised and portal barred,
The mistress scanned the darkening space,
And with a visage hot and hard—
At bay before the cruel chase—
She held them in her fierce regard.

"What would ye—spies and hirelings—what?"
She asked with accent, stern and brave;
"Why come ye to this sacred spot,
Led by the counsel of a knave,
And flanked by slanderer and sot?

"You have my husband: has he earned
No meed of courtesy for me?
Is this the recompense returned,
That she he loved the best should be
Suspected, persecuted, spurned?

"My home is wrecked: what would ye more?
My life is ruined—what new boon?
My children's hearts are sad and sore
With weeping for the wounds that soon
Will plead for healing at my door!

"I hold your prisoner—stand assured:
Safe from his foes: aye, safe from you!—
Safe in a sister's love immured,
And by a warden kept as true
As e'er the test of faith endured.

"Why, men, he was my brother born!
My hero all my youthful years!
My counsellor, to guide and warn!
My shield alike from foes and fears!
And when he came to me, forlorn,

"What could I do but hail him guest,
And bind his cruel wounds with balm,
And give him on his sister's breast
That which he asked, the humble alm
Of a safe pillow where to rest?

"Come, then, and dare the wrath of fate!
Come, if you must, or if you will!
But know that I am desperate;
And shafts that wound, and wounds that kill
Your deed of dastardy await!"

A murmur swept through all the mob;
The base informer slunk afar;
And lusty cheer and stifled sob
Rose to her at the window-bar,
While those whose hands were come to rob

Her dwelling of its treasure, cursed;
For round their heads the menace flew
That he who dared adventure first,
Or first an arm of murder drew,
Should taste of vengeance at its worst.

* * * * *

A heavy tramp, a murmuring sound,
Low mingling with the murmuring rain,—
Heard in the wind and in the ground,—

Come up the street—a tide of pain,
In which the angry din was drowned.

The leaders of the tumult fled;
The door flew open with a crash:
And down the street wild Mildred sped,
Piercing the darkness like a flash,
And walked beside her husband's bed.

Slowly the solemn train advanced;
The crowd fell back with parted ranks;
And like a giant, half entranced,
Sailing between strange, spectral banks,
From side to side the soldier glanced.

The sobbing rain, the evening dim,
The dusky forms that pushed and peered,
The swaying couch, the aching limb,
The lights and shadows, sharp and weird,
Were but a troubled dream to him.

He knew his love—all else unknown,
Or seen through reason's sad eclipse—
And with her hand within his own,
Or fondly pressed upon his lips,
He clung to it, as if alone

It had the power to stay his feet
Still longer on the verge of life;
And thus they vanished from the street—
The shepherd-warrior and his wife—
Within the manse's closed retreat.

* * * * *

Embraced by home, his soul grew light;
And though he moaned: "My head! my head!"
His life turned back its outward flight,
Like his, who, from the prophet's bed,
Startled the wondering Shunammite.

He greeted all with tender speech;
He told his children he should die;
He gave his fond farewell to each,
With messages, and fond good-by
To all he loved beyond his reach.

And then he spoke her brother's name:
"Tell him," he said, "that, in my death,
I cherished his untarnished fame,
And to my life's expiring breath,
Held his brave spirit free from blame.

"We strove alike for truth's behoof,
With honest faith and love sincere,—
For God and country, right and roof,
And issues that do not appear,
But wait with Heaven the awful proof."

A tottering figure reached the door;
The brother fell upon the bed,
And, in each other's arms once more,
With breast to breast, and head to head,—
Twin barks, they drifted from the shore;

And backward on the sobbing air
Came the same words from warring lips:
"God save my country!" and the prayer
Still wailing from the drifting ships,
Returned in measures of despair;

Till far, at the horizon's verge,
They passed beyond the tearful eyes
That could not know if in the surge
They sank at last, or in the skies
Forgot the burden of their dirge!

* * * * *

In Northern blue and Southern brown,
Twin coffins and a single grave,
They laid the weary warriors down;
And hands that strove to slay and save
Had equal rest and like renown.

For in the graveyard's hallowed close
A woman's love made neutral soil,
Where it might lay the forms of those
Who, resting from their fateful broil,
Had ceased forever to be foes.

To her and those who clung to her—
From manly eldest down to least—
The obsequies, the sepulchre,
The chanting choir, the weeping priest,
And all the throng and all the stir

Of sympathetic country-folk,
And all the signs of death and dole,
Were but a dream that beat and broke
In chilling waves on heart and soul,
Till in the silence they awoke.

She was a widow, and she wept;
She was a mother, and she smiled;
Her faith with those she loved was kept,

Though still the war-cry, fierce and wild,
Around the harried country swept.

No more with this had she to do;
God and her little ones were left;
And unto these, serene and true,
She gave the life so soon bereft
Of its first gifts, and rose anew

At duty's call to make amends
For all her loss of loves and lands;
And found, to speed her noble ends,
The succor of uplifting hands,
And solace of a thousand friends.

And o'er her precious graves she built
A stone whereon the yellow boss
Of sword on sword with naked hilt
Lay as the symbol of her cross,
In mournful meaning, carved and gilt.

And underneath were graved the lines:
"THEY DID THE DUTY THAT THEY SAW;
BOTH WROUGHT AT GOD'S SUPREME DESIGNS,
AND, UNDER LOVE'S ETERNAL LAW,
EACH LIFE WITH EQUAL BEAUTY SHINES."

* * * * *

Peace, with its large and lilied calms,
Like moonlight sleeps on land and lake,
With healing in its dewy balms—
For pride that pines and hearts that ache,—
From Huron to the land of palms;

From rock-bound Massachusetts Bay
To San Francisco's Golden Gate;
From where Itasca's waters play,
To those which plunge or palpitate
A thousand happy leagues away,

And drink, among her dunes and bars,
The Mississippi's boiling tide!
Still floating from a million spars,
The nation's ensign, undefied,
Blazons its galaxy of stars.

No more to party strife the slave,
And freed from hate's infernal spells,
Love pays her tribute to the brave,
And snows her holy immortelles
O'er friend and foe, where'er his grave.

On every decoration day
The white-haired Mildred finds her mounds
Decked with the garnered bloom of May—
Flowers planted first within her wounds,
And fed by love as white as they.

And Philip's first-born, strong and sage,
Through Heaven's design or happy chance
Finds the old church his heritage,
And still, The Mistress of the Manse,
Sits Mildred, in her silver age.

WIFE, CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.—W. A. SPENCER.

When the black-lettered list to the gods was presented—
The list of what fate for each mortal intends—
At the long string of ills a kind goddess relented,
And slipped in three blessings—wife, children, and friends.

In vain surly Pluto maintained he was cheated,
For justice divine could not compass its ends;
The scheme of man's penance he said was defeated,
For earth becomes heaven with—wife, children, and friends.

If the stock of our bliss is in stranger hands vested,
The fund, ill-secured, oft in bankruptcy ends,
But the heart issues bills which are never protested,
When drawn on the firm of wife, children, and friends.

Though valor still glows in his life's dying embers,
The death-wounded tar, who his colors defends,
Drops a tear of regret as he, dying, remembers
How blest was his home with—wife, children, and friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,
Whom duty to far-distant latitudes sends,
With transport would barter old ages of glory
For one happy day with wife, children, and friends.

Though spice-breathing gales on his caravan hover,
Though for him Arabia's fragrance ascends,
The merchant still thinks of the woodbines that cover
The bower where he sat with wife, children, and friends.

The dayspring of youth, still unclouded by sorrow,
Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;
But drear is the twilight of age, if it borrow
No warmth from the smile of wife, children, and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish
The laurel which o'er the dead favorite bends;
O'er me wave the willow--and long may it flourish--
Bedewed with the tears of wife, children, and friends.

MOTHER, HOME, AND HEAVEN.

Mother, Home, and Heaven, says a writer, are three of the most beautiful words in the English language. And truly I think that they may well be called so—what word strikes so forcibly upon the heart as mother? Coming from childhood's sunny lips, it has a peculiar charm; for it speaks of one to whom they look and trust for protection.

A mother is the truest friend we have; when trials heavy and sudden fall upon us; when adversity takes the place of prosperity; when friends, who rejoiced with us in our sunshine, desert us when troubles thicken around us, still will she cling to us, and endeavor by her kind precepts and counsels to dissipate the clouds of darkness, and cause peace to return to our hearts.

The kind voice of a mother has often been the means of reclaiming an erring one from the path of wickedness to a life of happiness and prosperity.

The lonely convict, immured in his dreary cell, thinks of the innocent days of his childhood, and feels that though other friends forsake him, he has still a guardian angel watching over him; and that, however dark his sins may have been, they have all been forgiven and forgotten by her.

Mother is indeed a sweet name, and her station is indeed a holy one; for in her hands are placed minds, to be moulded almost at her will; aye, fitted to shine—not much, it is true, on earth, compared, if taught aright, with the dazzling splendor which awaits them in heaven.

Home! how often we hear persons speak of the home of their childhood. Their minds seem to delight in dwelling upon the recollections of joyous days spent beneath the parental roof, when their young and happy hearts were as light and free as the birds who made the woods resound with the melody of their cheerful voices. What a blessing it is, when

weary with care, and burdened with sorrow, to have a home to which we can go, and there, in the midst of friends we love, forget our troubles and dwell in peace and quietness.

Heaven! that land of quiet rest—toward which those, who, worn down and tired with the toils of earth, direct their frail barks over the troubled waters of life, and after a long and dangerous passage, find it--safe in the haven of eternal bliss. Heaven is the home that awaits us beyond the grave. There the friendships formed on earth, and which cruel death has severed, are never more to be broken: and parted friends shall meet again, never more to be separated.

It is an inspiring hope that, when we separate here on earth at the summons of death's angel, and when a few more years have rolled over the heads of those remaining, if "faithful unto death," we shall meet again in Heaven, our eternal *home*, there to dwell in the presence of our Heavenly Father, and go no more out forever.

HALF AN HOUR BEFORE SUPPER.—Bret Harte.

"So she's here, your unknown Dulcinea,—the lady you met on the train,
And you really believe she would know you if you were to meet her again?"

"Of course," he replied, "she would know me; there never was womankind yet
Forgot the effect she inspired; she excuses, but does not forget."

"Then you told her your love?" asked the elder; the younger looked up with a smile,
"I sat by her side half an hour; what else was I doing the while!

"What, sit by the side of a woman as fair as the sun in the sky,
And look somewhere else lest the dazzle flash back from your own to her eye?

"No, I hold that the speech of the tongue be as frank and as bold as the look,
And I held up herself to herself—that was more than she got from her book."

"Young blood," laughed the elder; "no doubt you are voicing the mode of To-day;
But then we old fogies, at least, gave the lady some chance for delay.

"There's my wife—(you must know,)—we first met on the journey from Florence to Rome;
It took me three weeks to discover who was she and where was her home;

"Three more to be duly presented; three more ere I saw her again;
And a year ere my romance *began* where yours ended that day on the train."

"Oh, that was the style of the stage-coach; we travel to-day by express;
Forty miles to the hour," he answered, "won't admit of a passion that's less."

"But what if you make a mistake?" quoth the elder. The younger half sighed.
"What happens when signals are wrong or switches misplaced?" he replied.

"Very well, I must bow to your wisdom," the elder returned, "but admit
That your chances of winning this woman your boldness has bettered no whit.

"Why, you do not, at best, know her name. And what if I try your ideal
With something, if not quite so fair, at least more *en regle* and real!

"Let me find you a partner. Nay, come, I insist—you shall follow—this way.
My dear, will you not add your grace to entreat Mr. Rapid to stay?

"My wife, Mr. Rapid—Eh, what! Why, he's gone,—yet he said he would come;
How rude! I don't wonder, my dear, you are properly crimson and dumb!"

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

THERE COME THE BOYS.

There come the boys! Oh, dear, the noise!
The whole house feels the racket;
Behold the knee of Harry's pants,
And weep o'er Bennie's jacket!

But never mind, if eyes keep bright,
And limbs grow straight and limber;
We'd rather lose the tree's whole bark
Than find unsound the timber.

Now hear the tops and marbles roll;
The floors—Oh, woe betide them!
And I must watch the banisters,
For I know boys who ride them.

Look well as you descend the stairs,
I often find them haunted
By ghostly toys that make no noise
Just when their noise is wanted.

The very chairs are tied in pairs,
And made to prance and caper;
What swords are whittled out of sticks,
What brave hats made of paper!

The dinner-bell peals loud and well,
To tell the milkman's coming;
And then the rush of "steam-car trains"
Sets all our ears a humming.

How oft I say, "What shall I do
To keep these children quiet?"
If I could find a good receipt,
I certainly should try it.

But what to do with these wild boys,
And all their din and clatter,
Is really quite a grave affair—
No laughing, trifling matter.

"Boys will be boys"—*but not for long;*
Ah, could we bear about us
This thought—how very soon our boys
Will learn to do without us!

How soon but tall and deep-voiced men
Will gravely call us "Mother;"—
Or we be stretching empty hands
From this world to the other!

More gently we should chide the noise,
And when night quells the racket,
Stitch in but loving thoughts and prayers
While mending pants and jacket.

TROUBLES OF A WIFE.—Kitty Lincoln.

'Tis baking day, and I must make—
Let's think it o'er and see—
Two kinds of bread and three of cake,
(It all depends on me ;)
And cookies, doughnuts, pumpkin-pies,
And mince, and custard, too ;—
I look around me in surprise,
And don't know what to do.

And here's the children, seven in all,
(They're rosy boys and girls,)—
Come, Harry, do stop teasing Poll,
And, Madge, don't shake your curls!
Just look around, about the stove,
See how the hairs are falling ;—
There, I declare, as true as love,
The baby he is squalling!

And here's the brown loaf baked too hard,
(The very mischief's in it,)
Come, Sammy, run and get some lard,
Don't wait a single minute.
Here, Watch, get out, you dirty dog,
You're always in the cooking ;—
Oh! Richard, drive away the hog,
She's in the garden, rooting.

Now, I must roll the pie-crusts out,
Although my arms are aching ;—
Madge, tell me what is baby 'bout,
Oh, what a fuss he's making!
To trouble me on baking day,
He really does delight in—
Can't seem to put him where he'll stay,—
And there, the boys are fighting.

I hear my eldest daughter say,
(With sidelong glance at me,)
"I saw Frank Jones the other day;
He's coming here to tea."
Confound your Frank, I quick reply,
Why did you e'er invite him.—
There's Sam, this minute, choking Watch,
I wish the dog would bite him.

"Mamma," cries Will, with eager eyes,
"Make everything so gooder,

And can't you make some apple-pies?"
Be still; can't spare the sugar.
"Dear me," says Madge, "this lesson's hard,
Oh, mother, what is harder?"
Say I, My daughter dear, to stand
Before an empty larder.

I'd like to know how I can go
To the Good Templar's meeting,
When they initiate Bill and Joe,—
(My; how the oven's heating!)
And what they do I cannot know,
While I the eggs am beating;
My hands are full to stay at home,
And only fix for *eating*.

And yet their purpose seemeth good,
To keep the frail from drinking,
And while I'm thus preparing food,
I'll still keep thinking, thinking.
They right all wrongs within their power,
And keep the poor from ill;
So while my *hands* are in the flour,
My *heart* is with them still.

How can I write, I'd like to know,
For that old Boston paper?
("Ma, Watch has eat the custard up!"—
Oh! what a wretched caper.)
I cannot read what others write;
Have scarcely time to think;
Much less to scratch my head for brains,
And daub my hands with ink.

"Mamma," says Dick, "may I go out
With Tom Greene and his brother?
They're going down the brook for trout,
Why can't I go, say, mother?"
No, boy, your father does not wish—
Here, stop, I say, and hear me,—
You *shan't* go down the brook to fish!—
What! Don't you even fear me?

That plaguy Dick is out of sight,—
The bread must soon be moulded;—
And here I've lost my temper, quite,
And "been and gone" and *scolded*.
A wretched mother, that is plain,
Oh! such a wicked sinner;—
And there comes husband through the lane,
And *brings four men to dinner!*

CHARLIE MACHREE.—William J. Hoppin.

Come over, come over the river to me,
If ye are my laddie, bold Charlie Machree!

Here's Mary McPherson and Susy O'Linn,
Who say ye're faint-hearted, and dare not plunge in.

But the dark rolling river, though deep as the sea,
I know cannot scare you, nor keep you from me;

For stout is your back and strong is your arm,
And the heart in your bosom is faithful and warm.

Come over, come over the river to me,
If ye are my laddie, bold Charlie Machree.

I see him, I see him. He's plunged in the tide,
His strong arms are dashing the big waves aside.

Oh! the dark rolling water shoots swift as the sea,
But blithe is the glance of his bonny blue e'e;

His cheeks are like roses, twa buds on a bough;
Who says ye're faint-hearted, my brave laddie, now.

Ho, ho, foaming river, ye may roar as ye go,
But ye canna bear Charlie to the dark loch below!

Come over, come over the river to me,
My true-hearted laddie, *my* Charlie Machree!

He's sinking, he's sinking—Oh, what shall I do!
Strike out, Charlie, boldly, ten strokes and ye're thro'.

He's sinking, O Heaven! Ne'er fear, man, ne'er fear;
I've a kiss for ye, Charlie, as soon as ye're here!

He rises, I see him,—five strokes, Charlie, mair,—
He's shaking the wet from his bonny brown hair;

He conquers the current, he gains on the sea,—
Ho, where is the swimmer like Charlie Machree!

Come over the river, but once come to me,
And I'll love ye forever, dear Charlie Machree.

He's sinking, he's gone,— O God, it is I,
It is I, who have killed him—help, help!—he must die.

Help, help!—ah, he rises,—strike out and ye're free.
Ho, bravely done, Charlie, once more now, for me!

Now cling to the rock, now give me your hand,—
Ye're safe, dearest Charlie, ye're safe on the land!

Come rest on my bosom, if there ye can sleep;
I canna speak to ye; I only can weep.

Ye've crossed the wild river, ye've risked all for me,
And I'll part frae ye never, dear Charlie Machree!

BLIFKINS THE RURALIST.—B. P. Shillaber.

Blifkins had leased a house at a convenient distance from Boston, and every morning he might have been seen with the "innumerable caravan" that streamed down town from one of our railroads, and, as the evening shades prevailed, with his basket of purchases, entering the railroad depot as regularly as a cow accustomed to come into a byre for milking.

When he first moved to his country residence, Mrs. Blifkins and her mother—Blifkins was blessed in his mother-in-law, she was so good to advise—thought the place was charming. It was delightfully situated on the outskirts of the village, with a hill rising from the back door to a respectable altitude, and a brook but a short distance from the house, in which the children and the ducks could paddle with perfect freedom, and where the frogs came at night to serenade the neighborhood, and soothe it into peaceful rest by their dulcet notes.

His nearest neighbor, Mr. Sparin, dwelt in the house opposite, who, as Blifkins found a short time after he had located, was in the habit of indulging in occasional "times," —"benders" the initiated call them,—when he would be away for several days in the enjoyment of sublime indifference to home and everything else; but he was harmless to everybody except himself; and, after the fit was over, he would return, and settle down to work again as quietly as though nothing had happened, looking his neighbors in the face as composedly as though he had returned from a political convention, or a missionary meeting in some other place. If any one inquired as to where he had gone, he had an an-

swer always ready, that, to those unfamiliar with his habits, was of the most satisfactory character. He informed Blifkins, who was at first curious regarding his disappearance, that he had been up in the country to see about some property that had been left to his wife; and Blifkins had nothing more to say.

Sparin had been away three days at the time the grand incident of this veracious story transpired; and, as Blifkins alighted from the cars on his return from the city on that day, he was informed that Sparin had been seen by one of the neighbors going towards home across the pasture. On arriving home, he was surprised to find his wife, and his mother-in-law, and all the children arranged along the front of the house in a sort of evening dress-parade, gazing intently up towards Sparin's house. The night was calm and pleasant, and he thought at first, before he joined them, that they were enjoying the beauties of the evening. He was past the dressing-gown and slippers period, and therefore knew the parade was not complimentary to himself; but he said by way of a joke,—

"This, now, is really kind of you. There is nothing that cheers a man up so, on returning fatigued from business, like a kind reception from 'wife and weans.' This is really pleasant."

"Blifkins, don't be a fool," said his wife; "but look up there."

She pointed to a front upper window in Sparin's house, and a queer sight met his startled gaze. A bright light that sat on a table near the window shone full upon a *human face*, that with staring eyes seemed to glare wildly upon vacancy, with a meaningless expression, motionless, while, at intervals of a few moments, alternate hands stole up to the top of the head, and then, with a seeming effort to grasp something, dropped again from sight.

"A pretty place you've brought us to!" said Mrs. Blifkins, with the acid slightly preponderating over the sweet.

"I'm glad to hear you say so, my dear," said he; "I knew you would like it. The quiet of the place and the convenience of access—'five minutes' walk from the depot,' as the advertisement said, though I must confess that the five min-

utes seem rather long between the railroad and my treasures."

Gallant Blifkins!

"Don't be a fool always," said Mrs. Blifkins; "what is that?"

She pointed up at the window opposite, where the face yet remained—the eyes staring out into vacancy, and the hands alternately clutching the air, as it appeared. Poor Blifkins was as puzzled at the sight as was Belshazzar when he saw the writing on the wall. He scarcely dared to breathe his suspicions to himself; but it at once ran through his mind that the face opposite belonged to Sparin, who he deemed had come home, and was then in a fit of delirium tremens, fancying the air full of snakes and other venomous reptiles, and he was engaged in the interesting game of catching them. The idea was a horrid one, and he imparted his suspicions to Mrs. Blifkins with some timidity. Her mind immediately took alarm.

"What if he should kill his family," said she, "with a carving-knife, and then go round murdering his neighbors, and setting fire to their houses, and then finish with himself! Gracious goodness, it makes my blood run cold."

"I guess he won't do any hurt," said Blifkins, with affected cheerfulness. At that moment the figure gave what seemed a desperate grab, as though a particularly big snake were aimed at, and Mrs. Blifkins, in a tone of great earnestness, said,—

"Why don't you do something, stupid?"

"What can I do?" responded the unfortunate Blifkins.

"Why, go over and tie him," said the excellent woman, with a quick mind that never lacked for expedients. Blifkins, however, looked timidly at the stony face and the staring eyes and the hands grasping at the snakes, and did not jump at her proposition with the alacrity that a tender husband ought to have done, she thought.

He had a half-formed plan of raising an alarm of fire, and bringing out the engine company, but was stayed by the imperative question of his wife,—

"Why don't you go?"

Mustering courage, he ran across the street, when it occurred to him that Uncle Bean, as he was called, a soldier

of the "last war," lived in the house with Sparin, and would undoubtedly go in and see how it was with his unfortunate neighbor. Uncle Bean, however, was in bed, and in response to Blifkins' knocks a window was opened over the door, and a voice harshly demanded, what the deuce was the row. Blifkins explained the matter as well as he could, which was poorly enough, as the veteran was a little hard of hearing. As soon as he could make the story out, he told Blifkins that he must be excused from doing anything, as he had just retired on four fingers of whiskey and a bad cold, and didn't want to be disturbed. He advised Blifkins to go down the street to Constable Grabem's, and get him to come up and attend to the affair, as it was his especial business.

The office of constable had been filled, from time immemorial, by some unfortunate who was unable, from bodily infirmity or otherwise, to get a living, but who was deemed sufficient to preserve the peace and dignity of the town, though a home guard of seventy men are now enrolled for that purpose.

Blifkins assured himself, as he came out again into the street, that the unfortunate was still there, though Mrs. Blifkins and the domestic forces had retreated to the citadel.

"Mr. Blifkins!" said his wife from an upper story window, "have you tied him?"

Without deigning a reply, because it might involve too long an explanation, and provoke unpleasant remark, Blifkins started at double quick for Grabem's, who lived some twenty rods down the street. The old fellow was cooling off in the porch of his house, tilted back in a chair made of a flour barrel, which just admitted his spacious person, and smoking a clay pipe. He heard the story patiently, but vouchsafed no reply to Blifkins' prognostications regarding the inebriate's performance of mischief, except "Let him."

"He'll cut his own throat, and then murder his family," said Blifkins.

"Let him," replied Grabem, puffing away.

"He'll set fire to the house, and burn the neighborhood!" screamed Blifkins.

"Let him!" shouted the constable.

"He'll kill everybody, and play the deuce generally!" yelled Blifkins.

"Let him!" roared the official, breaking the clay pipe as he tipped energetically forward.

Blifkins went back, and bethought himself that Sparin had a son,—a sort of second edition of himself,—who was disposed of an evening to make merry with boys of his age, by the grocery at the other side of his residence, about as far as he had come to find the constable. He would go and see him, and have him go home and look after his eccentric paternal. He accordingly rushed, as fast as his weary limbs would carry him, to where he expected to find the lad. He looked up at the house as he passed by, and there was the face, still there, with the set eyes and the busy hands.

Fortunately for Blifkins, the boy was found; and on being informed of the suspicions concerning his parent, and expressing his own convictions thereon in a very precocious manner, involving sundry unfilial remarks, implying a wish that he might be permitted to punch his head, they started down the street together. The outposts of the Blifkins stockade saw them coming down the street by the uncertain light of the stars, and the whole garrison turned out to meet them, with the remark of Mrs. Blifkins, that he had been gone two hours, and that all of them might be killed and scalped if they depended upon such as he for protection. It was an exaggeration with regard to the time, because not more than half an hour had elapsed since he had arrived from the city; but something must be allowed for excitement, when a maniac, threatening violence, and perhaps death, was in the case.

Blifkins thought it would be best for the boy to go in, while he would wait outside of the door, armed with a bludgeon, to rush in at the first alarm. He accordingly provided himself with a cat-stick, and stood with a beating heart to await the result. He heard no sound from within. The stillness of death prevailed. Could it be possible that the maniac had rushed upon the lad suddenly and strangled him! He glanced up at the window, and saw that the stony face had disappeared. He couldn't leave his youthful

ally to perish. The respect of the neighborhood, his self-respect, and, more than all, the respect of Mrs. Blifkins, whom he still saw watching him from the opposite side of the way, forbade so cowardly a thing. He seized his cudgel with a firmer grasp, and was lifting his foot to take a step nearer the door, when he heard a step upon the stairs inside, and the door opened. He was relieved by seeing that it was the boy, who said,—

"It's all right."

"What's all right?" cried Blifkins, taking him by the collar, and dragging him across the street to where the impatient group were awaiting the denouement of the scene.

"It's only mother," said he, as soon as he could speak; "you see she wears a wig, and was sitting there where you saw her, pulling out the short hairs that were growing on her head—she's as bald as a plate."

"Just as I thought," said Mrs. Blifkins, "and anybody but a fool would have seen it at once. I declare I believe Blifkins is growing stupider and stupider every day. I'm thankful none of the children take after him."

"True, dear," chimed in his mother-in-law; "but it couldn't be expected any different, because men are never so considerate as women. Though he hadn't ought to try your feelings so at such a time."

"Oh! my feelings are not of any consequence," said Mrs. Blifkins; "I never expect any consideration for them."

Blifkins with a tried spirit went into the house, the light had disappeared from the pane opposite, he heard his children say their prayers as he put them to bed, and sat down in velvet slippers and tranquil meditation, thanking his lucky stars that he had been saved from participating in what might have been a tragedy, had the fates so willed it.

—*Partingtonian Patchwork.*

THE OLD CLOCK AGAINST THE WALL.

Oh! the old, old clock of the household stock,
Was the brightest thing, and neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest;

'Twas a monitor too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived though nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
When the voice of friendship faltered:
"Tick! tick!" it said—"quick, quick to bed,
For ten I've given warning;
Up! up! and go, or else you know,
You'll never rise *soon* in the morning!"

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at day-break boldly;
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly:
"Tick! tick!" it said, "quick out of bed,
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never have wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning!"

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for bright days fled,
And the old friends lost forever;
Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone,
Its hands still move—though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer!
"Tick! tick!" it said—"to the church-yard bed,
The grave hath given warning:
Up! up! and rise, and look at the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning!"

THEBES.—William Whitehead.

And Thebes, how fallen now! Her storied gates
Resistless all! Where sweeps the Nile's swift wave,
Relentless sands embattling, she awaits
Her final sepulture and gathering grave:—
For Lybia there her wide dominion brings,
More powerful than Severus to entomb,
And vaster than the sculptur'd place of kings,
That pierces far the mountain's inmost womb,
Her moral breathes from out a sterner wilder gloom.

The city rose where wandering paths were traced,—
Robed by the Graces she came forth a queen;—
Man in his virtue took her from the waste,
Man in his wrath turned her to waste again;
He conquered whilst his passions were aflame,
But he became relentless 'mid the glare
Of his wild conquests, and his conquerors came;
All that he worshipped perished—all that were
Of his, swept through the rapid tideway of despair.

Methinks I see her serried legions march,
And hear the cadent tramp of many feet;
Proud banners wave upon the sculptur'd arch;
The drum's stern tempest and its stirring beat
Invoke to ardor where the fearless meet.
The fierce steed prances to the trumpet's note
With flushing nostrils and disdainful feet,
And tossing mane and battle-breathing throat,
To make the poet's theme, and history's pen provoke.

And here, where ruin peers, the lover wooed
And won his bride—brave men and beauteous maids
Trod proudly through the vestibules—here stood
In stern command, within the pillar'd shades,
Imperious monarchs, whose ensanguin'd blades
Defied the gods—and here remorseless war,
Sedition's rage, inexpiable deeds,
And conquering crime, made her the servitor
Of baseness—she became the handmaid of the boor.

And now she is a lone, deserted one,—
The tears of Niobe are hers, for she
Has lost her children—fate they could not shun,
Or from the shafts of stern Latona flee.
Wrapt in her griefs, she owns the dark decree,
And bows where Amphion left his bloody stains;
Requiting gods from thraldom do not free,
No tides of life swell through her pulseless veins,
Where she was turned to stone in gloom she still remains.

She was a city of a thousand years
Ere Homer harped his wars, yet on her plain,
Crumbling, the riven monument appears,
To mourn that glory ne'er returns again:
Her front of graven epics vainly tells
How long she conquered—lonely musings bound
The storied place—where deep ranks gathered, swells,
Of fallen architraves, the saddening mound,
And many a worshipp'd pile bestrews the silent ground.

She dreams no dream of greatness now, doth mourn
No dim remember'd past—dominion, hope,
And conquest's ardor long have ceased to burn
Where ruthless Cambyses her warriors smote;
Her horsemen, columns, gates, together lie,
And moulder into elemental clay;
Yet who shall tread her grave without a sigh,
Nor wish to breathe her being into day—
Upon her fields revive great Carnac's bold array!

Why hath she fallen? Men die but to yield
To others all their legacies of thought;
Sires give to sons the palace and the field,
The muniments by ripened vigor wrought!
Ages in all their bright success have taught
To brave the whelming torrent of events;
And fading centuries gather not for nought;—
Yet where the architraves and pediments
Appear and linger still, I mark but wasting rents.

Why hath she fallen? Who the tale shall tell?
When Saturn's golden age was wrapt in story,
Ere time revenged and ruin wove her spell,
Existence was computed by her glory!
Why, when her towers with crowning years were hoary,
And peerless forms and queenly graces shone,
Should she be doomed to night and cerement gory,
And dim remembrance linger at her tomb,—
A voiceless phantom 'mid the cold and pulseless gloom?

Not that her legions through her hundred gates
Went out to conquer—not that virtue rose
To guard her from the shafts of venom'd fates,
And save her from the wrath of leaguer'd foes.
Her stormy memories light her dull repose,
And warning voices linger through her shades;
Her vices were the parents of her woes—
The gods in justice turned her sweeping blades
To her own bosom, ending thus her masquerades.

Forever and forever flows the river,
Forever and forever looms the plain;
Forever shall the pale stars o'er them quiver,
But never shall her past return again!
Hyperion dawns but light her frieze in vain,
And moons peer sadly through her column'd way;
The mid-day glares on what doth yet remain
Of faded glory, with a mocking play,—
Thus passeth into shadow man's imperious sway!

What recks it that Sesostris dared to thrall
His fellow kings, and haughty Cheops raised
The everlasting pyramid! the pall
Of night now hangs where distant glories blazed!
How shall fame last when all her monuments
Are in the dust?—The same blue bending sky
Serenely smiles through time's despairing rents,
And lengthened colonnades the storm defy,—
But there's no sceptre now, or kingly footfall nigh.

DEATH OF HENRY CLAY.—Rev. Dr. Butler.

Before all hearts and minds in this august assemblage, the vivid image of ONE MAN stands. To some aged eye, he may come forth, from the dim past, as he appeared in the neighboring city of his native state, a lithe and ardent youth, full of promise, of ambition, and of hope. To another, he may appear as, in a distant state, in the courts of justice, erect, high-strung, bold, wearing fresh forensic laurels on his young and open brow.

Some may see him in the earlier and some in the later stages of his career on this auspicious theater of his renown; and to the former he will start out, on the background of the past, as he appeared in the neighboring chamber, tall, elate, impassioned, with flashing eye, and suasive gesture, and clarion voice, an already acknowledged "Agamemnon, King of Men;" and to others, he will again stand in this chamber "the strong staff" of the bewildered and staggering state, and "the beautiful rod," rich with the blossoms of genius, and of patriotic love and hope, the life of youth still remaining to give animation, grace, and exhaustless vigor, to the wisdom, the experience, and gravity of age.

To others he may be present as he sat in the chamber of sickness, cheerful, majestic, gentle—his mind clear, his heart warm, his hope fixed on heaven, peacefully preparing for his last great change. To the memory of the minister of God, he appears as the penitent, humble, and peaceful Christian, who received him with the affection of a father, and joined with him in solemn sacrament and prayer with the

gentleness of a woman and humility of a child. "Out of the strong came forth sweetness." "How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod!"

But not before this assembly only does the venerable image of the departed statesman this day distinctly stand. For more than a thousand miles—east, west, north, and south—it is known and remembered, that at this place and hour, a nation's representatives assemble to do honor to him whose fame is now a nation's heritage. A nation's mighty heart throbs against this capitol, and beats through you. In many cities, banners droop, bells toll, cannons boom, funeral draperies wave.

In crowded streets and on surrounding wharves, upon steamboats, and upon cars, in fields, in workshops, in homes, in schools, millions of men women and children, have their thoughts fixed upon this scene, and say mournfully to each other, "This is the hour in which, at the capital, the nation's representatives are burying Henry Clay." Burying Henry Clay? Bury the record of your country's history—bury the hearts of living millions—bury the mountains, the rivers, the lakes, and the spreading lands from sea to sea, with which his name is inseparably associated, and even then you would not bury Henry Clay—for he is in other lands and speaks in other tongues, and to other times than ours.

A great mind, a great heart, a great orator, a great career, have been consigned to history, She will record his rare gifts of deep insight, keen discrimination, clear statement, rapid combination, plain, direct, and convincing logic. She will love to dwell on that large, generous, magnanimous, open, forgiving heart. She will linger with fond delight on the recorded or traditional stories of an eloquence that was so masterful and stirring, because it was but himself struggling to come forth on the living words—because, though the words were brave and strong, and beautiful, and melodious, it was felt that behind them there was a soul, braver, stronger, more beautiful, and more melodious than language could express.

She will point to a career of statesmanship which has, to a remarkable degree, stamped itself on the public policy of the country, and reached in beneficent practical results the

fields, the looms, the commercial marts, and the quiet homes of all the land where his name was with the departed father and is with the living children, and will be with successive generations, the honored household word.

SHE WOULD BE A MASON.

The funniest story I ever heard,
The funniest thing that ever occurred,
Is the story of Mrs. Mehitable Byrde,
Who wanted to be a Mason.

Her husband, Tom Byrde, is a Mason true,
As good a Mason as any of you;
He is tyler of lodge Cerulean Blue,
And tyles and delivers the summons due,
And she wanted to be a Mason too—
This ridiculous Mrs Byrde.

She followed him round, this inquisitive wife,
And nabbed and teased him half out of his life;
So to terminate this unhallowed strife,
He consented at last to admit her.
And first, to disguise her from bonnet to shoon,
The ridiculous lady agreed to put on
His breech—ah! forgive me—I meant pantaloon:
And miraculously did they fit her.

The Lodge was at work on the Master's Degree;
The light was ablaze on the letter G;
High soared the pillars J. and B.;
The officers sat like Solomon, wise;
The brimstone burned amid horrid cries;
The goat roamed wildly through the room;
The candidate begged 'em to let him go home;
And the devil himself stood up in the east,
As proud as an alderman at a feast;—
When in came Mrs. Byrde.

Oh, horrible sounds! oh, horrible sight!
Can it be that Masons take delight
In spending thus the hours of night?
Ah! could their wives and daughters know
The unutterable things they say and do,
Their feminine hearts would burst with woe;
But this is not all my story,
For those Masons joined in a hideous ring,

The candidate howling like everything,
And thus in tones of death they sing:
(The candidate's name was Morey;)
"Blood to drink and bones to crack,
Skulls to smash and lives to take,
Hearts to crush and souls to burn—
Give old Morey another turn,
And make him all grim and gory."

Trembling with horror stood Mrs. Byrde,
Unable to speak a single word;
She staggered and fell in the nearest chair,
On the left of the Junior Warden there,
And scarcely noticed, so loud the groans,
That the chair was made of human bones.

Of human bones! on grinning skulls
That ghastly throne of horror roils,—
Those skulls, the skulls that Morgan bore!
Those bones, the bones that Morgan wore!
His scalp across the top was flung,
His teeth around the arms were strung,—
Never in all romance was known
Such uses made of human bone.

The brimstone gleamed in lurid flame,
Just like a place we will not name;
Good angels, that inquiring came
From blissful courts, looked on with shame
And tearful melancholy.
Again they dance, but twice as bad,
They jump and sing like demons mad;
The tune is Hunkey Dorey—
"Blood to drink," etc., etc.

Then came a pause—a pair of paws
Reached through the floor, up-sliding doors,
And grabbed the unhappy candidate!
How can I without tears relate
The lost and ruined Morey's fate?
She saw him sink in a fiery hole,
She heard him scream, "My soul! my soul!"
While roars of fiendish laughter roll,
And drown the yells of mercy!
"Blood to drink," etc., etc.

The ridiculous woman could stand no more—
She fainted and fell on the checkered floor,
'Midst all the diabolical roar.
What then, you ask me, did befall
Mehitable Byrde? Why, nothing at all—
She had dreamed she'd been in the Masons' hall.

THAT BABY IN TUSCALOO.—Bartley T. Campbell.

ABRIDGED FOR RECITATION.

So! you're all the way from Kansas,
And knew my Jennie there;
Well, I'm mighty glad to see you;
Just take that vacant chair.
You don't seem much of a stranger,
Though never here before;
Jack, take the gentleman's beaver
And hang it on the door.

What! five whole days on the journey,
Comin' by boat and car?
Good gracious! who'd have thought Jennie
Could ever live so far
Away from the Youghiogheny,
The farm, and mountain blue—
I wouldn't have thought it of her,
And that's 'twixt me and you.

You say she's not very lonely;
Then she don't feel the worst.
What! Jennie has—got—a—baby?
Why didn't you say that first?
And now please repeat it over,
I can't believe my ear;
Just think—my—Jennie—a—mother,
Pshaw, now, what's this?—a tear?

Here, Jack, run off to the kitchen—
Tell mother to come right quick!
Let the bakin' go this minute,
She must not strike a lick
'Till she hears the news from Kansas,
'Twill make her young again.
So, you know the little one's mother;
Here, let us shake again.

Perhaps you may think me foolish
For makin' such a row,
But you must excuse an old man—
Mind, I'm a grand-pa now.
Well, well, how the years slip by us
Silent and swift and sly,
For all the world like the white clouds
Drifting along the sky.

But only in this they differ—
We're goin' with the years
Into the harbor of old age,
Up to the silent piers,
Where each may discharge his burden,
And furl his wrinkled sail,
And thank his heavenly Master
Who saved him through the gale.

But what's the use in talking,
I'm fairly bustin' with joy,
I'd like to whoop like an Ingun—
You tell me it's a boy?
And she calls him for her father:
You see she don't forget
The old man what used to nurse her
And play "peep" with his "pet."

* * * * * *

There's no use keeping a secret,
She married 'gainst our will,
A lad by the name of Jackson,
Whose father kept the mill.
I thought he was sort of shiftless,
Though he was big and strong,
And I told my daughter kindly,
He'd never get along.

I'll not soon forget her answer,
'Twas spoken like a queen.
Said she: "I will take the chances,
Whatever comes between."
What I said I don't remember,
My anger did the rest,
And that night Jennie and Jackson
Left for the distant West.

No one can know what I suffered—
I walked about all day,
With a face as white as chalk, sir,
And tried, but could not pray.
Now a man can't reach his Maker
With heart so full of scorn
Against an honest fellow man,
Who for some good was born.

You ask did I forgive Jennie?
My precious little kid!
Big tears swept away my hate, sir,
Forgive! of course I did.

"Well, old man, I'm that Bill Jackson—
Can't you my face recall?"
What!—just flip me your fin, my youngster!
Ah! now I see it all.

You'll surely forgive my prattle;
The hard, hard words I said
When you and Jennie were courting,
And after you were wed.
That baby 'way out in Kansas,
That boy in Tuscaloo,
Has made me love its big father;
Now what can't babies do?

SAVE THE OTHER MAN.—Margaret J. Preston.

The storm had spent its rage: The sea
Still moaned with sullen roar,
And flung its surges wrathfully
Against the shelving shore;
And wide and far,
With plank and spar
The beach was splintered o'er.

A league from land a wreck was seen,
Above whose wave-washed hull,
Fast-wedged the jutting rocks between,
Circled a snow-white gull,
Whose shrieking cry
Rose clear and high
Above the tempest's lull.

"Hoy!—To the rescue!—Launch the boat!
I see a drifting speck:
Some struggler may be still afloat,—
Some sailor on the deck:
Quick! ply the oar,—
Put from the shore,
And board the foundered wreck!"

Right through the churning plunge of spray,
Whirled like an ocean shell,
The hardy life-boat warped its way,
As billows rose and fell;
And boldly cast
Its grapnel fast
Above the reefy swell.

Around the bows the breakers sobbed
With low, defiant moan;
When instant, every bosom throbbed,
Held by one sound alone;
Somewhere—somewhere—
Upon the air
There thrilled a human groan.

One moment—and they clomb the wreck,
And there, a ghastly form
Lay huddled on the heaving deck,
With living breath still warm,—
Too dead to hear
The shout of cheer
That mocked the dying storm.

But as they lowered him from the ship
With kindly care as can
Befit rough hands, across his lip
A whispered ripple ran:
They stooped and heard
The slow-drawn word
Breathed,—"*Save—the—other—man!*"

* * * * * *

Oh! ye who once on gulfing waves
Of sin were tempest-toss'd,—
Ye who are safe through Him who saves
At such transcendent cost,—
Will ye who yet
Can rescue, let
The other man be lost?

THE WEARY SOUL.

I came, but they had passed away,
The fair in form, the pure in mind;
And, like a stricken deer, I stray,
Where all are strange, and none are kind;
Kind to a worn and wearied soul,
That pants, that struggles for repose:
Oh, that my steps had reached the goal
Where earthly sighs and sorrows close!

Years have passed o'er me like a dream,
That leaves no trace on memory's page,
I look around me, and I seem
Some relic of a former age;

Alone, and in a stranger clime,
Where stranger voices mock mine ear,—
In all the lagging course of time,
Without a wish—a hope—a fear!

Yet I *had* hopes—but they have fled;
And fears—and they were all too true;
And wishes too—but they are dead,
And what have *I* with life to do?
'Tis but to bear a weary load
I may not, *dare* not, cast away,
To sigh for one small, still abode,
Where *I* may sleep as sweet as they—

As they, the loveliest of their race,
Whose grassy tombs my sorrows steep,
Whose worth my soul delights to trace,
Whose very loss 'tis sweet to weep:
To weep, forgotten and unknown,
With none to smile, to hear, to see;—
Earth can bestow no dearer boon
On one whom death disdains to free.

I leave a world that knows me not,
To hold communion with the dead,
And fancy consecrates the spot,
Where fancy's earliest dreams were shed.
I see each shade, all silvery white,
I hear each spirit's melting sigh;
I turn to clasp those forms of light,
And the pale morning chills mine eye!

But soon the last dim morn shall rise—
My lamp of life burns feebly now,—
Where stranger hands shall close mine eyes,
And smooth my cold and dewy brow:
Unknown I lived—so let me die;
No stone, nor monumental cross,
Tell where *his* mouldering ashes lie,
Who sought for *gold*, and found it dross.

LOVE IN A BALLOON.—Litchfield Moseley.

Some time ago I was staying with Sir George Flasher, with a great number of people there—all kinds of amusements going on. Driving, riding, fishing, shooting, everything, in fact. Sir George's daughter, Fanny, was often my companion in these expeditions, and I was considerably

struck with her, for she was a girl to whom the epithet "stunning" applies better than any other that I am acquainted with. She could ride like Nimrod, she could drive like Jehu, she could row like Charon, she could dance like Terpsichore, she could row like Diana, she walked like Juno, and she looked like Venus. I've even seen her smoke.

Oh, she was a stunner! you should have heard that girl whistle, and laugh—you should have heard her laugh. She was truly a delightful companion. We rode together, drove together, fished together, walked together, danced together, sang together; I called her Fanny, and she called me Tom. All this could have but one termination, you know. I fell in love with her and determined to take the first opportunity of proposing. So one day when we were out together, fishing on the lake, I went down on my knees amongst the gudgeons, seized her hand, pressed it to my waistcoat, and in burning accents entreated her to become my wife.

"Don't be a fool," she said. "Now drop it, do, and put me a fresh worm on."

"Oh, Fanny!" I exclaimed; "don't talk about worms when marriage is in question. Only say—"

"I tell you what it is, now," she replied, angrily, "if you don't drop it I'll pitch you out of the boat."

Gentlemen, I did not drop it, and I give you my word of honor, with a sudden shove she sent me flying into the water; then seizing the sculls, with a stroke or two she put several yards between us, and burst into a fit of laughter that fortunately prevented her from going any further. I swam up and climbed into the boat. "Jenkins," said I to myself, "revenge! revenge!" I disguised my feelings. I laughed—hideous mockery of mirth—I laughed, pulled to the bank, went to the house and changed my clothes. When I appeared at the dinner-table, I perceived that every one had been informed of my ducking. Universal laughter greeted me. During dinner Fanny repeatedly whispered to her neighbor and glanced at me. Smothered laughter invariably followed. "Jenkins!" said I, "revenge!" The opportunity soon offered. There was to be a balloon ascent from the lawn, and Fanny had tormented her father into letting her ascend with the aeronaut. I instantly took my

plans; bribed the aeronaut to plead illness at the moment when the machine should have risen; learned from him the management of the balloon, though I understood that pretty well before, and calmly awaited the result. The day came. The weather was fine. The balloon was inflated. Fanny was in the car. Everything was ready, when the aeronaut suddenly fainted. He was carried into the house, and Sir George accompanied him. Fanny was in despair.

"Am I to lose my air expedition?" she exclaimed, looking over the side of the car; "some one understands the management of this thing, surely? Nobody! Tom!" she called out to me, "you understand it, don't you?"

"Perfectly," I answered.

"Come along, then," she cried; "be quick, before papa comes back."

The company in general endeavored to dissuade her from her project, but of course in vain. After a decent show of hesitation, I climbed into the car. The balloon was cast off, and rapidly sailed heavenward. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and we rose almost straight up. We rose above the house, and she laughed and said, "How jolly!"

We were higher than the highest trees, and she smiled, and said it was very kind of me to come with her. We were so high that the people below looked mere specks, and she hoped that I thoroughly understood the management of the balloon. Now was my time.

"I understand the going up part," I answered; "to come down is not so easy," and I whistled.

"What do you mean?" she cried.

"Why, when you want to go up faster, you throw some sand overboard," I replied, suiting the action to the word.

"Don't be foolish, Tom," she said, trying to appear quite calm and indifferent, but trembling uncommonly.

"Foolish!" I said; "oh dear, no, but whether I go along the ground or up in the air I like to go the pace, and so do you, Fanny, I know. Go it, you cripples!" and over went another sand-bag.

"Why, you're mad, surely," she whispered, in utter terror, and tried to reach the bags, but I kept her back.

"Only with love, my dear," I answered, smiling pleasantly;

"only with love for you. Oh, Fanny, I adore you! Say you will be my wife."

"I gave you an answer the other day," she replied; "one which I should think you would have remembered," she added, laughing a little, notwithstanding her terror.

"I remember it perfectly," I answered, "but I intend to have a different reply to that. You see those five sand-bags. I shall ask you five times to become my wife. Every time you refuse I shall throw over a sand-bag—so, lady fair, as the cabman would say, reconsider your decision, and consent to become Mrs. Jenkins."

"I won't," she said; "I never will; and let me tell you that you are acting in a very ungentlemanly way to press me thus."

"You acted in a very ladylike way the other day, did you not," I rejoined, "when you knocked me out of the boat?" She laughed again, for she was a plucky girl, and no mistake—a very plucky girl. "However," I went on, "it's no good arguing about it—will you promise to give me your hand?"

"Never!" she answered; "I'll go to Ursa Major first, though I've got a big enough bear here, in all conscience. Stay! you'd prefer Aquarius, wouldn't you?"

She looked so pretty that I was almost inclined to let her off, (I was only trying to frighten her, of course—I knew how high we could go safely, well enough, and how valuable the life of Jenkins was to his country,) but resolution is one of the strong points of my character, and when I've begun a thing I like to carry it through; so I threw over another sand-bag, and whistled the Dead March in Saul.

"Come, Mr. Jenkins," she said suddenly, "come, Tom, let us descend now, and I'll promise to say nothing whatever about all this."

I continued the execution of the Dead March.

"But if you do not begin the descent at once I'll tell papa the moment I set foot on the ground."

I laughed, seized another bag, and looking steadily at her said: "will you promise to give me your hand?"

"I've answered you already," was the reply.

Over went the sand, and the solemn notes of the Dead March resounded through the car.

"I thought you were a gentleman," said Fanny rising up

in a terrible rage from the bottom of the car, where she had been sitting, and looking perfectly beautiful in her wrath. "I thought you were a gentleman, but I find I was mistaken. Why, a chimney-sweeper would not treat a lady in such a way. Do you know that you are risking your own life as well as mine by your madness?"

I explained that I adored her so much that to die in her company would be perfect bliss, so that I begged she would not consider my feelings at all. She dashed her beautiful hair from her face, and standing perfectly erect, looking like the Goddess of Anger or Boadicea—if you can imagine that personage in a balloon—she said, "I command you to begin the descent this instant!"

The Dead March, whistled in a manner essentially gay and lively, was the only response. After a few minutes' silence I took up another bag, and said:

"We are getting rather high; if you do not decide soon we shall have Mercury coming to tell us that we are trespassing—will you promise me your hand?"

She sat in sulky silence in the bottom of the car. I threw over the sand. Then she tried another plan. Throwing herself upon her knees, and bursting into tears, she said;

"Oh, forgive me for what I did the other day. It was very wrong, and I am very sorry. Take me home, and I will be a sister to you."

"Not a wife?" said I.

"I can't! I can't!" she answered.

Over went the fourth bag, and I began to think she would beat me after all, for I did not like the idea of going much higher. I would not give in just yet, however. I whistled for a few moments, to give her time for reflection, and then said: "Fanny, they say that marriages are made in heaven—if you do not take care, ours will be solemnized there."

I took up the fifth bag. "Come," I said, "my wife in life, or my companion in death. Which is it to be?" and I patted the sand-bag in a cheerful manner. She held her face in her hands, but did not answer. I nursed the bag in my arms, as if it had been a baby.

"Come, Fanny, give me your promise." I could hear her sobs. I'm the softest-hearted creature breathing, and would

not pain any living thing, and I confess she had beaten me. I forgave her the ducking; I forgave her for rejecting me. I was on the point of flinging the bag back into the car, and saying, "Dearest Fanny, forgive me for frightening you. Marry whomsoever you wish. Give your lovely hand to the lowest groom in your stables—endow with your priceless beauty the chief of the Panki-wanki Indians. Whatever happens, Jenkins is your slave—your dog—your footstool. His duty, henceforth, is to go whithersoever you shall order, to do whatever you shall command." I was just on the point of saying this, I repeat, when Fanny suddenly looked up, and said, with a queerish expression upon her face:

"You need not throw that last bag over. I promise to give you my hand."

"With all your heart?" I asked, quickly.

"With all my heart," said she, with the same strange look.

I tossed the bag into the bottom of the car, and opened the valve. The balloon descended. Gentlemen, will you believe it?—when we had reached the ground, and the balloon had been given over to its recovered master, when I had helped Fanny tenderly to the earth, and turned towards her to receive anew the promise of her affection and her hand—will you believe it?—she gave me a box on the ear that upset me against the car, and running to her father, who at that moment came up, she related to him and the assembled company what she called my disgraceful conduct in the balloon, and ended by informing me that all of her hand that I was likely to get had been already bestowed upon my ear, which she assured me had been given with all her heart.

"You villain!" said Sir George, advancing toward me with a horse-whip in his hand. "You villain! I've a good mind to break this over your back."

"Sir George," said I, "villain and Jenkins must never be coupled in the same sentence; and as for the breaking of this whip, I'll relieve you of the trouble," and snatching it from his hand, I broke it in two, and threw the pieces on the ground. "And now I shall have the honor of wishing you a good morning. Miss Flasher, I forgive you;" and I retired. Now I ask you whether any specimen of female treachery equal to that has ever come within your experience, and whether any excuse can be made for such conduct?

RING DOWN THE DROP—I CANNOT PLAY.

J. W. Watson.

O painted gauds and mimic scenes,
And pompous trick that nothing means!
O glaring light and shouting crowd,
And love-words in derision vowed!
O crownéd king with starving eyes,
And dying swain who never dies!
Oh, hollow show and empty heart,
Great ministers of tragic art!

"There's that within which passeth show:"
The days they come, the days they go.
We live two lives, on either page—
The one, upon the painted stage,
With all the world to hear and gaze
And comment on each changing phase;
The other, that sad life within,
Where love may purify a sin.

Ring up the drop, the play is on;
Our hour of entrance comes anon!
Choke down the yearnings of the soul;
Weak, doting fool! art thou the whole?
The stage is waiting, take thy part;
Forget to-night thou hast a heart;
Let sunshine break the gathering cloud,
And smile thou on the waiting crowd.

Hear how their plaudits fill the scene!
Is not thy greedy ear full keen?
Is not a thousand shouts a balm
For all thy throbbing heart's alarm?
"To be or not to be"—the screed
Is listened to with breathless heed.
O painter with a painted mask!
Is thy brain wandering from thy task?

Can it be true that scores of years
Do not suffice to murder tears?
Can it be true that all of art
Has failed to teach the human heart?
Can gauds, and tricks, and shout, and glare,
The deafening drum, the trumpet's blare,
With all their wild, delirious din,
Not stifle this sad life within?

Pah, man! the eager people wait;
Go on with all thy studied prate;

Shalt thou not feed their longing eyes
Because—because a woman dies?
What cares the crowd for dying wives,
For broken hearts, or blasted lives!
They paid their money, and—they say—
Living or dead, on with the play!

What! staggering, man? why, where's thy art?
That stare was good; that tragic start
Would make thy fortune, were it not
That it rebukes the author's plot.
"My wife is dying!" He ne'er wrote
The words that struggle in thy throat.
"Take back your money," did'st thou say?
"Ring down the drop—I cannot play."

Ring down the drop; the act is o'er;
Her bark has touched the golden shore,
While reading from life's inner page,
Stands there the actor of the stage;
But not upon the cold, white corse
Falls there a word of sad remorse
From all that crowd who heard him say,
"Ring down the drop—I cannot play."

THE GOLDEN STREET.—William O. Stoddard.

The toil is very long and I am tired:
Oh, Father, I am weary of the way!
Give me that rest I have so long desired;
Bring me that Sabbath's cool refreshing day,
And let the fever of my world-worn feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

Tired,—very tired! And I at times have seen,
When the far pearly gates were open thrown
For those who walked no more with me, the green
Sweet foliage of the trees that there alone
At last wave over those whose world-worn feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

When the gates open, and before they close—
Sad hours but holy—I have watched the tide
Whose living crystal there forever flows
Before the throne, and sadly have I sighed
To think how long until *my* world-worn feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

They shall not wander from that blessed way;—
Nor heat, nor cold, nor weariness, nor sin,

Nor any clouds in that eternal day
Trouble *them* more who once have entered in;—
But all is rest to them whose world-worn feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

Thus the gates close and I behold no more,—
Though, as I walk, they open oftener now
For those who leave me and go on before;—
And I am lonely also while I bow
And think of those dear souls whose world-worn feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

Tired, very tired!—but I will patient be,
Nor will I murmur at the weary way:
I too shall walk beside the crystal sea,
And pluck the ripe fruit, all that God-lit day,
When thou, O Lord, shalt let my world-worn feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

NATURE PROCLAIMS A DEITY.—Chateaubriand.

There is a God! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain, bless him; the insect sports in his beam; the bird sings him in the foliage; the thunder proclaims him in the heavens; the ocean declares his immensity;—man alone has said, There is no God! Unite in thought at the same instant the most beautiful objects in nature. Suppose that you see, at once, all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year,—a morning of spring, and a morning of autumn—a night bespangled with stars, and a night darkened by clouds—meadows enameled with flowers—forests hoary with snow—fields gilded by the tints of autumn,—then alone you will have a just conception of the universe! While you are gazing on that sun which is plunging into the vault of the west, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the east. By what inconceivable power does that aged star, which is sinking fatigued and burning in the shades of the evening, reappear at the same instant fresh and humid with the rosy dew of the morning? At every hour of the day, the glorious orb is at once rising, resplendent as noon-day, and setting in the west; or rather, our senses deceive us, and there is, properly speaking, no east or west, no north or south, in the world.

HOW THE DUTCHMAN KILLED THE WOODCHUCK.

Vell den, I dells you mit te dime I goed a huntin mit mine brodder Shake, ven ve vash boys not so biggerish ash ve ish now. Shake he vash smaller ash I pin, unt I vash bigger ash Shake. We vash dwin boys, but dere vash about two or dree years bigger ash vun anudder vash. Vell den, von day I dakes brodder Shake unt two udder togs, und I dells dem we go a huntin mit te woodchuck unt some oder dings. Ve go to te old barn past, unt te pack of te field behint us, unt pooty soon we kit te voots in te mittle of us, ten I vistles to Shake unt te udder two togs, unt py unt py somedings schart te togs, unt they roon shust so pig fasht ash dey neffer vas roon pefore. Shake he roon pooty fasht, unt I roon, for I dinks somedings vas schart mit de togs. Pooty soon te togs vash stop mit roonin, unt vash makin dere hets in te log mit a pig hole in, ven I comes up. Shake, he says, "Prodder Hans, ter ish a woodchuck in te log mit te hole." Den I tells Shake, "You shust vatch mit vun hole, unt te togs te udder hole, den I vill make vun udder hole, mit mine ax, in te mittle of te log, unt den, ven I see him, I vill schlock him un te koop, unt schmite his het off mit te ax." So Shake, he says, "I vill stop te hole mit mine foot, so he vill not mooch kit out mit dis hole." Den I dakes mine ax, unt a hole make in te log. Pooty soon I kits a hole, unt I dinks I see te woodchuck, unt I dells prodder Shake to still be, unt I shopped a little more, unt den I sees te dings het, so I makes te ax come down mit all my might—I dinks I vill make his het off—unt, mine gracious! vat you dink! Prodder Shake, he make von pig noise, unt he gommence a groanin, schwearin in Tuch unt English all togedder, unt he says, "Prodder Hans, dash ish not te woodchuck; you ish von biggest fool, you hash schmite mine foot off. Oh! mine gootness! I ish kill!" Vell, I vash schart mooch; I dinks I had kilt prodder Shake, unt I gried, unt schweared a leetle, den I looked in te hole, unt tere vash a bait of prodder Shake's poot, unt two or dree toes, all ploody, laying in te log, put dere vash no woodchuck or any udder dings in te log. Shake he croaned so pig lout, dat I dake his foot unt dies mine

shirt up mit it. Shake, he make him up on my pack, unt I garried him to te house. Py unt by his foot git well, put no more toes crowed out it, unt he say, "Prodder Hans, I vill no more go woodchuck hunt mit you;" unt he neffer did.

THE RED JACKET.—George M. Baker.

'Tis a cold, bleak night! with angry roar
The north winds beat and clamor at the door;
The drifted snow lies heaped along the street,
Swept by a bliuding storm of hail and sleet;
The clouded heavens no guiding starlight lend
But o'er the earth in gloom and darkness bend;
Gigantic shadows, by the night lamps thrown,
Dance their weird revels fitfully alone.

In lofty halls, where fortune takes its ease,
Sunk in the treasures of all lands and seas;
In happy homes, where warmth and comfort meet,
The weary traveler with their smiles to greet;
In lowly dwellings, where the needy swarm
Round starving embers, chilling limbs to warm,
Rises the prayer that makes the sad heart light—
"Thank God for home, this bitter, bitter night!"

But hark! above the beating of the storm
Peals on the startled ear the fire alarm.
Yon gloomy heaven 's aflame with sudden light,
And heart-beats quicken with a strange affright;
From tranquil slumbers springs, at duty's call,
The ready friend no danger can appall;
Fierce for the conflict, sturdy, true, and brave,
He hurries forth to battle and to save.

From yonder dwelling, fiercely shooting out,
Devouring all they coil themselves about,
The flaming furies, mounting high and higher,
Wrap the frail structure in a cloak of fire.
Strong arms are battling with the stubborn foe
In vain attempts their power to overthrow;
With mocking glee they revel with their prey,
Defying human skill to check their way.

And see! far up above the flame's hot breath,
Something that's human waits a horrid death;
A little child, with waving golden hair,
Stands, like a phantom, 'mid the horrid glare,—
Her pale, sweet face against the window pressed,
While sobs of terror shake her tender breast.

And from the crowd beneath, in accents wild,
A mother screams, "O God! my child! my child!"

Up goes a ladder. Through the startled throng
A hardy fireman swiftly moves along;
Mounts sure and fast along the slender way,
Fearing no danger, dreading but delay.
The stifling smoke-clouds lower in his path,
Sharp tongues of flame assail him in their wrath;
But up, still up he goes! the goal is won!
His strong arm beats the sash, and he is gone!

Gone to his death. The wily flames surround
And burn and beat his ladder to the ground,
In flaming columns move with quickened beat
To rear a massive wall 'gainst his retreat.
Courageous heart, thy mission was so pure,
Suffering humanity must thy loss deplore;
Henceforth with martyred heroes thou shalt live,
Crowned with all honors nobleness can give.

Nay, not so fast; subdue these gloomy fears;
Behold! he quickly on the roof appears,
Bearing the tender child, his jacket warm
Flung round her shrinking form to guard from harm.
Up with your ladders! Quick! 'tis but a chance!
Behold, how fast the roaring flames advance!
Quick! quick! brave spirits, to his rescue fly;
Up! up! by heavens, this hero must not die!

Silence! he comes along the burning road,
Bearing, with tender care, his living load;
Aha! he totters! Heaven in mercy save
The good, true heart that can so nobly brave!
He's up again! and now he's coming fast—
One moment, and the fiery ordeal's passed—
And now he's safe! Bold flames, ye fought in vain.
A happy mother clasps her child again.

THE FISHERMAN'S SUMMONS.

The sea is calling, calling!
Wife, is there a log to spare?
Fling it down on the hearth and call them in,
The boys and girls with their merry din,
I am loth to leave you all just yet;
In the light and the noise I might forget
The voice in the evening air.

The sea is calling, calling,
Along the hollow shore;

I know each nook in the rocky strand,
And the crimson weeds on the golden sand,
And the worn old cliff where the sea-pinks cling,
And the winding caves where the echoes ring—
I shall wake them nevermore.

How it keeps calling, calling!
It is never a night to sail;
I saw the "sea-dog" over the height,
As I strained through the haze my failing sight,
And the cottage creaks and rocks, well nigh
As the old "Fox" did in the days gone by,
In the moan of the rising gale.

Yet it is calling, calling!
It is hard on a soul, I say,
To go fluttering out in the cold and the dark,
Like the bird they tell us of, from the ark,
While the foam flies thick on the bitter blast,
And the angry waves roll fierce and fast,
Where the black buoy marks the bay.

Do you hear it calling, calling?
And yet I am not so old.
At the herring fishery, but last year,
No boat beat mine for tackle and gear,
And I steered the cobble past the reef,
When the broad sail shook like a withered leaf,
And the rudder chafed my hold.

Will it never stop calling, calling?
Can't you sing a song by the hearth—
A heartsome stave of a merry glass,
Or a gallant fight, or a bonny lass?
Don't you care for your grand-dad just so much?
Come near, then, give me a hand to touch,
Still warm with the warmth of earth.

You hear it calling, calling?
Ask her why she sits and cries.
She always did when the sea was up,
She would fret, and never take bit or sup,
When I and the lads were out at night,
And she saw the breakers cresting white
Beneath the low black skies.

But then, in its calling, calling,
No summons to soul was sent.
Now—well, fetch the parson, find the book,
It is up on the shelf there, if you look;
The sea has been friend, and fire, and bread;
Put me where it will tell of me, lying dead,
How it called, and I rose and went.

PASSING BY.—Miss Mulock.

"And they told him that Jesus of Nazareth passed by."

Oh rich man! from your happy door
Seeing the old, the sick, the poor,
Who ask for nothing, scarcely weep,
To whom even heaven means only sleep,
While you, given good things without measure,
Sometimes can hardly sleep for pleasure,
Let not the blessed moment fly:
Jesus of Nazareth passes by.

Is there a sinner, tired of sin,
Longing a new life to begin?
But all the gates of help are shut,
And all the words of love are mute,
Earth's best joys sere, like burnt-up grass,
And even the very heavens as brass;
Turn not away so pitilessly:
Jesus of Nazareth passes by.

Self-hardened man, of smooth, bland smile;
Woman, with heart like desert isle
Set in the sea of household love,
Whom nothing save "the world" can move;
At your white lie, your sneering speech,
Your backward thrust no sword can reach,
Look, your child lifts a wondering eye!
Jesus of Nazareth passes by.

Oh, all ye foolish ones! who feel
A sudden doubt, like piercing steel,
When your dead hearts within you burn,
And conscience sighs, "Return, return!"
Why let ye the sweet impulse fleet,
Love's wave wash back from your tired feet,
Knowing not Him who came so nigh,—
Jesus of Nazareth passing by?

He must not pass. Hold Him secure—
In likeness of His humble poor;
Of many a sick soul, sin-beguiled;
In innocent face of little child:
Clasp Him—quite certain it is He—
In every form of misery:
And when thou meet'st Him up on high,
Be sure, He will not pass thee by.

SORROWFUL TALE OF A HIRED GIRL.—John Quill.

Mary Ann was a hired girl.

She was called "hired," chiefly because she always objected to having her wages lowered.

Mary Ann was of foreign extraction, and she said she was descended from a line of kings. But nobody ever saw her descend, although they admitted that there must have been a great descent from a king to Mary Ann.

And Mary Ann never had any father and mother. As far as it could be ascertained, she was spontaneously born in an intelligence office.

It was called an intelligence office because there was no intelligence about it, excepting an intelligent way they had of chiseling you out of two-dollar bills.

The early youth of Mary Ann was passed in advertising for a place, and in sitting on a hard bench, dressed in a bonnet and speckled shawl and three-ply carpeting, sucking the end of her parasol.

Her nose began well, and had evidently been conceived in an artistic spirit, but there seemed not to have been stuff enough, as it was left half-finished, and knocked upwards at the end.

She said she would never live anywhere where they didn't have Brussels carpet in the kitchen, and a family that would take her to the sea-shore in summer. And as she knew absolutely nothing, she said she must have five dollars a week as a slight compensation for having to take the trouble to learn.

Mary Ann was eccentric, and she would often boil her stockings in the tea-kettle, and wipe the dishes with her calico frock.

Her brother was a bricklayer, and he used to send her letters sealed up with a dab of mortar, and it was thus, perhaps, she conceived the idea that hair was a good thing to mix in to hold things together, and so she always introduced some of her own into the biscuit.

But Mary Ann was fond—yes, passionately fond—of work. So much did she love it that she dilly-dallied with it, and seemed to hate to get it done. She was often very much absorbed in her work. In fact, she was an absorbing per-

son, and many other things were absorbed besides Mary Ann. Butter, beef, and eggs, were all absorbed, and nobody ever knew where they went to.

And whenever Mary Ann had to make boned turkey, she used to bone the turkey so effectually that nobody could tell what had become of it.

And if she so much as laid her little finger on a saucer, that identical saucer would immediately fall on the floor and be shattered to atoms.

But Mary Ann would merely say that if the attraction of gravitation was very powerful in that spot she was not to blame for it, for she had no control over the laws of nature.

Uncles seem to have been one of Mary Ann's weaknesses; for she had some twenty or thirty cousins, all males, who came to see her every night, and there was a mysterious and inexplicable connection between their visits and the condition of the pantry, which nobody could explain. There was something shadowy and obscure about it, for whenever Mary Ann's cousins came, there was always a fading away in the sugar-box, and low tide in the flour-barrel. It was strange—but true.

Mary Ann was troubled with absence of mind, but this was not as strong a suit with her as absence of body, for her Sunday out used to come twice a week, and sometimes three times a week.

But she always went to church, she said, and she thought it was right to neglect her work for her faith, for she believed that faith was better than works.

But if the beginning of Mary Ann was strange, how extraordinary was her ending! She never died—Mary Ann was not one of your perishable kind. But she suddenly disappeared. One day she was there full of life and spirits and hope, and cooking wine, and the next day she wasn't, and the place that once knew her knew her no more.

Where she went to, how she went, by what means she went, no one could tell; but it was regarded as a singular coincidence that eight napkins, a soup-ladle, five silver spoons, a bonnet, two dresses, two ear-rings, and a lot of valuable green-backs melted away at the same time, and it is supposed that the person who stole Mary Ann away must have captured these also.

'TWILL NOT BE LONG.

'Twill not be long—this wearying commotion
That marks its passage in the human breast
And, like the billows on the heaving ocean,
That ever rock the cradle of unrest,
Will soon subside; the happy time is nearing,
When bliss, not pain, shall have its rich increase;
E'en unto Thee the dove may now be steering
With gracious message. Wait, and hold thy peace;
'Twill not be long!

The lamps go out; the stars give up their shining;
The world is lost in darkness for awhile;
And foolish hearts give way to sad repining,
And feel as though they ne'er again could smile.
Why murmur thus, the needful lesson scorning?
Oh, read thy Teacher and His word aright!
The world would have no greeting for the morning,
If 'twere not for the darkness of the night;
'Twill not be long!

'Twill not be long; the strife will soon be ended;
The doubts, the fears, the agony, the pain,
Will seem but as the clouds that low descended
To yield their pleasure to the parched plain.
The times of weakness and of sore temptations,
Of bitter grief and agonizing cry;
These earthly cares and ceaseless tribulations
Will bring a blissful harvest by-and-by—
'Twill not be long!

'Twill not be long; the eye of faith, discerning
The wondrous glory that shall be revealed,
Instructs the soul, that every day is learning
The better wisdom which the world concealed.
And soon, aye, soon, there'll be an end of teaching,
When mortal vision finds immortal sight,
And her true place the soul in gladness reaching,
Beholds the glory of the Infinite,—
'Twill not be long!

"'Twill not be long!" the heart goes on repeating;
It is the burden of the mourner's song;
The work of grace in us he is completing,
Who thus assures us—"It will not be long."
His rod and staff our fainting steps sustaining,
Our hope and comfort every day will be;
And we may bear our cross as uncomplaining
As He who leads us unto Calvary;
'Twill not be long!

GONE WITH A HANDSOMER MAN.—Will Carleton.

John.

I've worked in the field all day, a plowin' the "stony streak;"
I've scolded my team till I'm hoarse; I've tramped till my legs are weak;
I've choked a dozen swears, (so's not to tell Jane fibs,)
When the plow-pint struck a stone and the handles punched my ribs.

I've put my team in the barn, and rubbed their sweaty coats;
I've fed 'em a heap of hay and half a bushel of oats;
And to see the way they eat makes me like eatin' feel,
And Jane wont say to-night that I don't make out a meal.

Well said! the door is locked! but here she's left the key,
Under the step, in a place known only to her and me;
I wonder who's dyin' or dead, that she's hustled off pell-mell;
But here on the table's a note, and probably this will tell.

Good God! my wife is gone! my wife is gone astray!
The letter it says, "Good-bye, for I'm a going away;
I've lived with you six months, John, and so far I've been true;
But I'm going away to-day with a handsomer man than you."

A han'somer man than me! Why, that ain't much to say:
There's han'somer men than me go past here every day.
There's han'somer men than me—I ain't of the han'some kind;
But a *loven'er* man than I was, I guess she'll never find.

Curse her! curse her! I say, and give my curses wings!
May the words of love I've spoken be changed to scorpion stings!
Oh, she filled my heart with joy, she emptied my heart of doubt,
And now, with a scratch of a pen, she lets my heart's blood out!

Curse her! curse her! say I, she'll some time rue this day;
She'll some time learn that hate is a game that two can play;
And long before she dies she'll grieve she ever was born,
And I'll plow her grave with hate, and seed it down to scorn.

As sure as the world goes on, there'll come a time when she
Will read the devilish heart of that han'somer man than me;
And there'll be a time when he will find, as others do,
That she who is false to one, can be the same with two.

And when her face grows pale, and when her eyes grow dim,
And when he is tired of her and she is tired of him,
She'll do what she ought to have done, and coolly count the cost;
And then she'll see things clear, and know what she has lost.

And thoughts that are now asleep will wake up in her mind,
And she will mourn and cry for what she has left behind;
And maybe she'll sometimes long for me—for me—but no!
I've blotted her out of my heart, and I will not have it so.

And yet in her girlish heart there was somethin' or other she had
That fastened a man to her, and wasn't entirely bad;
And she loved me a little, I think, although it didn't last;
But I mustn't think of these things—I've buried 'em in the past.

I'll take my hard words back, nor make a bad matter worse;
She'll have trouble enough; she shall not have my curse;
But I'll live a life so square—and I well know that I can,—
That she always will sorry be that she went with that han'somer man.

Ah, here is her kitchen dress! it makes my poor eyes blur;
It seems when I look at that, as if 'twas holdin' her.
And here are her week-day shoes, and there is her week-day hat,
And yonder's her weddin' gown: I wonder she didn't take that.

'Twas only this mornin' she came and called me her "dearest dear,"
And said I was makin' for her a regular paradise here;
O God! if you want a man to sense the pains of hell,
Before you pitch him in just keep him in heaven a spell!

Good-bye! I wish that death had severed us two apart.
You've lost a worshiper here, you've crushed a lovin' heart.
I'll worship no woman again; but I guess I'll learn to pray,
And kneel as *you* used to kneel, before you run away.

And if I thought I could bring my words on Heaven to bear,
And if I thought I had some little influence there,
I would pray that I might be, if it only could be so,
As happy and gay as I was a half an hour ago.

JANE (*entering*).

Why, John, what a litter here! you've thrown things all around!
Come, what's the matter now? and what have you lost or found?

And here's my father here, a waiting for supper, too ;
I've been a riding with him—he's that " handsomer man
than you."

Ha! ha! Pa take a seat, while I put the kettle on,
And get things ready for tea, and kiss my dear old John.
Why, John, you look so strange! come, what has crossed
your track?
I was only a joking you know, I'm willing to take it back.

JOHN (*aside*).

Well, now, if this *ain't* a joke, with rather a bitter cream!
It seems as if I'd woke from a mighty ticklish dream ;
And I think she "smells a rat," for she smiles at me so queer.
I hope she don't; good gracious! I hope that they didn't
hear!

'Twas one of her practical drives, she thought I'd under-
stand!
But I'll never break sod again till I get the lay of the land.
But one thing's settled with me—to appreciate heaven well,
'Tis good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

THE MONSTER CANNON.—VICTOR HUGO.

They heard a noise unlike anything usually heard. The cry and the noise came from inside the vessel.

One of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four pounder, had become detached.

This, perhaps, is the most formidable of ocean events. Nothing more terrible can happen to a war vessel, at sea and under full sail.

A cannon which breaks its moorings becomes suddenly some indescribable, supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass runs on its wheels, like billiard-balls, inclines with the rolling, plunges with the pitching, goes, comes, stops, seems to meditate, resumes its course, shoots from one end of the ship to the other like an arrow, whirls, steals away, evades, prances,

strikes, breaks, kills, exterminates. It is a ram which capriciously assails a wall. Add this—the ram is of iron, the wall is of wood. This furious bulk has the leaps of the panther, the weight of the elephant, the agility of the mouse, the pertinacity of the axe, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the silence of the sepulchre. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball. Its whirlings are suddenly cut at right angles. What is to be done? How shall an end be put to this? A tempest ceases, a cyclone passes, a wind goes down, a broken mast is replaced, a leak is stopped, a fire put out; but what shall be done with this enormous brute of bronze? How try to secure it? You can reason with a bull-dog, astonish a bull, fascinate a boa, frighten a tiger, soften a lion; no resource with such a monster as a loose cannon. You cannot kill it: it is dead; and at the same time it lives with a sinister life which comes from the infinite. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the wind. This exterminator is a plaything. The horrible cannon struggles, advances, retreats, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, disconcerts expectation, grinds obstacles, crushes men like flies.

The carronade, hurled by the pitching, made havoc in the group of men, crushing four at the first blow; then receding and brought back by the rolling, it cut a fifth unfortunate man in two, and dashed against the larboard side a piece of the battery which it dismounted. Thence came the cry of distress which had been heard. All the men rushed towards the ladder. The battery was emptied in a twinkling of an eye.

The captain and lieutenant, although both intrepid men, had halted at the head of the ladder, and, dumb, pale, hesitating, looked down into the lower deck. Some one pushed them to one side with his elbow and descended.

It was an old man, a passenger.

Once at the foot of the ladder, he stood still.

Hither and thither along the lower deck came the cannon. One might have thought it the living chariot of the Apocalypse.

The four wheels passed and repassed over the dead men,

cutting, carving, and slashing them, and of the five corpses made twenty fragments which rolled across the battery; the lifeless heads seemed to cry out; streams of blood wreathed on the floor following the rolling of the ship. The ceiling, damaged in several places, commenced to open a little. All the vessel was filled with a monstrous noise.

The captain promptly regained his presence of mind, and caused to be thrown into the lower deck all that could allay and fetter the unbridled course of the cannon,—mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, rolls of cordage, bags of equipments, and bales of counterfeit assignats, of which the corvette had a full cargo.

But of what avail these rags? Nobody daring to go down and place them properly, in a few minutes they were lint.

There was just sea enough to make the accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable; it might have thrown the cannon upside down, and, once the four wheels were in the air, it could have been mastered. As it was, the havoc increased. There were chafings and even fractures in the masts, which, jointed into the frame of the keel, go through the floors of vessels and are like great round pillars. Under the convulsive blows of the cannon, the foremast had cracked, the mainmast itself was cut. The battery was disjointed. Ten pieces out of the thirty were *hors de combat;* the breaches in the sides multiplied, and the corvette commenced to take in water.

The old passenger who had gone down to the lower deck seemed a man of stone at the bottom of the ladder. He cast a severe look on the devastation. He did not stir. It seemed impossible to take a step in the battery.

They must perish, or cut short the disaster; something must be done, but what?

What a combatant that carronade was!

That frightful maniac must be stopped.

That lightning must be averted.

That thunder-bolt must be conquered.

The captain said to the lieutenant:

"Do you believe in God, Chevalier?"

"Yes. No. Sometimes."

"In the tempest?"

"Yes. And in moments like these."

"In reality God only can rid us of this trouble."

All were hushed, leaving the cannon to do its horrible work.

Outside, the billows beating the vessel answered the blows of the cannon. It was like two hammers alternating.

All of a sudden, in that kind of unapproachable circuit wherein the escaped cannon bounded, a man appeared, with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of the catastrophe, the chief gunner, guilty of negligence and the cause of the accident, the master of the carronade. Having done the harm, he wished to repair it. He had grasped a handspike in one hand, some gun-tackle with a slip-knot in the other, and jumped upon the lower deck.

Then a wild exploit commenced; a Titanic spectacle; the combat of the gun with the gunner; the battle of matter and intelligence; the duel of the animate and the inanimate.

The man had posted himself in a corner, and with his bar and rope in his two fists, leaning against one of the riders, standing firmly on his legs which seemed like two pillars of steel, livid, calm, tragic, as though rooted to the floor, he waited.

He was waiting for the cannon to pass near him.

The gunner knew his piece, and it seemed to him that it must know him. He had lived for some time with it. How many times he had thrust his hand into its jaws! It was his tamed monster. He commenced talking to it as he would to his dog.

"Come," said he. He loved it, maybe.

He seemed to wish that it would come towards him.

But to come towards him would be to come upon him. And then he was lost. How avoid the crush? That was the question. All looked upon the scene, terrified.

Not a breast breathed freely, except, perhaps, that of the old man who alone was on the lower deck with the two combatants, a sinister witness.

He might himself be crushed by the piece. He stirred not.

Under them the blinded sea directed the combat.

At the moment when, accepting this dreadful hand-to-hand encounter, the gunner challenged the cannon, a chance

rolling of the sea kept it immovable as if stupefied. "Come then!" said the man. It seemed to listen.

Suddenly it jumped towards him. The man escaped the shock.

The struggle began. A struggle unheard of. The fragile wrestling with the invulnerable. The monster of flesh attacking the brazen beast. On one side force, on the other a soul.

All this was passing in a shadow. It was like the indistinct vision of a prodigy.

A soul! a strange thing! one would have thought the cannon had one also, but a soul of hate and rage. This sightless thing seemed to have eyes. The monster appeared to watch the man. There was—one would have thought so at least—cunning in this mass. It also chose its moment. It was a kind of gigantic insect of iron, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon. At times, this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the battery, then fall back on its four wheels like a tiger on its four claws, and commence again to dart upon the man. He, supple, agile, adroit, writhed like an adder in guarding against all these lightning-like movements. He avoided encounters, but the blows he shunned were received by the vessel, and continued to demolish it.

An end of broken chain had remained hanging to the carronade. One end of it was fastened to the carriage. The other, free, turned desperately around the cannon and exaggerated all its shocks. The chain, multiplying the blows of the ram by its lashings, caused a terrible whirl around the cannon,—an iron whip in a fist of brass—and complicated the combat.

Yet the man struggled. At times, even, it was the man who attacked the cannon; he crouched along the side, holding his bar and his rope; and the cannon seemed to understand, and, as though divining a snare, fled. The man, formidable, pursued it.

Such things cannot last long. The cannon seemed to say all at once—"Come! there must be an end to this!" and it stopped. The approach of the denouement was felt. The cannon, as in suspense, seemed to have, or did have,—because to all it was like a living thing,—a ferocious premeditation.

Suddenly, it precipitated itself on the gunner. The gunner drew to one side, let it pass, and called to it, laughing—"Try again." The cannon, as though furious, broke a carronade to larboard; then, seized again by the invisible sling which held it, bounded to starboard towards the man, who escaped. Three carronades sunk down under the pressure of the cannon; then as though blind, and knowing no longer what it was doing, it turned its back to the man, rolled backward and forward, put the stem out of order, and made a breach in the wall of the prow. The man had taken refuge at the foot of the ladder, a few steps from the old man who was present. The gunner held his handspike at rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and without taking the trouble to turn around, fell back on the man with the promptness of an axe-stroke. The man if driven against the side was lost. All the crew gave a cry.

But the old passenger, till then immovable, sprang forward, more rapidly than all those wild rapidities. He had seized a bale of false assignats, and, at the risk of being crushed, he had succeeded in throwing it between the wheels of the cannon. This decisive and perilous movement could not have been executed with more promptness and precision by a man accustomed to all the manœuvres of sea gunnery.

The bale had the effect of a plug. A pebble stops a bulk; a branch of a tree diverts an avalanche. The cannon stumbled. The gunner in his turn, taking advantage of this terrible juncture, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The cannon stopped.

It leaned forward. The man using his bar as a lever, made it rock. The heavy mass turned over, with the noise of a bell tumbling down, and the man, rushing headlong, trickling with sweat, attached the slip-knot of the gun-tackle to the bronze neck of the conquered monster.

It was finished. The man had vanquished. The ant had subdued the mastodon; the pigmy had made a prisoner of the thunderbolt.

—*From "Ninety-Three."*

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.—Peter Pindar.

There is a knack in doing many a thing,
Which labor cannot to perfection bring:
Therefore, however great in your own eyes,
Pray do not hints from other folks despise:

A fool on something great, at times, may stumble,
And consequently be a good adviser:
On which, forever, your wise men may fumble,
And never be a whit the wiser.

Yes! I advise you, for there's wisdom in 't,
Never to be superior to a hint—
The genius of each man, with keenness view—
A spark from this, or t'other, caught,
May kindle, quick as thought,
A glorious bonfire up in you.

A question of you let me beg—
Of famed Columbus and his egg,
Pray, have you heard? "Yes."—Oh! then, if you please
I'll give you the two Pilgrims and the Peas.

A TRUE STORY.

A brace of sinners, for no good,
Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,
And in a fair white wig looked wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel.
In short, their toes so gently to amuse,
The priest had ordered peas into their shoes;—

A nostrum famous in old Popish times
For purifying souls that stunk of crimes,
A sort of apostolic salt,
Which Popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray:
But very diff'rent was their speed, I wot:
One of the sinners galloped on,
Swift as a bullet from a gun;
The other limped, as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin soon—*peccavi* cried—
Had his soul white-washed all so clever;

Then home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit, with saints above, to live forever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half way—
Hobbling, with out-stretched hands and bending knees;
Cursing the souls and bodies of the peas:
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

"How now," the light-toed, white-washed pilgrim broke,
"You lazy lubber!"
"Odds curse it," cried the other, "'tis no joke—
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as any blubber.

"Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—
As for Loretto I shall not get there;
No! to the Devil my sinful soul must go,
For bless me, if I ain't lost every toe!

"But, brother sinner, pray explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain:
What power hath worked a wonder for *your* toes:
While *I*, just like a snail am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
While not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

"How is't that *you* can like a greyhound go,
Merry, as if that naught had happened, burn ye?"
"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must know,
That just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil *my* peas."

GOD'S-ACRE.—H. W. Longfellow.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude plowshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God,
This is the place where human harvests grow!

LOST AND FOUND.—Hamilton Aide.

Some miners were sinking a shaft in Wales—
I know not where, but the facts have filled
A chink in my brain, while other tales

Have been swept away, as when pearls are spilled,
One pearl rolls into a chink in the floor;
—Somewhere, then, where God's light is killed,

And men tear in the dark, at the earth's heart-core,
These men were at work, when their axes knocked
A hole in a passage closed years before.

A slip in the earth, I suppose, had blocked
This gallery suddenly up, with a heap
Of rubble, as safe as a chest is locked,

Till these men picked it; and 'gan to creep
In, on all-fours. Then a loud shout ran
Round the black roof—"Here's a man asleep!"

They all pushed forward, and scarce a span
From the mouth of the passage, in sooth, the lamp
Fell on the upturned face of a man.

No taint of death, no decaying damp
Had touched that fair young brow, whereon
Courage had set its glorious stamp.

Calm as a monarch upon his throne,
Lips hard clenched, no shadow of fear,
He sat there taking his rest, alone.

He must have been there for many a year.
The spirit had fled; but there was its shrine,
In clothes of a century old, or near!

The dry and embalming air of the mine
Had arrested the natural hand of decay,
Nor faded the flesh, nor dimmed a line.

Who was he, then? No man could say
When the passage had suddenly fallen in—
Its memory, even, was pass'd away!

In their great rough arms, begrimed with coal,
They took him up, as a tender lass
Will carry a babe, from that darksome hole

To the outer world of the short warm grass.
Then up spoke one, "Let us send for Bess,
She is seventy-nine, come Martinmas;

Older than any one here, I guess!
Belike, she may mind when the wall fell there,
And remember the chap by his comeliness."

So they brought old Bess with her silver hair,
To the side of the hill, where the dead man lay,
Ere the flesh had crumbled in outer air.

And the crowd around him all gave way,
As with tottering steps old Bess drew nigh,
And bent o'er the face of the unchanged clay.

Then suddenly rang a sharp, low cry!
Bess sank on her knees, and wildly tossed
Her withered arms in the summer sky—

"O Willie! Willie! my lad! my lost!
The Lord be praised! after sixty years
I see you again! . . . . The tears you cost,

O Willie darlin', were bitter tears!
They never looked for ye underground,
They told me a tale to mock my fears!

They said ye were auver the sea—ye'd found
A lass ye loved better nor me, to explain
How ye'd a-vanished fra sight and sound!

O darlin', a long, long life o' pain
I ha' lived since then! . . . . And now I'm old,
'Seems a'most as if youth were come back again,

Seeing ye there wi' your locks o' gold,
And limbs as straight as ashen beams,
I a'most forget how the years ha' rolled

Between us! . . . . O Willie! how strange it seems
To see ye here as I've seen ye oft,
Auver and auver again in dreams!"

In broken words like these, with soft
Low wails she rocked herself. And none
Of the rough men around her scoffed.

For surely a sight like this, the sun
Had rarely looked upon. Face to face,
The old dead love, and the living one!

The dead, with its undimmed fleshly grace,
At the end of threescore years; the quick,
Puckered and withered, without a trace

Of its warm girl-beauty. A wizard's trick
Bringing the youth and the love that were,
Back to the eyes of the old and sick!

Those bodies were just of one age; yet there
Death, clad in youth, had been standing still,
While life had been fretting itself threadbare!

But the moment was come;—as a moment will
To all who have loved, and have parted here,
And have toiled alone up the thorny hill;

When, at the top, as their eyes see clear,
Over the mists of the vale below,
Mere specks their trials and toils appear

Beside the eternal rest they know.
Death came to old Bess that night, and gave
The welcome summons that she should go.

And now, though the rains and winds may rave,
Nothing can part them. Deep and wide,
The miners that evening dug one grave.

And there, while the summers and winters glide
Old Bess and young Willie sleep side by side.

A BOY.—N. P. Willis.

There's something in a noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
With his unchecked, unbidden joy,
His dread of books and love of fun,—

And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
  And unrepressed by sadness,—
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
  And felt its very gladness.

And yet, it is not in his play,
  When every trace of thought is lost,
And not when you would call him gay,
  That his bright presence thrills me most.
His shout may ring upon the hill,
  His voice be echoed in the hall,
His merry laugh like music trill,
  And I in sadness hear it all,—
For, like the wrinkles on my brow,
I scarcely notice such things now,—

But when, amid the earnest game,
  He stops, as if he music heard,
And, heedless of his shouted name
  As of the carol of a bird,
Stands gazing on the empty air,
As if some dream were passing there,
  'Tis then that on his face I look—
His beautiful but thoughtful face—
  And, like a long forgotten book,
Its sweet familiar meanings trace;

Remembering a thousand things
Which passed me on those golden wings,
  Which time has fettered now;
Things that came o'er me with a thrill,
And left me silent, sad, and still,
  And threw upon my brow
A holier and a gentler cast,
That was too innocent to last.

'Tis strange how thoughts upon a child
  Will, like a presence, sometimes press;
And when his pulse is beating wild,
  And life itself is in excess—
When foot and hand, and ear and eye,
Are all with ardor straining high—
  How in his heart will spring
A feeling whose mysterious thrall
Is stronger, sweeter far than all!
  And on its silent wing,
How, with the clouds, he'll float away,
As wandering and as lost as they.

LORD DUNDREARY PROPOSING.—F. J. Skill.

"Any fellah feelth nervouth when he knowth he 'th going to make an ath of himthelf."

That's vewy twue,—I—I've often thed tho before. But the fact is, evewy fellah dothn't make an ath of himthelf, at least not quite such an ath as I've done in my time. I—don't mind telling you, but 'pon my word now,—I—I've made an awful ath of mythelf on thome occathions. You don't believe it now,—do you? I—thought you wouldn't—but I have now—*weally*. Particularly with wegard to women.

To tell the twuth, that is my weakneth,—I s'pose I'm what they call a ladies' man. The pwetty cweachaws like me,—I know they do,—though they pwetend not to do so. It—it's the way with some fellahs. There was hith late Majesty, George the Fourth. I never thaw him mythelf, you know, but I've heard he had a sort of way with him that *no* woman could wesist. They used to call him a cam—what is it? a camelia—no, camel-leopard, no—chameleon, isn't it? that attwacts people with its eyes—no, by the way that—that's the bwute that changes color—it couldn't have been that you know,—Georgius Wex—never changed color,—he—he'd got beyond blushing, he had—he only blushed once—early—vewy early in life, and then it was by mistake—no, cam—chameleon's *not* the word. What the dooth is it? O, stop,—it begins with a B. By the way, it's 'stonishing how many words begin with a B. O, an awful lot! No—no wonder Dr. Watts talked about the—the busy B. Why, he's more work than all the west of the alphabet. However, the word begins with a B, and its Bas—Basiloose—yes, that's it—stop, I'd better look it out in the dictionary to make certain. I—I hate to make mistakes—I do—especially about a thimple matter like this. O, here we are—B. Basilica.

No, it—that can't be the word you know—George was king, and if—if Basilica means a royal palace—they—they might have been—welations—but that's all—no, it isn't Basilica—it—it's Basilisk—yes, I've got it now—it's Bathilith. That's what his Majesty was—a Bathilith, and fascinated fair cweachaws with his eye. Let me see—where was

I? O, I rekomember—or weckolect—whieh is it? Never mind, I was saying that I was a ladies' man.

I wanted to tell you of one successful advenchaw I had,—at least, when I say successful, I mean it would have been as far as *I* was concerned,—but, of course, when two people are engaged—or wather—when one of 'em *wants* to be engaged, one fellah by himthelf can't engage that he'll engage affections that are otherwise engaged. By the way, what a lot of 'gages that was in one thentence, and yet—it seems quite fruitless. Come, that's pwetty smart, that is—for me.

Well, as I was saying,—I mean, as I meant to have said,—when I was stopping down at Wockingham, with the Widleys, last autumn, there was a mons'ous jolly girl staying there too. I don't mean *two* girls you know—only—only *one* girl— But stop a minute,—is that right? How could *one* girl be stopping there *two?* What doosid queer expressions there are in the English language! . . . Stopping there too! It's vewy odd *I*—I'll swear there was only one girl,—at least, the one that *I* mean was only one—if she'd been two, of course, I should have known it—let me see now, one is singular, and two is plural,—well, you know, she *was* a singular girl—and she—she was one too many for me. Ah, I see now,—that aceounts for it,—one *two* many—of course—I *knew* there was a two somewhere. She had a vewy queer name, Miss—miss—Missmiss, no not Miss Missmiss—I always miss the wrong—I mean the right name,—Miss Chaffingham,—that's it,—Charlotte Chaffiingham. I weckomember Charlotte, because they called her Lotty,—and one day at bweakfast—I made a stunning widdle—I said—"Why is Miss Charlotte like a London cabman?" Well, none of them could guess it. They twied and twied, and at last my brother Tham,—he gave a most stupid anther,—he said, "I know," he said,—"She's like a London eabman because she's got a *fair back.*"

Did you ever hear anything so widiculous? Just as if her face wasn't much pwettier than her back! Why, I could see that, for I was sitting opposite her. It's twue Tham was just behind her, offering some muffins, but—you know he'd seen her face, and he weally ought to have known better. I told him so,—I said, "Tham, you ought to be athamed of yourthelf, *that* 'th not the anther!"

Well, of course then they all wanted to know, and I—I told 'em—ha, ha! *my* anther was good, wasn't it? O, I forgot I haven't told you,—well,—here it is,—I said,—

"Miss Charlotte is iike a London cabman, because she's a Lotty Chaffingham," (of course I meant, lot o' chaff in him). D'ye see? Doosid good *I* call it,—but would you believe? all the party began woarwing with laughter all wound. At first I thought they were laughing at the widdle, and I laughed too, but at last Captain Wagsby said (by the way, I hate Wagsby,—he's so doosid familiar)—Captain Wagsby said, "Mulled it again, my Lord.". From this low expwession,—which I weckollect at Oxford,—I thought that they thought I had made a mithtake, and asked them what they meant by woarwing in that absurd manner.

"Why, don't you see, Dundreary," some one said,—"it won't do,—you've forgotten the lady's sex,—Miss Charlotte can't be said to have any chaff in *him*. It ought to be chaff in *her*,"—and then they began to woar again. Upon my word now, it hadn't occurred to me certainly before, but I don't see *now* that it was such a mithtake. What's the use of being so doosid particular about the *sense* of a widdle as long as it's a good one? Abthurd!

Well, after bweakfast we went out for a stroll upon the lawn, and somehow or other Miss Chaffingham paired off with me. She was a doosid stunning girl, you know. A fellah often talks about stunning girls, and when you see them they're *not* so stunning after all; but Lotty weally was a doosid stunning girl,—fair eyes and beautifully blue, ha—no! blue hair and fair—I (confound it, I always make that mistake when there's more than one adjective in a thentence)—I mean fair hair and beautifully blue eyes, and she had a way of looking at one that—that weally almost took one's bweath away. I've often heard about a fellah's falling in love. I never did tho mythelf, you know,—at least not that I weckomember,—I mean weckollect,—before that morning. But weally she did look *so* jolly bweaking her egg at bweakfast,—so bewitching when she smashed the shell all wound with her thpoon before she began to eat it,—I, I weally began to feel almost *thpooney* mythelf. Ha, ha! there I am at it again; I weally must bweak mythelf of this habit of jok-

ing: it's vewy low, you know,—like a beathly clown in a b-beathly pantomime,—I oughtn't to have said beathly twice, I know. A fellah once told me, that if—if a man says the same adjective twice in one thentence he's taught ological. But he's wrong you know,—for *I* often do, and I'm sure *I* never was taught anything of the kind.

However, Lotty was a stunning girl, and we walked all about the lawn,—down into the shwubbery to look into some bush after a wobbin wedbweast that she said had built a nest there,—and, sure enough, when we got to it, there was this weddin—wob—I mean wobbin—wed—beast looking out of a gweat lump of moss. I thought Lotty would be pleased if I caught it, and so I thwust my hand in as quick as I could, but you know those little wedding—wobbin—wed-beasts are so doosid sharp,—and I'm dashed if it didn't fly out on the other side.

"You stupid man," Lotty thaid. "Why—you—you've fwightened the poor little thing away."

I was wather wild at first at being called *stupid*,—that's a sort of thing—*no* fellah likes, but—*dash* it! I'd have stood anything from Lotty,—I—I'd have carried her pwayer-book to church,—I'd have parted my hair on one side,—or—no—yes—I think I'd have thaved off my whiskers for her thake.

"Poor, dear little wobbin," she said,—"it will never come back any more; I'm afraid you've made it desert." What did she mean by that? I thought she meant the eggs, tho, taking one up, I said, "You—you don't mean to thay they eat these specky things after dinner?" I said.

"Of course not," she weplied,—and I think I had hit the wite nail on the head, for she began to laugh twemendously, and told me to put the egg quietly in its place, and then pwaps the little wobbin would come back. Which I hope the little beggar did.

At the top of the long walk at Wockingham there is a summer-house,—a jolly sort of place, with a lot of ferns and things about, and behind there are a lot of shrubs and bushes and pwickly plants, which give a sort of rural or *wurwal*—which is it? blest if I know—look to the place, and as it was vewy warm, I thought if I'm ever to make an ath of mythelf by pwoposing to this girl,—I won't do it out in the eye of

the sun,—it's so pwecious hot. So I pwoposed we should walk in and sit down, and so we did, and then I began :—

"Miss Chaffingham, now, don't you think it doosid cool?"

"*Cool*, Lord D.," she said; "why, I thought you were complaining of the heat."

"I beg your pardon," I said, "I—I—can't speak vewy fast" (the fact is, that a beathly wasp was buthhing about me at the moment), "and I hadn't quite finished my thentence. I was going to say, don't you think its doosid cool of Wagsby to go on laughing—at—at a fellah as he does?"

"Well, my Lord," she said, "I think so too; and I wonder you stand it. You—you have your remedy, you know."

"What remedy?" I said. "You—you don't mean to say I ought to thwash him, Miss Charlotte?"

Here she—she somehow began to laugh, but in such a peculiar way that I—I couldn't think what she meant.

"A vewy good idea," I said. "I've a vewy good mind to twy it. I had on the gloves once with a lay figure in a painter's studio,—and gave it an awful licking. It's twue it—it didn't hit back, you know—I—*I* did all—all the hitting then. And pwaps—pwaps Wagsby would hit back. But if—if he did anything so ungentlemanlike as that, I could always—always—"

"Always *what*, my Lord?" said Lotty, who was going on laughing in a most hysterical manner.

"Why I could always say it was a mithtake, and—and it shouldn't happen again, you know."

"Admirable policy, upon my word," she thaid, and began tittering again. But what the dooth amused her so *I* never could make out. Just then we heard a sort of rustling in the leaves behind, and I confess I felt wather nervouth.

"It's only a bird," Lotty said; and then we began talking of that little wobbin-wedbreast, and what a wonderful thing nature is,—and how doosid pwetty it was to see her laws obeyed. And I said, "O Miss Chaffingham!" I said, "if I was a wobbin—"

"Yes, Dundreary," she anthered,—vewy soft and sweet. And I thought to mythelf,—Now's the time to ask her,—now's the time to—I—I was beginning to wuminate again, but she bwought me to my thenses by saying,—

"Yes?" interwoggatively.

"If I was a wobbin, Lotty,—and—and *you* were a wobbin —" I exclaimed,—with a voice full of emothun.

"Well, my Lord?"

"Wouldn't it be—jolly to have thpeckled eggs evewy morning for bweakfast?"

That wasn't *quite* what I was going to say; but just then there was another rustling behind the summer-house, and in wushed that bwute, Wagsby.

"What's the wow, Dundreary?" said he, grinning in a dweadfully idiotic sort of way. "Come, old fellah" (I—I hate a man who calls me old fellah,—it's so beathly familiar). And then he said he had come on purpose to fetch us back, (confound him!) as they had just awanged to start on one of those cold-meat excursions,—no, that's not the word, I know,—but it has something to do with cold meat,—pic—pickles, is it?—no, pickwick? pic—I have it—they wanted us to go picklicking,—I mean picknicking with them.

Here was a dithappointment. Just as I thought to have a nice little flirtathun with Lotty,—to be interwupted in this manner! Was ever anything so pwovoking? And all for a picnic,—a thort of early dinner without chairs or tables, and a lot of flies in the muthtard! I was in *such* a wage!

Of course I didn't get another chance to say all I wanted. I had lost my opportunity, and, I fear, made an ath of mythelf.

A DEATH-BED.—James Aldrich.

Her suffering ended with the day;
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun, in all his state,
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through glory's morning-gate,
And walked in Paradise.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.*—Robert Lowell.

Oh, that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last,
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe was worse than death,
And the men and we all worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee:
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said,
"Oh! then please waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor
In the flecking of woodbine-shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is staid.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep; and I had my dream
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden;—but one wild scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening
Till a sudden gladness broke
All over her face, and she caught my hand
And drew me near, as she spoke:—

*In the summer of 1857 the British garrison in Lucknow were reduced to perilous straits. They were besieged by the native rebels in a largely outnumbering force. Cruel, vindictive, and remorseless, these mutineers, could they enter the city, would put all the men, women, and children to a fearful death. They had advanced their batteries and mines so far that in less than an hour the city must fall, unless relief should be at hand. And relief was at hand, though no one was aware of it. Havelock with 2500 men was approaching, but amid the din and smoke of the cannonade nothing could be heard or seen.

On came Havelock and his men; they hewed a passage through the rebel masses up to the very walls of Lucknow, and snatched their countrymen from the horrors of their impending fate.

"The Hielanders! Oh! dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa?
The McGregor's? Oh! I ken it weel;
It's the grandest o' them a'!

"God bless the bonny Hielanders!
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery-line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started back;—they were there to die;
But was life so near them, then?

They listened for life; the rattling fire
Far off, and the far-off roar,
Were all; and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said, "The slogan's done;
But winna ye hear it noo,
The Campbells are comin'! It's nae a dream;
Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way,—
A shrilling, ceaseless sound:
It was no noise from the strife afar,
Or the sappers under ground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders!
And now they played *Auld Lang Syne;*
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook one another's hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And every one knelt down where he stood,
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy time, when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first;
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers
Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartans streamed,
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears
As the pipers played *Auld Lang Syne.*

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.—W. E. Aytoun.

James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, was executed in Edinburgh, May 21, 1650, for an attempt to overthrow the power of the commonwealth, and restore Charles II. The ballad is a narrative of the event, supposed to be related by an aged Highlander, who had followed Montrose throughout his campaigns, to his grandson, Evan Cameron.

Come hither, Evan Cameron! Come, stand beside my knee:
I hear the river roaring down towards the wintry sea;
There's shouting on the mountain-side, there's war within the blast,
Old faces look upon me, old forms go trooping past;
I hear the pibroch wailing amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again upon the verge of night.

'Twas I that led the Highland host through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down to battle with Montrose.
I've told thee how the Southrons fell beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan by Inverlochy's shore.
I've told thee how we swept Dundee, and tamed the Lindsay's pride;
But never have I told thee yet how the Great Marquis died.

A traitor sold him to his foes;—Oh, deed of deathless shame!
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet with one of Assynt's name,—
Be it upon the mountain's side, or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone, or backed by armèd men,—
Face him as thou wouldst face the man who wronged thy sire's renown;
Remember of what blood thou art, and strike the caitiff down.

They brought him to the Watergate, hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there, and not an unarmed man.
They set him high upon a cart—the hangman rode below—
They drew his hands behind his back, and bared his noble brow:
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash, they cheered—the common throng,—
And blew the note with yell and shout, and bade him pass along.

But when he came, though pale and wan, he looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front, so calm his steadfast eye,—

The rabble rout forbore to shout, and each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him, now turned aside and wept.

Had I been there with sword in hand, and fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets had pealed the slogan cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse, nor might of mailéd men—
Not all the rebels in the south had born us backwards then!
Once more his foot on Highland heath had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name, been laid around him there.

It might not be. They placed him next within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned amidst their nobles all.
But there was dust of vulgar feet on that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place where good men sat before.
With savage glee came Warristoun to read the murderous doom,
And then uprose the great Montrose in the middle of the room:

"Now by my faith as belted knight, and by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross that waves above us there,—
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath, and oh, that such should be!
By that dark stream of royal blood that lies 'twixt you and me,
I have not sought in battle-field a wreath of such renown,
Nor hoped I, on my dying day, to win a martyr's crown!

"There is a chamber far away where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye've named for me than by my father's grave.
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might, this hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still in the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower,—give every town a limb,—
And God who made shall gather them: I go from you to Him."

The morning dawned full darkly, the rain came flashing
down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt lit up the gloomy
town:
The thunder crashed across the heaven, the fatal hour was
come,
Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat, the 'larum of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below, and anger in the
sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor, came forth to see
him die.

Ah God! that ghastly gibbet! how dismal 'tis to see
The great, tall, spectral skeleton, the ladder, and the tree!
Hark! Hark! it is the clash of arms, the bells begin to toll—
He is coming! he is coming! God's mercy on his soul!
One last long peal of thunder—the clouds are cleared away,
And the glorious sun once more looks down amidst the daz-
zling day.

He is coming! he is coming!—Like a bridegroom from his
room
Came the hero from his prison to the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead, there was luster in his eye,
And he never walked to battle more proudly than to die:
There was color in his visage, though the cheeks of all were
wan,
And they marveled as they saw him pass, that great and
goodly man!

He mounted up the scaffold, and he turned him to the crowd;
But they dared not trust the people, so he might not speak
aloud.
But he looked upon the heavens, and they were clear and
blue,
And in the liquid ether the eye of God shone through:
Yet a black and murky battlement lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within,—all else was calm and
still.

The grim Geneva ministers with anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor sign, but alone he bent
the knee;
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace beneath the gal-
lows-tree.
Then, radiant and serene, he rose, and cast his cloak away;
For he had ta'en his latest look of earth and sun and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him, like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder, as it were the path to heaven.

Then came a flash from out the cloud, and a stunning thunder roll,
And no man dared to look aloft,—fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound, a hush and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky—the work of death was done.

THE OBJECT OF MISSIONS.—Francis Wayland.

Our object will not have been accomplished till the tomahawk shall be buried forever, and the tree of peace spread its broad branches from the Atlantic to the Pacific; until a thousand smiling villages shall be reflected from the waves of the Missouri, and the distant valleys of the West echo with the song of the reaper; till the wilderness and the solitary place shall have been glad for us, and the desert has rejoiced, and blossomed as the rose.

Our labors are not to cease, until the last slave-ship shall have visited the coast of Africa, and, the nations of Europe and America having long since redressed her aggravated wrongs, Ethiopia, from the Mediterranean to the Cape, shall have stretched forth her hand unto God.

How changed will then be the face of Asia! Bramins, and sooders, and castes, and shasters, will have passed away, like the mist which rolls up the mountain's side before the rising glories of a summer's morning, while the land on which it rested, shining forth in all its loveliness, shall, from its numberless habitations, send forth the high praises of God and the Lamb. The Hindoo mother will gaze upon her infant with the same tenderness which throbs in the breast of any one of you who now hears me, and the Hindoo son will pour into the wounded bosom of his widowed parent the oil of peace and consolation.

In a word, point us to the loveliest village that smiles upon a Scottish or New England landscape, and compare it with the filthiness and brutality of a Caffrarian kraal, and we tell you, that our object is to render that Caffrarian kraal as happy and as gladsome as that Scottish or New England village. Point us to the spot on the face of the earth, where

liberty is best understood and most perfectly enjoyed, where intellect shoots forth in its richest luxuriance, and where all the kindlier feelings of the heart are constantly seen in their most graceful exercise; point us to the loveliest, and happiest neighborhood in the world on which we dwell, and we tell you, that our object is to render this whole earth, with all its nations, and kindreds, and tongues, and people, as happy, nay, happier, than that neighborhood.

We do believe that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Our object is to convey to those who are perishing the news of this salvation. It is to furnish every family upon the face of the whole earth with the word of God written in its own language, and to send to every neighborhood a preacher of the cross of Christ. Our object will not be accomplished until every idol temple shall have been utterly abolished, and a temple of Jehovah erected in its room; until this earth, instead of being a theatre, on which immortal beings are preparing by crime for eternal condemnation, shall become one universal temple, in which the children of men are learning the anthems of the blessed above, and becoming meet to join the general assembly and church of the first born, whose names are written in heaven. Our design will not be completed until

> "One song employs all nations, and all cry,
> 'Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us;'
> The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
> Shout to each other; and the mountain tops
> From distant mountains catch the flying joy;
> Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
> Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round."

The object of the missionary enterprise embraces every child of Adam. It is vast as the race to whom its operations are of necessity limited. It would confer upon every individual on earth all that intellectual or moral cultivation can bestow. It would rescue the world from the indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, reserved for every son of man that doeth evil, and give it a title to glory, honor, and immortality. You see, then, that our object is, not only to affect every individual of the species, but to affect him in

the momentous extremes of infinite happiness and infinite woe. And now, we ask, what object, ever undertaken by man, can compare with this same design of evangelizing the world? Patriotism itself fades away before it, and acknowledges the supremacy of an enterprise, which seizes, with so strong a grasp, upon both the temporal and eternal destinies of the whole family of man.

And now, deliberately consider the nature of the missionary enterprise. Reflect upon the dignity of its object; the high moral and intellectual powers which are to be called forth in its execution; the simplicity, benevolence, and efficacy of the means by which all this is to be achieved; and we ask you, Does not every other enterprise to which man ever put forth his strength, dwindle into insignificance before that of preaching Christ crucified to a lost and perishing world?

CHO-CHE-BANG AND CHI-CHIL-BLOO.

AN ORIENTAL ROMANCE.

Away, far off in China, many, many years ago,—
In the hottest part of China, where they never heard of snow,—
There lived a rich old planter in the province of Ko-whang,
Who had an only daughter, and her name was Cho-che-Bang.
The maiden was a jewel, a celestial beauty rare,
With catty-cornered eyebrows and carrot-colored hair;
One foot was scarce three inches long, the other knew no bounds,
She'd numbered fourteen summers, and she weighed three hundred pounds.

On the dreary shores of Lapland, 'mid its never-melting snows,
Where the Roly-boly-Alice in her ruddy beauty glows,
Lived a little dwarfish tinker, who in height stood three feet two,
And from his endless shivering, they called him Chi-chil-Bloo.
The crooked little tinker, as he dragged his weary way
From hut to hut to ply his craft, scarce seemed of human clay;

His eyes were like to marbles set in little seas of glue,
His cheeks a sickly yellow, and his nose a dirty blue.

Now Chi-chil-Bloo, though born in snow and reared upon its breast,
Loved not the bleak and dismal land in which he knew no rest;
He bid adieu unto the scenes of never-ending storm,
And traveled forth to seek some land where he might keep him warm;
He trudged two years his weary way far from the land of snow,
Inside the walls of China, to where strangers seldom go;
When wearied with his pilgrimage he halted at Ko-whang,
And there became acquainted with the father of Che-Bang.
The old man heard his wondrous tale of sights that he had seen,
Where nature wore a winding-sheet, and shrouded all things green,
And pondering o'er within his mind if wonders such could be,
At last engaged poor Chi-chil-Bloo to cultivate his tea.

It had always been the custom of the fairy-like Che-Bang,
Ere evening shadows fell upon the valley of Ko-whang,
To wander mid the tea-groves like an oriental queen,
On the shoulders of her servants, in a fancy palanquin.
As she 'merged from out the shadow of a China-berry tree,
She spied the little tinker stripping down the fragrant tea,
She gazed upon his wondrous form, his eyes, his nose of blue,
A moment gazed, then deeply fell in love with Chi-chil-Bloo.

She stepped from out her palanquin, and then dismissed her train,
With instructions that an hour past they might return again;
She then upraised the filmy veil that hid her charms from sight,
And poor Chi-chil-Bloo beheld a face to him surpassing bright;
He gazed transfixed with wonder,—to him surpassing fair
Were her rounded-up proportions and her salmon-colored hair,—
He lingered in a dreamy trance, nor woke he from his bliss
Till her loving arms entwine him and her lips imprint a kiss!

She led him to a bower, and beside the dwarf she kneeled,
And sighed like Desdemona at his 'scapes by blood and field;
He told of seals and rein-deer, and bears that live at sea;
He told her tales of icicles, and she told tales of tea;
Long, long they lingered, fondly locked in each other's arms,
He saw in her and she in him a thousand glowing charms;

When looking down the distant vale the sun's fast fading sheen
Fell faintly on the gold of her returning palanquin.

"Yonder come my slaves," she cried, "and now, Chil-Bloo, we part;
My father, though my father, has a cruel, flinty heart,
He has promised me to Chow-Chow, the Crœsus of Kowhang,
But Chow-Chow's old and gouty, and he wouldn't suit Che-Bang;
Oh! come beneath my window at a quarter after three,
When the moon has gone a bathing to her bath-room in the sea,
And we will fly to other lands across the waters blue—
But hush, here comes the palanquin, and now, sweet love, adieu!"
They placed her in her palanquin, her bosom throbbing free,
While Chi-chil-Bloo seemed busy packing up his gathered tea;
As rested from his weary rounds the dying god of day,
They raised her on their shoulders and they trotted her away.

At the time and place appointed, 'neath her lattice stood the dwarf;
He whistled to his lady, and she answered with a cough;
She threw a silken ladder from her window down the wall,
While he, gallant knight, stood firmly to catch her should she fall;
She reached the ground in safety, one kiss, one chaste embrace,
Then *she* waddled and *he* trotted off in silence from the place.

Swift they held their journey, love had made her footsteps light,
They hid themselves at morning's dawn and fled again at night;
The second night had run her race and folded up her pall,
When they reached the sentry's station underneath the mighty wall;
Che-Bang told well her tale of love, Chil-Bloo told his, alas!
The sentry had no sentiment, and wouldn't let 'em pass;
He called a file of soldiers, who took 'em to Dom-Brown,
A sort of local magistrate or Mufti of the town.

The vile old lecher heard the charge, the tempting maiden eyed,
Then feigning well a burning rage, in thunder-tones he cried,

'You vile misshapen scoundrel, you seducer, rascal, elf,
I sentence *you* to prison, and I take Che-Bang *myself*."
He took her to his harem, and he dressed her mighty fine,
He sent her bird's-nest chowder and puppies done in wine;
But she spurned the dainty viands as she spurned to be his bride,
She took to eating rat-soup—poisoned rat-soup—and she died.

In a dark and dreary dungeon, its dimensions six by four,
Lay the wretched little tinker, stretched upon the mouldy floor,
The midnight gong had sounded, he heard a dreadful clang,
And before her quaking lover stood the spirit of Che-Bang.
"Arise, Chil-Bloo, arise!" she cried, "lay down life's dreary load,
Let out thy prisoned spirit from its dark and drear abode,
And we will roam the spirit-land where fortune smiles more fair—
Arise," she cried, "and follow!"—then she vanished into air.

On the morrow, when the jailer served around his mouldy beans,
The only food the prisoners got except some wilted greens,
He started back in horror—high upon the door-way post
Hung the body of the tinker, who had yielded up the ghost.

There's a legend now in China, that beneath the moon's bright sheen,
Ever fondly linked together, may in summer-time be seen,
Still wandering 'mid the tea-plants, in the province of Ko-whang,
The little Lapland tinker and his spirit-bride Che-Bang.

—*Graham's Magazine.*

THE CHILD OF EARTH.—Mrs. Norton.

Fainter her slow step falls from day to day,
Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow;
Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,
"I am content to die, but, oh! not now.
Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
Make the warm air such luxury to breathe;

Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing;
Not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreathe.
Spare me, great God, lift up my drooping brow!
I am content to die—but, oh! not now."

The spring hath ripened into summer-time,
The season's viewless boundary is past:
The glorious sun hath reached his burning prime;
Oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?
"Let me not perish while o'er land and lea
With silent steps the lord of light moves on;
Nor while the murmur of the mountain bee
Greets my dull ear with music in its tone!
Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow;
I am content to die—but, oh! not now."

Summer is gone, and autumn's soberer hues
Tint the ripe fruits and gild the waving corn;
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
Shouts the halloo, and winds his eager horn.
"Spare me awhile to wander forth and gaze
On the broad meadows and the quiet stream;
To watch in silence while the evening rays
Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam!
Cooler the breezes play around my brow;
I am content to die—but, oh! not now."

The bleak wind whistles; snow-showers, far and near,
Drift without echo to the whitening ground;
Autumn hath passed away, and, cold and drear,
Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound.
Yet still that prayer ascends:—"Oh! laughingly
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd,
Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
And the roof rings with voices glad and loud;
Spare me awhile! raise up my drooping brow!
I am content to die—but, oh! not now."

The spring is come again—the joyous spring!
Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread;
The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing:—
The child of earth is numbered with the dead!
Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
Beaming all redly through the lattice-pane;
The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,
Nor fond familiar voice arouse again!
Death's silent shadow veils thy darkened brow:
Why didst thou linger?—thou art happier now!

CLOSET SCENE FROM HAMLET.—Shakspeare.

Enter Queen *and* Hamlet.

Hamlet. Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen: your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge.
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do?—thou wilt not murder me?
Ham. Leave wringing of your hands: peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not brazed it so
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.
Queen. What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as dicer's oath! oh, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words. Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
Queen. Ah me! what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?
Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,

Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband.—Look you, now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildewed ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this?
Queen. Oh, speak no more!
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grainéd spots,
As will not leave their tinct. Oh, speak to me no more!
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears:
No more, sweet Hamlet!
Ham. A murderer and a villain:
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings:
A cut-purse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket!
Queen. No more!
Ham. A king
Of shreds and patches;— [*Enter* GHOST.
Save me and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?
Queen. Alas, he's mad!
Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
Oh, say!
Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
Oh, step between her and her fighting soul:
Speak to her, Hamlet.
Ham. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas! how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him! on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true color; tears, perchance, for blood.
Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.
Ham. Why look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!
[*Exit* GHOST.
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation, ecstasy
Is very cunning in.
Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness,
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
While rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker.
Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. Oh, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night: once more, good night!
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you.

MARK TWAIN'S STORY OF "THE GOOD LITTLE BOY."

Once there was a good little boy by the name of Jacob Blivens. He always obeyed his parents, no matter how absurd and unreasonable their demands were; and he always learned his book, and never was late at Sabbath school. He would not play hookey, even when sober judgment told him it was the most profitable thing he could do. None of the other boys could ever make this boy out, he acted so strangely. He wouldn't lie, no matter how convenient it was. He just said it was wrong to lie, and that was sufficient for him. And he was so honest that he was simply ridiculous. The

curious ways that Jacob had, surpassed every thing. He wouldn't play marbles on Sunday, he wouldn't rob birds' nests, he wouldn't give hot pennies to organ grinders' monkeys; he didn't seem to take any interest in any kind of rational amusement. So the other boys used to try to reason it out and come to an understanding with him, but they couldn't arrive at any satisfactory conclusion; as I said before, they could only figure out a sort of vague idea that he was "afflicted," and so they took him under their protection, and never allowed any harm to come to him.

This good little boy read all the Sunday school books; they were his greatest delight; this was the whole secret of it. He believed in the good little boys they put in the Sunday school books; he had every confidence in them. He longed to come across one of them alive, once; but he never did. They all died before his time, maybe. Whenever he read about a particularly good one, he turned over quickly to see what became of him, because he wanted to travel thousands of miles and gaze on him; that good little boy always died in the last chapter, and there was a picture of the funeral, with all his relations and the Sunday school children standing around the grave in pantaloons that were too short, and bonnets that were too large, and everybody crying into handkerchiefs that had as much as a yard and a half of stuff in them. He was always headed off in this way. He never could see one of those good little boys, on account of his always dying in the last chapter.

Jacob had a noble ambition to be put in a Sunday school book. He wanted to be put in representing him gloriously declining to lie to his mother, and she weeping for joy about it; and pictures representing him standing on the door-step giving a penny to the poor beggar woman with six children, and telling her to spend it freely, but not to be extravagant, because extravagance is a sin; and pictures of him magnanimously refusing to tell on the bad boy who always lay in wait around the corner, as he came from school, and welted him over the head with a lath, and then chased him home, saying, "Hi! hi!" as he proceeded. That was the ambition of young Jacob Blivens. He wished to be put in a Sunday school book. It made him feel a little uncomfort-

able sometimes when he reflected that the good little boys always died. He loved to live, you know, and this was the most unpleasant feature about being a Sunday school book boy. He knew it was more fatal than consumption to be so supernaturally good as the boys in the books were; he knew that none of them had ever been able to stand it long, and it pained him to think that if they put him in a book he wouldn't ever see it, or even if they did get the book out before he died, it wouldn't be popular without any picture of his funeral in the back part of it. It couldn't be much of a Sunday school book that couldn't tell about the advice he gave to the community when he was dying. So at last, of course, he had to make up his mind to do the best he could under the circumstances—to live right, and hang on as long as he could, and have his dying speech all ready when his time came.

But somehow nothing ever went right with this good little boy; nothing ever turned out with him the way it turned out with the good little boys. They always had a good time, and the bad boys had the broken legs; but in this case there was a screw loose somewhere, and it all happened just the other way. When he found Jim Blake stealing apples, and went under the tree to read to him about the bad little boy who fell out of a neighbor's apple tree and broke his arm, Jim fell out of the tree, too, but he fell on *him*, and broke *his* arm, and Jim wasn't hurt at all; Jacob couldn't understand that. There wasn't anything in the books like it.

And once, when some bad boys pushed a blind man over in the mud, and Jacob ran out to help him up and receive his blessing, the blind man did not give him any blessing, but whacked him over the head with his stick, and said he would like to catch him shoving him again and then pretending to help him up. This was not in accordance with any of the books. Jacob looked them all over to see.

One thing that Jacob wanted to do was to find a lame dog that hadn't any place to stay, and was hungry and persecuted, and bring him home, and pet him, and have that dog's imperishable gratitude. And at last he found one, and was happy; and he brought him home and fed him, but when he was going to pet him the dog flew at him and tore

all the clothes off him except those that were in front, and made a spectacle of him that was astonishing. He examined authorities, but could not understand the matter. It was the same breed of dogs that was in the books, but it acted very differently. Whatever this boy did, he got into trouble. The very things the boys in the books got rewarded for turned out to be the most unprofitable things he could invest in.

Once when he was on his way to Sunday school he saw some bad boys starting off pleasuring in a sail-boat. He was filled with consternation, because he knew from his reading that boys who went sailing on Sunday invariably got drowned. So he ran out on a raft to warn them, but a log turned with him and slid him into the river. A man got him out pretty soon, and the doctor pumped the water out of him and gave him a fresh start with his elbows, but he caught cold and lay sick nine weeks. But the most unaccountable thing about it was that the bad boys in the boat had a good time all day, and then reached home alive and well, in the most surprising manner. Jacob Blivens said there was nothing like these things in the books. He was perfectly dumfounded.

When he got well he was a little discouraged, but he resolved to keep on trying anyhow. He knew that so far his experience wouldn't do to get in a book; but he hadn't yet reached the allotted term of life for good little boys, and he hoped to be able to make a record yet, if he could hold on until his time was fully up. If every thing else failed, he had his dying speech to fall back on.

He examined his authorities, and found that it was now time to go to sea as a cabin boy. He called on a ship captain and made his application, and when the captain asked for his recommendation he proudly drew out a tract and pointed to the words: "To Jacob Blivens, from his affectionate teacher." But the captain was a coarse, vulgar man, and he said, Oh, that be blowed; that wasn't any proof that he knew how to wash dishes or handle a slush bucket, and he guessed that he didn't want him. This was altogether the most extraordinary thing that had ever happened to Jacob in all his life. A compliment from a teacher, on a tract,

had never failed to move the tenderest emotions of ship captains and open the way to all offices of honor and profit in their gift—it never had in any book that ever he had read. He could hardly believe his senses.

This boy always had a hard time of it. Nothing ever came out according to the authorities with him. At last, one day, when he was around hunting up bad little boys to admonish, he found a lot of them in the old iron foundry fixing up a little joke on fourteen or fifteen dogs, which they had tied together in a long procession and were going to ornament with empty nitro-glycerine cans made fast to their tails. Jacob's heart was touched. He sat down on one of those cans—for he never minded grease when duty was before him—and he took hold of the foremost dog by the collar, and turned his reproving eyes upon wicked Tom Jones. But just at that moment Alderman McWelter, full of wrath, stepped in. All the bad boys ran away; but Jacob Blivens rose in conscious innocence, and began one of those stately little Sunday school book speeches, which always commence with, "Oh, sir!" in dead opposition to the fact that no boy good or bad ever starts a remark with "Oh, sir!" But the alderman never waited to hear the rest. He took Jacob Blivens by the ear, and turned him around, and hit him a whack in the rear with the flat of his hand; and in an instant that good little boy shot out through the roof and soared away toward the sun, with the fragments of those fifteen dogs stringing after him like the tail of a kite. And there wasn't a sign of that alderman or that old iron foundry left on the face of the earth; and as for young Jacob Blivens, he never got a chance to make his last dying speech after all his trouble fixing it up, unless he made it to the birds; because although the bulk of him came down all right in a tree-top in an adjoining county, the rest of him was apportioned around four townships, and so they had to hold five inquests on him to find out whether he was dead or not, and how it occurred. You never saw a boy scattered so.

Thus perished the good little boy who did the best he could, but didn't come out according to the books. Every boy who ever did as he did prospered except him. His case is truly remarkable. It will probably never be accounted for.

BETTER THAN GOLD.—Mrs. J. M. Winton.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and title a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe
And share his joys with a genial glow,—
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers,—is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere:
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untried by the lust of cares or wealth.
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For man and morals, or nature's plan,
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep.
Bring sleeping draughts to the downy bed,
Where luxury pillows his aching head;
His simpler opiate labor deems
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires pass'd away,
The world's great drama will thus enfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fireside charities come;—
The shrine of love and the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried by sorrow with Heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there, are better than gold.

REGULUS.—T. Dale.

Urge me no more—your prayers are vain,
And even the tears ye shed;
When Regulus can lead again
The bands that once he led;
When he can raise your legions slain
On swarthy Lybia's fatal plain
To vengeance from the dead;
Then will he seek once more a home,
And lift a freeman's voice in Rome!

Accursed moment! when I woke
From faintness all but death,
And felt the coward conqueror's yoke
Like venomed serpents wreathe
Round every limb!—If *lip* and *eye*
Betrayed no sign of agony,
Inly I cursed my breath!—
Wherefore, of all that fought, was I
The only wretch who could not die?

To darkness and to chains consigned,
The captive's blighting doom,
I recked not;—could they chain the *mind*,
Or plunge the *soul* in gloom?
And there they left me, dark and lone,
Till darkness had familiar grown;
Then from that living tomb
They led me forth,—I thought to die,—
Oh! in that thought was ecstasy.

But no—kind Heaven had yet in store
For me, a conquered slave,
A joy I thought to feel no more,—
Or feel but in the grave.
They deemed perchance my haughtier mood
Was *quelled* by chains and solitude;
That he who *once* was brave—
Was I *not* brave?—had now become
Estranged from honor as from Rome!

They bade me to my country bear
The offers these have borne;—
They would have trained my lips to swear,
Which never yet have sworn!
Silent their base commands I heard;
At length, I pledged a Roman's word
Unshrinking to return.
I go, prepared to meet the worst,
But I shall gall proud Carthage first!

They sue for peace,—I bid you spurn
  The gilded bait they bear!
I bid you still, with aspect stern,
  War, ceaseless war, declare!
Fools that they were, could not mine eye,
Through their dissembled calmness, spy
  The struggles of despair?
Else had they sent this wasted frame,
To bribe you to your country's shame?

Your land—I must not call it mine;
  No country has the slave;
His father's name he must resign,
  And even his father's grave;
But this not now—beneath her lies
Proud Carthage and her destinies:
  Her empire o'er the wave
Is yours; she knows it well—and you
Shall know, and make her *feel* it, too!

Ay, bend your brows, ye ministers
  Of coward hearts, on me!
Ye know no longer it is hers,
  The empire of the sea;—
Ye *know* her fleets are far and few,
Her bands, a *mercenary* crew;
  And Rome, the bold and free,
Shall trample on her prostrate towers,
Despite your weak and wasted powers.

One path alone remains for me;—
  My vows were heard on high.
Thy triumphs, Rome, *I* shall not see,
  For I return to die.
Then tell not *me* of hope or life;
I have in Rome no chaste, fond wife;
  No smiling progeny.
One word concenters for the slave—
Wife, children, country, *all*——THE GRAVE!

REGULUS TO THE CARTHAGINIANS.—E. KELLOGG.

Regulus was a Roman general, who, in the first Punic war, was taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, and after a captivity of several years, was sent by them to Rome, with an embassy to solicit peace, or, at least, an exchange of prisoners. But Regulus earnestly dissuaded his countrymen from both, and, resisting all the persuasions of his friends to remain in Rome, he returned to Carthage, where he is said to have been put to death, with the most cruel tortures.

The beams of the rising sun had gilded the lofty domes of Carthage, and given, with its rich and mellow light, a

tinge of beauty even to the frowning ramparts of the outer harbor. Sheltered by the verdant shores, an hundred triremes were riding proudly at their anchors, their brazen beaks glittering in the sun, their streamers dancing in the morning breeze, while many a shattered plank and timber gave evidence of desperate conflict with the fleets of Rome.

No murmur of business or of revelry arose from the city. The artisan had forsaken his shop, the judge his tribunal, the priest the sanctuary, and even the stern stoic had come forth from his retirement to mingle with the crowd that, anxious and agitated, were rushing toward the senate-house, startled by the report that Regulus had returned to Carthage.

Onward, still onward, trampling each other under foot, they rushed, furious with anger and eager for revenge. Fathers were there, whose sons were groaning in fetters; maidens, whose lovers, weak and wounded, were dying in the dungeons of Rome, and gray-haired men and matrons, whom the Roman sword had left childless.

But when the stern features of Regulus were seen, and his colossal form towering above the ambassadors who had returned with him from Rome; when the news passed from lip to lip that the dreaded warrior, so far from advising the Roman senate to consent to an exchange of prisoners, had urged them to pursue, with exterminating vengeance, Carthage and Carthaginians,—the multitude swayed to and fro like a forest beneath a tempest, and the rage and hate of that tumultuous throng vented itself in groans, and curses, and yells of vengeance. But calm, cold, and immovable as the marble walls around him, stood the Roman; and he stretched out his hand over that frenzied crowd, with gesture as proudly commanding as though he still stood at the head of the gleaming cohorts of Rome.

The tumult ceased; the curse, half muttered, died upon the lip; and so intense was the silence, that the clanking of the brazen manacles upon the wrists of the captive fell sharp and full upon every ear in that vast assembly, as he thus addressed them:—

"Ye doubtless thought—for ye judge of Roman virtue by your own—that I would break my plighted oath, rather than,

returning, brook your vengeance. I might give reasons for this, in Punic comprehension, most foolish act of mine. I might speak of those eternal principles which make death for one's country a pleasure, not a pain. But, by great Jupiter! methinks I should debase myself to talk of such high things to you; to you, expert in womanly inventions; to you, well-skilled to drive a treacherous trade with simple Africans for ivory and gold! If the bright blood that fills my veins, transmitted free from godlike ancestry, were like that slimy ooze which stagnates in your arteries, I had remained at home, and broke my plighted oath to save my life.

"I am a Roman citizen; therefore have I returned, that ye might work your will upon this mass of flesh and bones, that I esteem no higher than the rags that cover them. Here, in your capital, do I defy you. Have I not conquered your armies, fired your towns, and dragged your generals at my chariot wheels, since first my youthful arms could wield a spear? And do you think to see me crouch and cower before a tamed and shattered senate? The tearing of flesh and rending of sinews is but pastime compared with the mental agony that heaves my frame.

"The moon has scarce yet waned since the proudest of Rome's proud matrons, the mother upon whose breast I slept, and whose fair brow so oft had bent over me before the noise of battle had stirred my blood, or the fierce toil of war nerved my sinews, did with fondest memory of bygone hours entreat me to remain. I have seen her, who, when my country called me to the field, did buckle on my harness with trembling hands, while the tears fell thick and fast down the hard corselet scales,—I have seen her tear her gray locks and beat her aged breast, as on her knees she begged me not to return to Carthage; and all the assembled senate of Rome, grave and reverend men, proffered the same request. The puny torments which ye have in store to welcome me withal, shall be, to what I have endured, even as the murmur of a summer's brook to the fierce roar of angry surges on a rocky beach.

"Last night, as I lay fettered in my dungeon, I heard a strange ominous sound: it seemed like the distant march of some vast army, their harness clanging as they marched,

when suddenly there stood by me Xanthippus, the Spartan general, by whose aid you conquered me, and, with a voice low as when the solemn wind moans through the leafless forest, he thus addressed me: 'Roman, I come to bid thee curse, with thy dying breath, this fated city; know that in an evil moment, the Carthaginian generals, furious with rage that I had conquered thee, their conqueror, did basely murder me. And then they thought to stain my brightest honor. But, for this foul deed, the wrath of Jove shall rest upon them here and hereafter.' And then he vanished.

"And now, go bring your sharpest torments. The woes I see impending over this guilty realm shall be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve and artery were a shooting pang. I die! but my death shall prove a proud triumph; and, for every drop of blood ye from my veins do draw your own shall flow in rivers. Woe to thee, Carthage! Woe to the proud city of the waters! I see thy nobles wailing at the feet of Roman senators, thy citizens in terror, thy ships in flames! I hear the victorious shouts of Rome! I see her eagles glittering on thy ramparts. Proud city, thou art doomed! The curse of God is on thee,—a clinging, wasting curse. It shall not leave thy gates till hungry flames shall lick the fretted gold from off thy proud palaces, and every brook runs crimson to the sea."

THE GHOST OF GOSHEN.

Through Goshen Hollow, where hemlocks grow,
Where rushing rills, with flash and flow,
Are over the rough rocks falling;
Where fox, where bear, and catamount hide,
In holes and dens in the mountain side,
A circuit-preacher once used to ride,
And his name was Rufus Rawling.

He was set in his ways, and what was strange,
If you argued with him he would not change,
One could get nothing through him.
Solemn and slow in style was he,
Slender and slim as a tamarack tree,
And always ready to disagree
With every one that knew him.

One night he saddled his sorrel mare,
And started over to Ripton, where

He had promised to do some preaching.
Away he cantered over the hill,
Past the schoolhouse at Capen's mill;
The moon was down and the place was still,
Save the sound of a night-hawk screeching.

At last he came to a deep ravine,
He felt a kind of queer, and mean
Sensation stealing o'er him.
Old Sorrel began to travel slow,
Then gave a snort and refused to go;
The parson chucked, and he holloa'd "whoa,"
And wondered what was before him.

Then suddenly he seemed to hear
A gurgling groan so very near,
It scattered his senses nearly.
"Go 'ome," go 'ome," it loudly cried,
"Go 'ome," re-echoed the mountain side,
"Go 'ome," away in the distance died—
He wished he was home sincerely.

And then before his startled sight,
A light flashed out upon the night
That seemed to "beat all creation."
Then through the bushes a figure stole,
With eyes of fire and lips of coal,
That froze his blood and shook his soul
With horror and consternation.

He lost his sermon, he dropped his book,
His hair stood up, and his saddle shook
Like a saw-mill under motion.
No cry he uttered, no word he said,
But, suddenly turning Sorrel's head,
Away and out of the woods he fled
As fast as he could for Goshen.

Into the streets of Goshen town
The frightened parson came riding down
In a fearful sort of a flutter,
Swift as a wild goose in a gale,
With cloak that flapped like a tattered sail,
With face as white as a basswood pail,
Or a ball of winter butter.

He told the neighbors that he had seen
A fiend of fire in Huff's Ravine,
That had driven him back to Goshen.
He told of its deep and dreadful groans,
Of its doleful cries and dismal moans,
Of its flaming eyes and its rattling bones,
And it got up a great commotion.

And, stranger, it's now many a day
Since Rufus Rawling was laid away
In the graveyard over yonder.
I was a boy in those gay hours,
As full of fun as the spring with showers:
'Twas I and a son of Jacob Powers
That had got up all that wonder.

We took a pumpkin of common size,
And, cutting some holes for the mouth and
We gave it the right expression;
We hollowed it out till its shell was thin,
And, putting a tallow dip within,
It looked as ugly and mean as sin,
'Twould have scared a whole procession.

The night was dark as ever was seen,
And nothing was heard in Huft's Ravine
But the sound of water flowing;
The parson came in a quiet way,
And, smoking his old brown pipe of clay,
Was thinking of what he was going to say,
When he got to where he was going.

The ghost he saw and the rattling bones
Were a pumpkin, a gourd, and some gravel stones,
That gave him all that glory;
But ne'er again up that mountain side,
In the night would Rufus Rawling ride,
And many a time I've laughed till I cried
To hear him tell the story.

A RIDE ON THE BLACK VALLEY RAILROAD.

I. N. Tarbox.

You have heard of the ride of John Gilpin,
That captain so jocund and gay,
How he rode down to Edmonton village,
In a very remarkable way.

You have heard of the ride of Mazeppa,
Bound fast to his wing-footed steed,
How he coursed through the fields and the forests,
At a very remarkable speed.

But I sing of a trip more exciting,
In a song which I cannot restrain,
Of a ride down the Black Valley Railroad,—
Of a ride on the Black Valley train.

The setting out place for the journey,
Is Sippington station, I think,
Where the engines for water take whiskey,
And the people take—something to drink.

From collisions you need fear no danger,
No trains are ever run back,
They all go one way—to perdition,—
Provided they keep on the track.

By the time we reach Medicine village,
The passengers find themselves sick,
Have leg-ache, or back-ache, or head-ache,
Or some ache that strikes to the quick.

We are pious, and hold by the scripture,
With Paul the Apostle agree
To take "wine" instead of much "water,"
For our "often infirmity."

In fact we improve on the reading,
By just a slight change in the text,
Say "often" where the scripture says "little,"
And leave "little" for what may come next.

We break up at Tippleton station,
To try and get rid of our pain,
At Topersville also we tarry,
And do the same over again.

Our spirits indeed may be willing,
But very weak is the flesh;
So oft as we stop for "five minutes,"
We use all the time to refresh.

Now we come to the great central station,
The last stopping place on the line,
Drunkard's Curve—where is kept the chief store-house
Of rum, whiskey, brandy, and wine.

From this place on to Destruction,
The train makes no break or delay,
And those who may wish to stop sooner,
Are kindly thrown out by the way.

A full supply of bad whiskey
For our engine is taken in here,
And a queer looking fellow from Hades
Steps on for our engineer.

From Drunkard's Curve to Destruction
The train is strictly express,

And will not be slowed or halted
For any flag of distress.

And so when all things are ready,
From Drunkard's Curve we set out:
Let me give you some flying glimpses
Of the places along the route:

First Rowdyville claims our attention,
Then Quarreiton comes into view,
Then Riotville breaks on the vision,
And the filthy Beggarstown, too.

As we rush by the village of Woeland,
Three wretches are thrown from the train,
We can see them roll over and over,
Through the darkness the mud and the rain.

Our engineer chuckles and dances
In the wild lurid flashes he throws,
Hotter blaze the red fires of his furnace,
As on into blackness he goes.

Oh, the sounds that we hear in the darkness,
The laughter and crying and groans,
The ravings of anger and madness,
The sobbings and pitiful moans!

For now we have entered the regions
Where all things horrible dwell,
Where the shadows are peopled with goblins,
With the fiends and the furies of hell.

In this deep and Stygian darkness,
Lost spirits have made their abode;
It is plain we are near to Destruction,—
Very near to the end of the road.

Would you like, my young friend, to take passage
To this region of horror and pain?
Here stretches the Black Valley Railroad,
And here stands the Black Valley train.

TRUE FAITH.—B. P. Shillaber.

Old Reuben Fisher, who lived in the lane,
Was never in life disposed to complain;
If the weather proved fair, he thanked God for the sun,
And if it were rainy, with him 'twas all one;—

"I have just the weather I fancy," said he;
"For what pleases God always satisfies me."

If trouble assailed, his brow was ne'er dark,
And his eye never lost its happiest spark.
"'Twill not better fix it to gloom or to sigh;
To make the best of it I always shall try!
So, care, do your worst," said Reuben with glee,
"And which of us conquers, we shall see, we shall see."

If his children were wild, as children will prove,
His temper ne'er lost its warm aspect of love;
"My dear wife," he'd say, "don't worry nor fret;
'Twill all be right with the wayward ones yet;
'Tis the folly of youth, that must have its way;
They'll penitent turn from their evil some day."

If a name were assailed, he would cheerily say,
"Well, well; we'll not join in the cry, any way;
There are always two sides to every tale—
And the true one at last is sure to prevail.
There is an old rule that I learned when a lad,—
'Deem every one good till he's proved to be bad.'"

And when in the meshes of sin tightly bound,
The reckless and luckless mortal was found,
Proscribed by every woman and man,
And put under rigid and merciless ban,
Old Reuben would say, with sympathy fraught,
"We none of us do half as well as we ought."

If friends waxed cold, he'd say with a smile—
"Well, if they must go, Heaven bless them the while;
We walked a sweet path till the crossing ways met,
And though we have parted, I'll cherish them yet;
They'll go by their way and I'll go by mine—
Perhaps in the city ahead we shall join.

There were sickness and death at last in his cot,
But still Reuben Fisher in sorrow blenched not:
"'Tis the Father afflicts: let Him do what He will;
What comes from His hand can mean us no ill;
I cheerfully give back the blessing He lent,
And through faith in the future find present content."

Then he lay on his death-bed at last undismayed;
No terror had death at which he was afraid;
"Living or dying, 'tis all well with me,
For God's will is my will," submissive said he.
And so Reuben died, with his breast full of grace,
That beamed in a smile on his time-furrowed face.

ONLY A WOMAN.—Hester A. Benedict.

Only a woman, shriveled and old!
The play of the winds and the prey of the cold!
Cheeks that are shrunken,
Eyes that are sunken,
Lips that were never o'er bold.
Only a woman forsaken and poor;
Asking an alms at the bronze church door.

Hark to the organ! roll upon roll
The waves of the music go over her soul!
Silks rustle past her
Thicker and faster;
The great bell ceases its toll.
Fain would she enter, but not for the poor
Swingeth wide open the bronze church door.

Only a woman—waiting alone,
Icily cold, on an ice-cold throne.
What do they care for her?
Mumbling a prayer for her,
Giving not bread, but a stone.
Under old laces their haughty hearts beat,
Mocking the woes of their kin in the street.

Only a woman! In the old days
Hope caroled to her her happiest lays;
Somebody missed her,
Somebody kissed her,
Somebody crowned her with praise;
Somebody faced up the battles of life
Strong for her sake who was mother, or wife.

Somebody lies with a tress of her hair
Light on his heart where the death-shadows are;
Somebody waits for her,
Opening the gates for her,
Giving delight for despair.
Only a woman—nevermore poor—
Dead in the snow at the bronze church door.

COURTSHIP UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Snobbleton. Yes, there is that fellow Jones, again. I declare, the man is ubiquitous. Wherever I go with my cousin Prudence we stumble across him, or he follows her

like her shadow. Do we take a boating? So does Jones. Do we wander on the beach? So does Jones. Go where we will, that fellow follows or moves before. Now, that was a cruel practical joke which Jones once played upon me at college. I have never forgiven him. But I would gladly make a pretence of doing so, if I could have my revenge. Let me see. Can't I manage it? He is head over ears in love with Prudence, but too bashful to speak. I half believe she is not indifferent to him, though altogether unacquainted It may prove a match, if I cannot spoil it. Let me think Ha! I have it. A brilliant idea! Jones, beware! But here he comes.

(*Enter* JONES.)

Jones. (*Not seeing Snobbleton, and delightedly contemplating a flower, which he holds in his hand.*) Oh, rapture! what a prize! It was in her hair—I saw it fall from her queenly head. (*Kisses it every now and then.*) How warm are its tender leaves from having touched her neck! How doubly sweet is its perfume—fresh from the fragrance of her glorious locks! How beautiful! how—Bless me! here is Snobbleton, and we are enemies!

Snob. Good-morning, Jones—that is, if you will shake hands.

Jones. What! you—you forgive! You really—

Snob. Yes, yes, old fellow! All is forgotten. You played me a rough trick; but, let bygones be bygones. Will you not bury the hatchet?

Jones. With all my heart, my dear fellow!

Snob. What is the matter with you, Jones? You look quite grumpy—not by any means the same cheerful, dashing, rollicking fellow you were.

Jones. Grumpy—what is that? How *do* I look, Snobbleton?

Snob. Oh, not much out of the way. Only a little shaky in the shanks,—blue lips, red nose, cadaverous jaws, bloodshot eyes, yellow—

Jones. Bless me, you don't say so! (*Aside.*) Confound the man! Here have I been endeavoring to appear romantic for the last month—and now to be called grumpy—shaky-shanked, cadaverous,—it is unbearable!

Snob. But never mind. Cheer up, old fellow! I see it all. Egad! I know what it is to be in—

Jones. Ah! you can then sympathize with me! You know what it is to be in—

Snob. Of *course* I do! Heaven preserve me from the toils! What days of bitterness!

Jones. What nights of bliss!

Snob. (*Shuddering.*) And then the letters—the interminable letters!

Jones. Oh yes, the letters! the *billet doux!*

Snob. And the bills—the endless bills!

Jones. (*In surprise.*) The bills!

Snob. Yes; and the bailiffs, the lawyers, the judge, and the jury.

Jones. Why, man, what are you talking about? I thought you said you knew what it was to be in—

Snob. In debt. *To be sure* I did.

Jones. Bless me! I'm not in debt—never borrowed a dollar in my life. Ah, me! (*Sighs.*) it's worse than *that.*

Snob. Worse than that! Come, now, Jones, there is only one thing worse. You're surely not in love?

Jones. Yes, I am. Oh, Snobby, help me, help me! Let me confide in you.

Snob. Confide in me! Certainly, my dear fellow! See, I do not shrink—I stand firm.

Jones. Snobby, I—I love her.

Snob. Whom?

Jones. Your cousin, Prudence.

Snob. Ha! Prudence Angelina Winterbottom?

Jones. Now, don't be angry, Snobby! I don't mean any harm, you know. I—I—you know how it is.

Snob. Harm! my dear fellow. Not a bit of it. Angry! Not at all. You have my consent, old fellow. Take her. She is yours. Heaven bless you both!

Jones. You are very kind, Snobby, but I haven't got her consent yet.

Snob. Well, that *is* something, to be sure. But, leave it all to me. She may be a little coy, you know; but, considering your generous overlooking of her unfortunate defect—

Jones. Defect! You surprise me.

Snob. What! and you did not know of it?

Jones. Not at all. I am astonished! Nothing serious I hope.

Snob. Oh, no! only a little—(*He taps his ear with his finger, knowingly.*) I see, you understand it.

Jones. Merciful heaven! can it be? But really, is it serious?

Snob. I should think it was.

Jones. What! But is she ever dangerous?

Snob. Dangerous! Why should she be?

Jones. (*Considerably relieved.*) Oh, I perceive! A mere airiness of brain—a gentle aberration—scorning the dull world—a mild—

Snob. Zounds, man, she's not crazy!

Jones. My dear Snobby, you relieve me. What then?

Snob. Slightly deaf. That's all.

Jones. Deaf!

Snob. As a lamp-post. That is you must elevate your voice to a considerable pitch in speaking to her.

Jones. Is it possible! However, I think I can manage. As, for instance, if it was my intention to make her a floral offering, and I should say (*elevating his voice considerably,*) "Miss, will you make me happy by accepting these flowers?" I suppose she could hear me, eh? How would that do?

Snob. Pshaw! Do you call that elevated?

Jones. Well, how would this do? (*Speaks very loudly.*) "Miss, will you make me happy—"

Snob. Louder, shriller, man!

Jones. "Miss, will you—"

Snob. Louder, louder, or she will only see your lips move.

Jones. (*Almost screaming.*) "Miss, will you oblige me by accepting these flowers?"

Snob. There, that *may* do. Still you want practice. I perceive the lady herself is approaching. Suppose you retire for a short time and I will prepare her for the introduction.

Jones. Very good. Meantime I will go down to the beach and endeavor to acquire the proper pitch. Let me see: "Miss, will you oblige me—"

[*Exit* JONES.]

Enter PRUDENCE.

Prud. Good-morning, cousin. Who was that speaking so loudly?

Snob. Only Jones. Poor fellow, he is so deaf that I suppose he fancies his own voice to be a mere whisper.

Prud. Why, I was not aware of this. Is he *very* deaf?

Snob. Deaf as a stone fence. To be sure he does not use an ear-trumpet any more, but one must speak excessively high. Unfortunate, too, for I believe he is in love.

Prud. (*With some emotion.*) In love! with whom?

Snob. Can't you guess?

Prud. Oh, no; I haven't the slightest idea.

Snob. With yourself! He has been begging me to obtain him an introduction.

Prud. Well, I have always thought him a nice-looking young man. I suppose he would hear me if I should say (*speaks loudly,*) "Good-morning, Mr. Jones?"

Snob. (*Compassionately.*) *Do* you think he would hear *that?*

Prud. Well, then, how would (*speaks very loudly,*) "Good-morning, Mr. Jones!" How would that do?

Snob. Tush! he would think you were speaking under your breath.

Prud. (*Almost screaming.*) "Good-morning!"

Snob. A mere whisper, my dear cousin. But here he comes. Now, do try and make yourself audible.

Enter JONES.

Snob. (*Speaking in a high voice.*) Mr. Jones, cousin. Miss Winterbottom, Jones. You will please excuse me for a short time. (*He retires, but remains in view.*)

Jones. (*Speaking shrill and loud, and offering some flowers.*) Miss, will you accept these flowers? I plucked them from their slumber on the hill.

Prud. (*In an equally high voice.*) Really, sir, I—I—

Jones. (*Aside.*) She hesitates. It must be that she does not hear me. (*Increasing his tone.*) Miss, will you accept these flowers—FLOWERS? I plucked them sleeping on the hill—HILL.

Prud. (*Also increasing her tone.*) Certainly, Mr. Jones. They are beautiful—BEAU-U-TIFUL.

Jones. (*Aside.*) How she screams in my ear (*Aloud.*)

Yes, I plucked them from their slumber—SLUMBER, on the hill—HILL.

Prud. (*Aside.*) Poor man, what an effort it seems to him to speak. (*Aloud.*) I perceive you are poetical. Are you fond of poetry? (*Aside.*) He hesitates. I must speak louder. (*In a scream.*) Poetry—POETRY—POETRY!

Jones. (*Aside.*) Bless me, the woman would wake the dead! (*Aloud.*) Yes, Miss, I ad-o-r-e it.

Snob. (*Solus from behind, rubbing his hands.*) Glorious! glorious! I wonder how loud they *can* scream. Oh, vengeance, thou art sweet!

Prud. Can you repeat some poetry—POETRY?

Jones. I only know one poem. It is this:

You'd scarce expect one of my age—AGE,
To speak in public on the stage—STAGE.

Prud. (*Putting her lips to his ear and shouting.*) Bravo—bravo!

Jones. (*In the same way.*) Thank you! THANK—

Prud. (*Putting her hands over her ears.*) Mercy on us! Do you think I am DEAF, sir?

Jones. (*Also stopping his ears.*) And do you fancy *me* deaf, Miss?

(*They now speak in their natural tones.*)

Prud. Are you not, sir? You surprise me!

Jones. No, Miss. I was led to believe that *you* were deaf. Snobbleton told me so.

Prud. Snobbleton! Why he told me that *you* were deaf.

Jones. Confound the fellow! he has been making game of us.

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.—CHARLES W. DENISON.

The drunkard dreamed of his old retreat,—
Of his cosy place in the tap-room seat;
And the liquor gleamed on his gloating eye,
Till his lips to the sparkling glass drew nigh.
He lifted it up with an eager glance,
And sang, as he saw the bubbles dance:
"Aha! I am myself again!
Here's a truce to care, an adieu to pain.

Welcome the cup, with its creamy foam!
Farewell to work and a mopy home!
With a jolly crew and a flowing bowl,
In bar-room pleasures I love to roll!"

Like a flash, there came to the drunkard's side
His angel child, who that night had died!
With look so gentle, and sweet, and fond,
She touched his glass with her little wand;
And oft as he raised it up to drink,
She silently tapped on its trembling brink,
Till the drunkard shook from foot to crown,
And set the untasted goblet down.

"Hey, man!" cried the host, "what meaneth this?
Is the covey sick? or the dram amiss?
Cheer up, my lad! quick the bumper quaff!"
And he glared around with a fiendish laugh.

The drunkard raised his glass once more,
And looked at its depths as so oft before;
But started to see on its pictured foam,
The face of his dead little child at home!
Then again the landlord at him sneered,
And the swaggering crowd of drunkards jeered;
But still, as he tried that glass to drink,
The wand of his dead one tapped the brink!

The landlord gasped: "I swear my man,
Thou shalt take every drop of this flowing can!"
The drunkard bowed to the quivering brim,
Though his heart beat fast and his eye grew dim.
But the wand struck *harder* than before;—
The glass was flung on the bar-room floor.
All around the ring the fragments lay,
And the poisonous current rolled away.

The drunkard woke. His dream was gone;
His bed was bathed in the light of morn;
But he saw, as he shook with pale, cold fear,
A beautiful angel hovering near.
He rose, and that seraph was nigh him still;
It checked his passions, it swayed his will,
It dashed from his lips the maddening bowl,
And victory gave to his ransomed soul.
Since ever that midnight hour he *dreamed*,
Our hero has been a man redeemed.
And this is the prayer that he prays alway,
And this is the prayer let us help him pray,—
That angels may come, *in every land*,
To dash the cup from the drunkard's hand.

BE JUST, AND FEAR NOT—Alford.

Speak thou the truth! Let others fence
And trim their words for pay;
In pleasant sunshine of pretense
Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact; though clouds of night
Down on thy watch-tower stoop;—
Though thou shouldst see thine heart's delight
Borne from thee by their swoop!

Face thou the wind! Though safer seem
In shelter to abide;
We were not made to sit and dream;
The safe, must first be tried.

Where God hath set his thorns about,
Cry not, "The way is plain;"
His path within, for those without,
Is paved with toil and pain.

One fragment of his blessed word
Into thy spirit burned,
Is better than the whole, half-heard,
And by thine interest turned.

Show thou thy light! If conscience gleam,
Set not the bushel down;
The smallest spark may send his beam
O'er hamlet, tower, and town.

Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent
Because he fears the truth!

Be true to every inmost thought;
And as thy thought, thy speech!
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume not thou to teach!

Hold on, hold on! Thou hast the rock:
The foes are on the sand:
The first world-tempest's ruthless shock
Scatters their shifting strand;

While each wild gust the mist shall clear
We now see darkly through,
And justified at last appear
The true, in Him that's true.

WARNING TO THE INTEMPERATE.—CHARLES LAMB.

The waters have gone over me, but out of its black depths, could I be heard, I would call out to all those who have set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavor of the first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when he shall feel himself going down a precipice, with open eyes and a passive will; to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to feel that all virtue has left him, and yet not be able to forget the time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin: could he see my fevered eyes, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverish looking for to-night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of the death out of which I cry,—hourly with feebler outcry,—to be delivered, it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation.

THE LUCKY CALL.

A country curate visiting his flock,
At old Rebecca's cottage gave a knock.
"Good morrow, dame, I mean not any libel,
But in your dwelling have you got a bible?"
"A bible, sir?" exclaimed she in a rage,
"D'ye think I've turned a Pagan in my age?
Here, Judith, and run up stairs, my dear,
'Tis in the drawer, be quick, and bring it here."
The girl returned with bible in a minute,—
Not dreaming for a moment what was in it;—
When lo! on opening it at parlor door,
Down fell her spectacles upon the floor.
Amazed she stared, was for a moment dumb,
But quick exclaimed, "Dear sir, I'm glad you're come!
'Tis six years since these glasses first were lost,
And I have missed 'em to my poor eyes' cost!"
Then as the glasses to her nose she raised,
She closed the bible—saying "God be praised!"

A PSALM OF HOPE.—W. F. Fox.

Oh, cease thy murmurs, bleeding heart,
And dry thy tears of sorrow;
For, though thy wounded spirit smart,
All will be bright to-morrow!

Hours are darkest near the morning,
Midnight lingers o'er her tomb;
Shadows, deepest at the dawning,
Tell of spring-time in its bloom.

Day may hide behind the mountain,
Chasing darkness in her flight;
To-morrow's sun will seek the fountain
In the valley's golden light.

Though the icy hand of winter,
Now may hush the murmuring rills,
Joyous smiles of radiant summer
Yet will greet the frosted hills.

Purple clouds have silver lining,
Could we see but faintly through,
Sweetest joys come after mourning;
Flowers bud, when moist with dew.

Tears are but the heart's pure dew-drops
Soft distilled through virtue's spring,
Sorrows are the clouds that night drops,
Ere the day her joys shall bring.

And the heart that's bruised and broken
Is not doomed to sure decay;
Every wound is but a token
Of a brighter, better day.

As Hope's voice in magic numbers
Charms away each rising fear,
Faith awakens from her slumbers,
Bringing sweetest pleasures near.

Promise rises on the billow,
Though the wave be rolling high,
Pointing to a peaceful pillow
Where no tears e'er dim the eye.

Crowns are won by faithful valor,
On the trying field of strife!
Virtue comes from patient labor
In the busy school of life.

THE LEARNED NEGRO.

There was a negro preacher, I have heard,
In southern parts, before rebellion stirred,
Who did not spend his strength in empty sound;
His was a mind deep-reaching and profound.
Others might beat the air, and make a noise,
And help to amuse the silly girls and boys;
But as for him he was a man of thought,
Deep in theology, although untaught.
He could not read or write, but he was wise,
And knew "right smart" how to extemporize.
One Sunday morn, when hymns and prayers were said,
The preacher rose, and rubbing up his head,
"Bredren and sisterin, and companions dear,
Our preachment for to-day, as you shall hear,
Will be ob de creation,—ob de plan
On which God fashioned Adam, de first man.
When God made Adam, in the ancient day,
He made his body out of earth and clay,
He shape him out all right, den by and by,
He set him up agin de fence to dry."
"Stop," said a voice; and straightway there uprose
An ancient negro in his master's clothes.
"Tell me," said he, "before you farder go,
One little thing which I should like to know.
It does not quite get through this niggar's har,
How came that fence so nice and handy dar?"
Like one who in the mud is tightly stuck,
Or one non-plussed, astonished, thunder-struck,
The preacher looked severely on the pews,
And rubbed his hair to know what words to use:
"Bredren," said he, "dis word I hab to say;
De preacher can't be bothered in dis way;
For, if he is, it's jest as like as not,
Our whole theology will be upsot."

—*Congregationalist.*

FALSTAFF'S BOASTING.—SHAKSPEARE.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Falstaff. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them, too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

Prince Henry. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack, too! There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything: A plague of all cowards, I say, still.

P. Hen. How now wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee hanged ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack; I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain, thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum.* I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs, how was it?

Gadshill. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us.

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the others.

P. Hen. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

Poins. 'Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; —here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,——

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,——

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken, they began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. Oh, monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But as it happened, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained, knotty-pated fool; thou tallow-keech!——

Fal. What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I——

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;——

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, you stock-fish!—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck:——

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.——Mark now how

plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your mountain sides away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard a calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

Fal. Ha, ha, ha! I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir-apparent. Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money.——Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content,—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

A VACATION HYMN.

Once again we are gathered here,
Noting the closing day;
Looking back on the by-gone year,
Thinking of all its love and cheer,
What has it brought, to us most dear,
And that will not pass away?
Gather the links, gather the links,
Hold them up to the light;
Fasten them on to the golden chain,
And keep them pure and bright!

Lessons we've learned in the months now past,
Truths that have touched the heart;
Gather them up and bind them fast,
Treasure the best from first to last,
That a spell may be ever in memory cast,—
That the good shall not depart!

Thoughts of the dear All-Father's love,
Drawing us near to Him;
Times when we've felt His spirit move,
Wakening in us our purest love;
Let us cherish all these, that they may prove
Helps when our faith is dim.

That all we have learned, and felt, and known,
In this last happy year;
May be only in added blessing shown,
Proving in truth we are not alone,
That One who is with us the work will own,
And is bidding us not to fear.

Then when our minglings here are o'er,
And the end of time shall come;
The chain of love we had known before,
Will reach from earth to the other shore,
And a Saviour's hand will guide us o'er,
To the endless joys of home.

Gather the links, gather the links,
Hold them up to the light;
Fasten them on to the golden chain,
And keep them pure and bright!

Part Twelfth

Each of the Four Numbers of "100 Choice Selections" contained in this volume is paged separately, and the Index is made to correspond therewith. See EXPLANATION *on first page of Contents.*

The entire book contains nearly 1000 pages.

100

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

No. 12.

THEN AND NOW,—1776-1876.—F. W. Fish.

Looking back a hundred years,
And comparing the now and then,
It seems to me that in spite of fears
The country has earnest men,
As willing to draw the sword for right,
As ready to wield the pen.

It seems to me that in faithful hearts
The currents yet ebb and flow,
With a constant motion that still imparts
As steady and clear a glow
Of zeal for freedom's glorious arts,
As a hundred years ago.

It seems to me that in field and forge,
By river and by rill,
In fertile plain and mountain gorge,
In city and hamlet, still
They live as they did in the days of King George,
Of Concord and Bunker Hill.

I do not know that the hands are weak,
Or the brain unused to plan;
That the tongue delays the truth to speak,
Or the foot to march in the van;
But I know full well that we need not seek
In vain for a Minute Man.

There are men to-day who would stand alone
On the bridge Horatius kept;
There are men who would fight at Marathon,
Who would battle with Stark at Bennington
When flashing from sabre and flint-lock gun
The fires of freedom leapt.

It is better to look back with pride and boast,—
It is well to look ahead;
The past to all is a dream at most,
The future is life instead;
And standing unmoved at your duty's post
Is truthfully praising the dead.

"GOD IS NOWHERE."

AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.

A hard, stern man upon a sick bed lay,
More and more feeble with each passing day;
No hallowing dream of heavenly peace was there,
No ray of love divine—no breath of prayer.

Kind Christian friends, on holiest mission bent,
Came bright and hopeful—sad and anxious went;
Harder and sterner still the Atheist grew,
The flinty heart no answering softness knew.

Angry at last at each persistent call,
With firm refusal he denied them all;
The Saviour's sacred name he would not hear,
His loving words could find no listening ear.

"Wife, fetch the blackboard and a bit of chalk!
One way remains to stop this senseless talk;
I will write something which is truth indeed,
And have it placed where every one may read."

The thin, weak hand that scarce the chalk could hold,
Wrote "God is nowhere," very large and bold;
The fearful sentence met his waking sight
In wretched mockery, by day and night.

Time crept along—hour after hour passed o'er,
While the death-angel still his touch forbore;
Lower and lower burned the flickering flame,
And slower yet the fitful pulses came.

Then, happier change repaid the anxious view—
And hope so long denied, sprang forth anew;
Through every vein a fuller current flowed,
And Heaven once more the gift of life bestowed.

Soon the fond father sought his banished child,
Who erst with prattle sweet, his heart beguiled;
Charmed to come back, she told her little news,
And showed her "nice new gown and pretty shoes."

"And that's not all—the tones grew eager now—
For I can read—my aunty taught me how!"
"Nonsense, my dear!" the father quick replied,
"You cannot read, of that I'm satisfied."

"Yes, father dear! Oh yes! I truly can,
For aunty taught me"—and the child began
To look around, perchance to find some way
Of proving what her words had failed to say.

The father smiled—and pointing to the wall
Said; "Well, read that, if you can read at all;"
She hesitated—and the father spoke—
"I told you so—I knew it was a joke."

But still she strove,—her deep and earnest eyes
Fixed on the board,—and soon in glad surprise,
Exclaimed, "I know it now! Oh yes I see!
'God—is—now—here'—the last word puzzled me."

The conscience-stricken man, in mute amaze,
Covered his face to hide his startled gaze,
While, from the rocky fount, untouched for years,
Burst forth a flood of pure and holy tears.

"My God! my child—and has my darling learned
What I with death so near, denied and spurned?
Father, forgive! and fill with love divine,
That life thy mercy spared,—now wholly Thine."

GOOD READING THE GREATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT.

JOHN S. HART, LL.D.

There is one accomplishment, in particular, which I would earnestly recommend to you. Cultivate assiduously the ability to read well. I stop to particularize this, because it is a thing so very much neglected, and because it is such an elegant, and charming accomplishment. Where one person is

really interested by music, twenty are pleased by good reading. Where one person is capable of becoming a skillful musician, twenty may become good readers. Where there is one occasion suitable for the exercise of musical talent, there are twenty for that of good reading.

The culture of the voice necessary for reading well, gives a delightful charm to the same voice in conversation. Good reading is the natural exponent and vehicle of all good things. It is the most effective of all commentaries upon the works of genius. It seems to bring dead authors to life again, and makes us sit down familiarly with the great and good of all ages.

Did you ever notice what life and power the Holy Scriptures have when well read? Have you ever heard of the wonderful effects produced by Elizabeth Fry on the criminals of Newgate, by simply reading to them the parable of the Prodigal Son? Princes and peers of the realm, it is said, counted it a privilege to stand in the dismal corridors, among felons and murderers, merely to share with them the privilege of witnessing the marvelous pathos which genius, taste, and culture could infuse into that simple story.

What a fascination there is in really good reading! What a power it gives one! In the hospital, in the chamber of the invalid, in the nursery, in the domestic and in the social circle, among chosen friends and companions, how it enables you to minister to the amusement, the comfort, the pleasure of dear ones, as no other art or accomplishment can. No instrument of man's devising can reach the heart as does that most wonderful instrument, the human voice. It is God's special gift and endowment to his chosen creatures. Fold it not away in a napkin.

If you would double the value of all your other acquisitions, if you would add immeasurably to your own enjoyment and to your power of promoting the enjoyment of others, cultivate, with incessant care, this divine gift. No music below the skies is equal to that of pure, silvery speech from the lips of a man or woman of high culture.

THE CHAMELEON.—James Merrick.

A Fable—from M. De LaMotte.

Oft has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes, that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post,
Yet round the world the blade has been
To see whatever could be seen,
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times perter than before;
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The traveled fool your mouth will stop;
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow,
I've seen—and sure I ought to know,"
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travelers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed
And on their way in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that,
Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
Of the chameleon's form and nature.
"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never lived beneath the sun.
A lizard's body, lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
Its foot with triple claw disjoined;
And what a length of tail behind!
How slow its pace; and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

"Hold, there," the other quick replies,
"'Tis *green*," I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray:
Stretched at its ease, the beast I viewed
And saw it eat the air for food."
"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue;
At leisure I the beast surveyed,
Extended in the cooling shade."
"'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye!"
"Green!" cries the other in a fury—
"Why, sir!—d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies,

"For, if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them of but little use."

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows;
When luckily came by a third—
To him the question they referred,
And begged he'd tell 'em, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother!
The creature's neither one nor t'other.
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o'er by candlelight:
I marked it well—'twas black as jet—
You stare—but, sirs, I've got it yet,
And can produce it." "Pray, sir, do:
I'll lay my life the thing is blue."
"And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."

"Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,"
Replies the man, "I'll turn him out:
And when before your eyes I've set him,
If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
He said: then full before their sight
Produced the beast, and lo!—'twas white.

Both stared, the man looked wondrous wise—
"My children," the chameleon cries,
(Then first the creature found a tongue,)
"You all are right, and all are wrong:
When next you talk of what you view,
Think others see as well as you:
Nor wonder, if you find that none
Prefers your eyesight to his own."

LITTLE MARGERY.

Kneeling, white-robed, sleepy eyes,
Peeping through the tangled hair,
"Now I lay me—I'm so tired—
Aunty, God knows all my prayer;
He'll keep little Margery."

Watching by the little bed,
Dreaming of the coming years,
Much I wonder what they'll bring,
Most of smiles or most of tears,
To my little Margery.

Will the simple, trusting faith
  Shining in the childish breast
Always be so clear and bright?
  Will God always know the rest,
    Loving little Margery?

As the weary years go on,
  And you are a child no more,
But a woman, trouble-worn,
  Will it come—this faith of yours—
    Blessing you, dear Margery?

If your sweetest love shall fail,
  And your idol turn to dust,
Will you bow to meet the blow,
  Owning all God's ways are just?
    Can you, sorrowing Margery?

Should your life-path grow so dark
  You can see no step ahead,
Will you lay your hand in His,
  Trusting by him to be led
    To the light, my Margery?

Will the woman, folding down
  Peaceful hands across her breast,
Whisper, with her old belief,
  "God, my Father, knows the rest,
    He'll take tired Margery?"

True, my darling, life is long,
  And its ways are dark and dim;
But God knows the path you tread;
  I can leave you safe with Him,
    Always, little Margery.

He will keep your childish faith,
  Through your weary woman years,
Shining ever strong and bright,
  Never dimmed by saddest tears,
    Trusting little Margery.

You have taught a lesson sweet
  To a yearning, restless soul;
We pray in snatches, ask a part,
  But God above us knows the whole,
    And answers, baby Margery.

THE MIGHT OF LOVE.—Alice Cary.

"There is work, good man, for you to-day!"
So the wife of Jamie cried,
"For a ship at Garl'ston, on Solway,
Is beached, and her coal's to be got away
At the ebbing time of tide."

"And, lassie, would you have me start,
And make for Solway sands?
You know that I, for my poor part,
To help me, have nor horse nor cart—
I have only just my hands!"

"But, Jamie, be not, till ye try,
Of honest chances baulked;
For, mind ye, man, I'll prophesy
That while the old ship's high and dry
Her master'll have her caulked."

And far and near the men were pressed,
As the wife saw in her dreams.
"Aye," Jamie said, "she knew the best,"
As he went under with the rest
To caulk the open seams.

And while the outward-flowing tide
Moaned like a dirge of woe,
The ship's mate from the beach-belt cried:
"Her hull is heeling toward the side
Where the men are at work below!"

And the cartmen, wild and open-eyed,
Made for the Solway sands—
Men heaving men like coals aside,
For now it was the master cried:
"Run for your lives, all hands!"

Like dead leaves in the sudden swell
Of the storm, upon that shout,
Brown hands went fluttering up and fell,
As, grazed by the sinking planks, pell-mell
The men came hurtling out!

Thank God, thank God, the peril's past!
"No! no!" with blanching lip,
The master cries. "One man, the last,
Is caught, drawn in, and grappled fast
Betwixt the sands and the ship!"

"Back, back, all hands! Get what you can--
Or pick, or oar, or stave."
This way and that they breathless ran,
And came and fell to, every man,
To dig him out of his grave!

"Too slow! too slow! the weight will kill!
Up, make your hawsers fast!"
Then every man took hold with a will—
A long pull and a strong pull—still
With never a stir o' the mast!

"Out with the cargo!" Then they go
At it with might and main.
"Back to the sands! too slow, too slow!
He's dying, dying! yet, heave ho!
Heave ho! there, once again!"

And now on the beach at Garl'ston stood
A woman whose pale brow wore
Its love like a queenly crown; and the blood
Ran curdled and cold as she watched the flood
That was racing in to the shore.

On, on it trampled, stride by stride.
It was death to stand and wait;
And all that were free threw picks aside,
And came up dripping out o' th' tide,
And left the doomed to his fate.

But lo! the great sea trembling stands;
Then, crawling under the ship,
As if for the sake of the two white hands
Reaching over the wild, wet sands,
Slackened that terrible grip.

"Come to me, Jamie! God grants the way,"
She cries, "for lovers to meet."
And the sea, so cruel, grew kind, they say,
And, wrapping him tenderly round with spray,
Laid him dead at her feet.

THE STATUE IN CLAY.

"Make me a statue," said the King,
"Of marble white as snow;
It must be pure enough to stand
Before my throne at my right hand,
The niche is waiting--go!"

The sculptor heard the King's command,
And went upon his way:
He had no marble, but he went,
With willing hands, and high intent,
To mould his thoughts in clay.

Day after day he wrought the clay,
But knew not what he wrought;
He sought the help of heart and brain,
But could not make the riddle plain,
It lay beyond his thought.

To-day the statue seemed to grow,
To-morrow it stood still;
The third day all was well again;
Thus, year by year, in joy and pain,
He wrought his Master's will.

At last his life-long work was done—
It was a happy day;
He took his statue to the King,
But trembled like a guilty thing,
Because it was but clay.

"Where is my statue?" asked the King.
"Here, Lord," the sculptor said.
"But I commanded marble." "True,
But lacking that, what could I do
But mould in clay instead?"

"Thou shalt not unrewarded go,
Since thou hast done thy best;
Thy statue shall acceptance win,
It shall be as it should have been,
For I will do the rest."

He touched the statue, and it changed;
The clay falls off, and lo!
A marble shape before him stands,
The perfect work of heavenly hands,
An angel pure as snow!

MARK TWAIN AND THE INTERVIEWER.

The nervous, dapper, "peart" young man took the chair I offered him, and said he was connected with "The Daily Thunderstorm," and added,—

"Hoping it's no harm, I've come to interview you."

"Come to what?"

"*Interview* you."

"Ah! I see. Yes—yes. Um! Yes—yes."

I was not feeling bright that morning. Indeed, my powers seemed a bit under a cloud. However, I went to the bookcase, and, when I had been looking six or seven minutes, I found I was obliged to refer to the young man. I said,—

"How do you spell it?"

"Spell what?"

"Interview."

"Oh, my goodness! What do you want to spell it for?"

"I don't want to spell it: I want to see what it means."

"Well, this is astonishing, I must say. *I* can tell you what it means, if you—if you"—

"Oh, all right! That will answer, and much obliged to you, too."

"I n, *in*, t e r, *ter*, *in*ter"—

"Then you spell it with an *I?*"

"Why, certainly!"

"Oh, that is what took me so long!"

"Why, my *dear* sir, what did *you* propose to spell it with?"

"Well, I—I—I hardly know. I had the Unabridged; and I was ciphering around in the back end, hoping I might tree her among the pictures. But it's a very old edition."

"Why, my friend, they wouldn't have a *picture* of it in even the latest e—— My dear sir, I beg your pardon, I mean no harm in the world; but you do not look as—as—intelligent as I had expected you would. No harm,—I mean no harm at all."

"Oh, don't mention it! It has often been said, and by people who would not flatter, and who could have no inducement to flatter, that I am quite remarkable in that way. Yes—yes: they always speak of it with rapture."

"I can easily imagine it. But about this interview. You know it is the custom, now, to interview any man who has become notorious."

"Indeed! I had not heard of it before. It must be very interesting. What do you do it with?"

"Ah, well—well—well—this is disheartening. It *ought* to be done with a club, in some cases; but customarily it consists in the interviewer asking questions, and the interviewed answering them. It is all the rage now. Will you let me

ask you certain questions calculated to bring out the salient points of your public and private history?"

"Oh, with pleasure,—with pleasure. I have a very bad memory; but I hope you will not mind that. That is to say, it is an irregular memory, singularly irregular. Sometimes it goes in a gallop, and then again it will be as much as a fortnight passing a given point. This is a great grief to me."

"Oh! it is no matter, so you will try to do the best you can."

"I will. I will put my whole mind on it."

"Thanks! Are you ready to begin?"

"Ready."

Question. How old are you?

Answer. Nineteen in June.

Q. Indeed! I would have taken you to be thirty-five or six. Where were you born?

A. In Missouri.

Q. When did you begin to write?

A. In 1836.

Q. Why, how could that be, if you are only nineteen now?

A. I don't know. It does seem curious, somehow.

Q. It does indeed. Whom do you consider the most remarkable man you ever met?

A. Aaron Burr.

Q. But you never could have met Aaron Burr, if you are only nineteen years——

A. Now, if you know more about me than I do, what do you ask me for?

Q. Well, it was only a suggestion; nothing more. How did you happen to meet Burr?

A. Well, I happened to be at his funeral one day; and he asked me to make less noise, and——

Q. But, good heavens! If you were at his funeral, he must have been dead; and, if he was dead, how could he care whether you made a noise or not?

A. I don't know. He was always a particular kind of a man that way.

Q. Still, I don't understand it at all. You say he spoke to you, and that he was dead?

A. I didn't say he was dead.

Q. But wasn't he dead?

A. Well, some said he was, some said he wasn't.

Q. What do *you* think?

A. Oh, it was none of my business! It wasn't any of my funeral.

Q. Did you— However, we can never get this matter straight. Let me ask about something else. What was the date of your birth?

A. Monday, Oct. 31, 1693.

Q. What! Impossible! That would make you a hundred and eighty years old. How do you account for that?

A. I don't account for it at all.

Q. But you said at first you were only nineteen, and now you make yourself out to be one hundred and eighty. It is an awful discrepancy.

A. Why, have you noticed that? (*Shaking hands.*) Many a time it has seemed to me like a discrepancy; but somehow I couldn't make up my mind. How quick you notice a thing!

Q. Thank you for the compliment, as far as it goes. Had you, or have you, any brothers or sisters?

A. Eh! I—I—I think so,—yes—but I don't remember.

Q. Well, that is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard.

A. Why, what makes you think that?

Q. How could I think otherwise? Why, look here! Who is this a picture of on the wall? Isn't that a brother of yours?

A. Oh, yes, yes, yes! Now you remind me of it, that *was* a brother of mine. That's William, *Bill* we called him. Poor old Bill!

Q. Why, is he dead, then?

A. Ah, well, I suppose so. We never could tell. There was a great mystery about it.

Q. That is sad, very sad. He disappeared, then?

A. Well, yes, in a sort of general way. We buried him.

Q. *Buried* him! Buried him without knowing whether he was dead or not?

A. Oh, no! Not that. He was dead enough.

Q. Well, I confess that I can't understand this. If you buried him, and you knew he was dead——

A. No, no! We only thought he was.

Q. Oh, I see! He came to life again?

A. I bet he didn't.

Q. Well, I never heard any thing like this. *Somebody* was dead. Somebody was buried. Now, where was the mystery?

A. Ah, that's just it! That's it exactly! You see we were twins,—defunct and I; and we got mixed in the bath-tub when we were only two weeks old, and one of us was drowned. But we didn't know which. Some think it was Bill; some think it was me.

Q. Well, that *is* remarkable. What do *you* think?

A. Goodness knows! I would give whole worlds to know. This solemn, this awful mystery has cast a gloom over my whole life. But I will tell you a secret now, which I never have revealed to any creature before. One of us had a peculiar mark, a large mole on the back of his left hand; that was *me*. *That child was the one that was drowned.*

Q. Very well, then, I don't see that there is any mystery about it, after all.

A. You don't; Well, *I* do. Anyway, I don't see how they could ever have been such a blundering lot as to go and bury the wrong child. But, 'sh! don't mention it where the family can hear of it. Heaven knows they have heart-breaking troubles enough without adding this.

Q. Well, I believe I have got material enough for the present; and I am very much obliged to you for the pains you have taken. But I was a good deal interested in that account of Aaron Burr's funeral. Would you mind telling me what particular circumstance it was that made you think Burr was such a remarkable man?

A. Oh, it was a mere trifle! Not one man in fifty would have noticed it at all. When the sermon was over, and the procession all ready to start for the cemetery, and the body all arranged nice in the hearse, he said he wanted to take a last look at the scenery; and so he *got up, and rode with the driver.*

* * * * * * *

Then the young man reverently withdrew. He was very pleasant company; and I was sorry to see him go.

POOR LITTLE JOE.—Peleg Arkwright.

Prop yer eyes wide open Joey,
  Fur I've brought you sumpin' great.
Apples? No, a heap sight better!
  Don't you take no int'rest? Wait!
Flowers, Joe—I know'd you'd like 'em—
  Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high?
Tears, my boy? Wot's them fur, Joey?
  There—poor little Joe!—don't cry!

I was skippin' past a winder,
  Where a bang-up lady sot,
All amongst a lot of bushes—
  Each one climbin' from a pot;
Every bush had flowers on it—
  Pretty? Mebbe not! Oh, no!
Wish you could a seen 'em growin',
  It was sich a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
  Lyin' here so sick and weak,
Never knowin' any comfort,
  And I puts on lots o' cheek.
"Missus," says I, "If you please, mum,
  Could I ax you for a rose?
For my little brother, missus—
  Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you—
  How I bringed you up—poor Joe!
(Lackin' women folks to do it.)
  Sich a' imp you was, you know—
Till yer got that awful tumble,
  Jist as I had broke yer in
(Hard work, too,) to earn yer livin'
  Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you,
  So's you couldn't hyper much—
Joe, it hurted when I seen you
  Fur the first time with yer crutch.
"But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum,
  'Pears to weaken every day;"
Joe, she up and went to cuttin'—
  That's the how of this bokay.

Say! It seems to me, ole feller,
  You is quite yerself to-night;

Kind o' chirk—it's been a fortnit
Sence yer eyes has been so bright.
Better? Well, I'm glad to hear it!
Yes, they're mighty pretty, Joe.
Smellin' of 'em's made you happy?
Well, I thought it would, you know!

Never see the country, did you?
Flowers growin' everywhere!
Some time when you're better, Joey,
Mebbe I kin take you there.
Flowers in heaven? 'M—I s'pose so;
Dunno much about it, though;
Ain't as fly as wot I might be
On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewheres
That in heaven's golden gates
Things is everlastin' cheerful—
B'lieve that's wot the Bible states.
Likewise, there folks don't git hungry;
So good people, when they dies,
Finds themselves well fixed forever—
Joe, my boy, wot ails yer eyes?

Thought they looked a little sing'ler.
Oh, no! Don't you have no fear;
Heaven was made fur such as you is—
Joe, wot makes you look so queer?
Here—wake up! Oh, don't look that way!
Joe! My boy! Hold up yer head!
Here's yer flowers—you dropped 'em Joey!
Oh, my God, can Joe be *dead?*

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.—Gerald Griffin.

She once was a lady of honor and wealth,
Bright glowed on her features the roses of health;
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold:
Joy reveled around her—love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride;
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That called her to live for the suffering race;
And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly like Mary, and answered, "I come."
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And passed from her home, with the joy of a bride,
Nor wept at the threshold, as onward she moved,—
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast—
No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame;
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barters for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet that to music could gracefully move,
Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume and gem
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them;
That voice that once echoed the song of the vain,
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;
And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl,
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed—a pallet; her trinkets—a bead;
Her luster—one taper that serves her to read;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nailed by her bed;
Her paintings—one print of the thorn-crowned head;
Her cushion—the pavement, that wearies her knees;
Her music—the psalm, or the sigh of disease;
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind,
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined,
Like him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.
She strengthens the weary—she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves, 'mid the vapor of death;
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace;

How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers—self-seeking men,—
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid?

THE VEILED PICTURE.

A story is told of two artist lovers, both of whom sought the hand of a noted painter's daughter. The question, which of the two should possess himself of the prize so earnestly coveted by both, having come, finally, to the father, he promised to give his child to the one that could paint the best. So each strove for the maiden with the highest skill his genius could command.

One painted a picture of fruit, and displayed it to the father's inspection in a beautiful grove, where gay birds sang sweetly among the foliage, and all nature rejoiced in the luxuriance of bountiful life. Presently the birds came down to the canvas of the young painter, and attempted to eat the fruit he had pictured there. In his surprise and joy at the young artist's skill, the father declared that no one could triumph over that.

Soon, however, the second lover came with his picture, and it was veiled. "Take the veil from your painting," said the old man. "I leave that to you," said the young artist, with simple modesty. The father of the young and lovely maiden then approached the veiled picture and attempted to uncover it. But imagine his astonishment, when, as he attempted to take off the veil, he found the veil itself to be a picture! We need not say who was the lucky lover; for if the artist who deceived the birds by skill in fruit manifested great powers of art, he who could so veil his canvas with the pencil as to deceive a skillful master, was surely the greater artist.

A HELPMATE.—A. Melville Bell.

When bashful single men are "well to do"
The ladies try their best to make them woo;
And, surely, if the man is worth the plot,
And to one's mind, &c., wherefore not?
All wives are "helpmates"; and each would-be wife
Helping to mate proves fit for married life.
The truth of this may not at first appear,
But by a case in point I'll make it clear.

No mortal ever had a better heart,
Or needed more this matrimonial art,
Than Mr. Slow; and many damsels vied
In showing him he would not be denied
If he would only lay aside his fear
And tell—or whisper—what they longed to hear.

Some sent him slippers to advance their suit,
Hoping to catch the lover by the foot;
Some, with a higher aim, his throat would deck
With warm cravat,—to take him by the neck;
Others gave flowers, their passion to disclose,
And even handkerchiefs,—to have him by the nose;
Gloves, cuffs, and mittens were by many planned
With wiles directly leveled at his hand!
But none had found out the successful art
To make this "eligible man" take heart.

He *looked* the lover, gave expressive sighs,
But only spoke the language of "sheep's eyes."
At last, one maid, who wisely judged the case
And really loved him, met him face to face.

She bantered Mr. Slow upon his ways:
"You need some one, I'm sure, to cheer your days—
Eh? did you speak?"—He could not for his life.
"I often wonder you don't get a wife!
I know some one, I think, who wouldn't frown
If you should ask her!"—O the senseless clown!
He wriggles nervously, plays with his hat,
Looks down and blushes, fumbles his cravat,—
Then seems about to speak—"Go on!"—but no;
He only sighs, and draws a face of woe.

"Are you not well? I fear you don't take care
To wrap yourself from this damp evening air.
Put in this button: there! that draws your coat
Close as a comforter about your throat.—

But I'm afraid you'll think me very bold."
"Oh no; go on!—I'm not afraid—of cold"—
"*Why* then go on?—I think you hardly know;
But I'll unbutton it if you say so.

"Dear me! I've pulled the button off, I vow;
If you'd a wife, she'd sew it for you now!"
"I wish that *you* would"—"Eh?"—"would sew it on—
And something else!"—His modest features shone,
But not a word his palsied tongue could frame.
"Well, 'something else' has surely got a name?"
He covered up his face and whispered this,—
"I wish you'd *give* me something!" "What?" "A kiss!"
"Why, Mr. Slow, you are a curious elf;
A man in such a case should help himself!
For if a lady gave one, that would be
Like sealing an engagement,—don't you see?"

"That's what I want!" "Now really! Is it so?
Well, just *suppose* that I have not said no!"
A maiden's coyness overwhelmed him: "Ah!"
He whispered, blushing, "Thank you: ask papa!"

She laughed outright; though 'twas indeed no joke!
He thought this was the proper form; but spoke
Quite freely now, and had so much to say,
That, ere she left, he made her fix the day!
A little help quite cured his single trouble,
And very soon they loved each other *double.*

HOLD THE LIGHT.

Ho! thou traveler on life's highway,
Moving carelessly along,—
Pausing not to watch the shadows
Towering o'er the mighty throng;—
Stand aside, and mark how feebly
Some are struggling in the fight,
Turning on thee wistful glances—
Begging thee to hold the light!

Look! upon thy right a brother
Wanders blindly from the way;
And upon thy left a sister,
Frail and erring, turns astray;
One kind word, perchance, may save them—
Guide their wayward steps aright;
Canst thou, then, withhold thy counsel?
No! but fly and hold the light.

Hark! a feeble wail of sorrow
Bursts from the advancing throng;
And a little child is groping
Through the darkness, deep and long;
'Tis a timid orphan, shivering
'Neath misfortune's withering blight;
Friends, home, love, are all denied her;
Oh! in pity hold the light.

Not alone from heathen darkness,
Where the pagan bows the knee,
Worshipping his brazen image
With a blind idolatry—
Where no blessed Gospel teachings
E'er illume the soul's dark night,
Comes the cry to fellow mortals,
Wild and pleading, "Hold the light!"

Here, as well, in life's broad highway,
Are benighted wanderers found;
And if all the strong would heed them,
Lights would glimmer all around.
Acts of love and deeds of kindness
Then would make earth's pathway bright,
And there'd be no need of calling
"Ho! thou traveler, hold the light!"

MEASURING THE BABY.—Emma Alice Brown.

We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage-wall—
A lily grew on the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall;
A royal tiger-lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jeweled chalice,
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without, the bluebirds whistled
High up in the old roof-trees,
And to and fro at the window
The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
Were never a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
That danced on the lattice-sill.

His eyes were wide as bluebells—
His mouth like a flower unblown—
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses,
We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! in a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
We measured the boy to-day;
And the little bare feet, that were dimpled
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together,
In the hush of a long repose!

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
With the light of heaven thereon;
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill!

We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan—
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown.

MINOT'S LEDGE.—Fitz-James O'Brien.

Like spectral hounds across the sky
The white clouds scud before the storm,
And naked in the howling night
The red-eyed lighthouse lifts its form.
The waves with slippery fingers clutch
The massive tower, and climb and fall,
And muttering growl with baffled rage
Their curses on the sturdy wall.

Up in the lonely tower he sits,
The keeper of the crimson light,—

Silent and awe-struck does he hear
The imprecations of the night.
The white spray beats against the panes
Like some wet ghost that down the air
Is hunted by a troop of fiends
And seeks a shelter anywhere.

He prays aloud—the lonely man—
For every soul that night at sea;
But more than all for that brave boy
Who used to gayly climb his knee,—
Young Charlie with his chestnut hair
And hazel eyes and laughing lip,—
"May Heaven look down," the old man cries,
"Upon my son, and on his ship."

While thus with pious heart he prays,
Far in the distance sounds a boom,—
He pauses, and again there rings
That sullen thunder through the room.
A ship upon the shoals to-night!
She cannot hold for one half-hour;
But clear the ropes and grappling-hooks,
And trust in the Almighty Power.

On the drenched gallery he stands
Striving to pierce the solid night;
Across the sea the red-eye throws
A steady crimson wake of light,
And where it falls upon the waves
He sees a human head float by,
With long drenched curls of chestnut hair,
And wild but fearless hazel eye.

Out with the hooks! One mighty fling!
Adown the wind the long rope curls.
Oh! will it catch? Ah, dread suspense!
While the wild ocean wilder whirls.
A steady pull— It tightens now!
Oh, his old heart will burst with joy,
As on the slippery rocks he pulls
The breathing body of his boy!

Still sweep the spectres through the sky,
Still scud the clouds before the storm,
Still naked in the howling night
The red-eyed lighthouse lifts its form.
Without, the world is wild with rage,
Unkenneled demons are abroad;
But with the father and the son
Within, there is the peace of God.

THE MAN WHO FELT SAD.

He entered the hardware store on Woodward avenue about 10 o'clock Saturday morning, and taking a seat by the stove, he beckoned to the proprietor and said:

"Sit down here—I waut to speak with you."

He was a man who looked sad from the crown of his hat to the toes of his boots. There were deep care lines on his face, his eyes were red and anxious looking, and his tattered overcoat was drawn in at the waist by a wide leather belt.

"Cau we do anything for you to-day?" asked the merchant as he sat down.

The sad man slowly wiped his nose, slowly turned around, and slowly replied;

"Sir, it makes me feel sad when I reflect that we have all got to die!"

"Yes—um," replied the merchant.

"Christopher Columbus is dead!" continued the sad man, "and who feels bad about it—who sheds a tear over his loss? He is gone, and we shall never see him more! You and I must sooner or later follow him, and the world will go on just the same."

"Then you don't want auything to-day?" queried the merchant after a painful pause.

"—nd King James is dead!" exclaimed the sad man, wiping his nose again. "Is anybody weeping over his loss? Don't folks laugh aud laugh, and don't the world go on just the same? Sir, it may not be a week before you and I will be called upon to rest from the labors of this life. Doesn't it make you feel sad when you think of it?"

"Of course, we've got to die," replied the merchant as he tossed a stray nail over among the eightpennys.

"Andrew Jackson is dead," continued the sad man, a tear falling on his hand. "Yes, Andrew has been gathered, and a good man has gone from among us. Were you acquainted with him?"

"I believe not," was the answer.

"Well, he was a fine man, and many a night I have laid awake and cried to think that he would be seen among us no more forever. Yet do you hear any wailing and sobbing?

Does anybody seem to care a cent whether Andrew Jackson is dead or living? You or I may be the next to go, and the world will move on just the same as if we had never lived."

"The world can't, of course, stop for the death of one man, no matter how great," said the merchant.

"That's what makes me sad—that's why I weep these tears!" answered the man, wringing his long, peaked nose with vigorous grief. "William Penn is also dead. Once in a great while I hear some one express sorrow, but as a general thing the world has forgotten William with the rest. Don't it make you feel sad when you reflect that you will never see him again? Don't it make you feel like crying when you think he has gone from among us?"

"I never have time to think of these things," answered the merchant, fondling the coal stove shaker.

"And Shakspeare's gone, too!" exclaimed the man, his chin quivering with agitation, "we may sigh, and sigh, and wish, and wish, but poor Shaky will never be seen moving with us again! They have laid him away to sleep his long sleep, and a bright lamp has been extinguished forever."

"Well, did you want anything in the line of hardware?" asked the merchant as he rose up.

"Can you speak of hardware to me at such a time as this?" exclaimed the sad man. "Knowing my sad feelings, seeing these tears, and listening to my broken voice, can you have the heart to try and force hardware upon me?"

The merchant went over to his desk and the sad man wrung his nose again and went out.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

RESIGNATION.—H. W. Longfellow.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
  But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside howsoe'er defended,
  But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying;
  And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
  Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

THE LEAP OF CURTIUS.—George Aspinall.

Within Rome's Forum suddenly
A wide gap opened in a night,
Astounding those who gazed on it,
A strange, terrific sight.

In Senate all their sages met,
And seated in their chairs of state,
Their faces blanched with deadly fear,
Debated long and late.

A sign inimical to Rome,
They deemed it a prognostic dire,
A visitation from the gods,
In token of their ire.

Yet how to have their minds resolved,
How ascertain in this their need,
Beyond the shadow of a doubt,
If thus it were indeed.

In silence brooded they awhile,
Unbroken by a single word,
While from the capital without
The lightest sounds were heard.

Then rose the eldest magistrate,
A tall old man with locks like snow,
Straight as a dart, and with an eye
That oft had quelled the foe.

And thus with ripe, sonorous voice,
No note or tone of which did shake,
Or indicate the wear of time,
The aged Nestor spake:—

"Fathers, the Oracle is nigh,
To it then let us promptly send,
And at the shrine inquire what this
Dread marvel doth portend.

"And if to Rome it augurs ill,
Then ask we, ere it be too late,
How we may best avert the doom,
And save the sacred state:

"That state to every Roman dear,
As dear as brother, friend, or wife,
For which each true-born son would give,
If needful, even life.

"For what, O Fathers! what were life
Apart from altar, hearth, and home;
Yea, is not all our highest good,
Bound up with that of Rome?

"And now adjourn we for a space,
Till three full days have circled round,
And on the morning of the fourth,
Let each one here be found."

Then gat they up and gloomily
For such short interval did part,
For they were Romans staunch and tried,
And sad was every heart.

The fourth day dawned, and when they met,
The Oracle's response was known:
Something most precious in the chasm
To close it must be thrown.

But if *un*closed it shall remain,
Thereon shall follow Rome's decay,
And all the splendor of her state
Shall pale and pass away.

Something most precious! What the gift
That may prevent the pending fate,
What costly offering will the gods
Indeed propitiate?

While this they pondered, lo! a sound
Of footsteps fell on every ear,
And in their midst a Roman youth
Did presently appear.

Apollo's brow, a mien like Mars,
In Beauty's mould he seemed new made,
As on his golden hair the sun
With dazzling dalliance played.

'Tis Marcus Curtius! purer blood
None there could boast, and none more brave:
There stands the youthful patriot, come,
A Roman, Rome to save.

His own young life, he offers that,
Yea, volunteers *himself* to throw
Within the cleft to make it close,
And stay the heavy woe.

And now on horseback, fully armed,
Behold him, for the hour hath come,

The Roman guards keep watch and ward,
And beats the muffled drum.

The consuls, proctors, soothsayers,
Within the Forum group around,
Young Curtius in the saddle sits,—
There yawns the severed ground.

Each pulse is stayed, he lifts his helm,
And bares his forehead to the sky,
And to the broad, blue heaven above,
Upturns his flashing eye.

"O Rome! O country best beloved,
Thou land in which I first drew breath,
I render back the life thou gav'st,
To rescue *thee* from death."

Then spurring on his gallant steed,
A last and brief farewell he said,
And leapt within the gaping gulf,—
Which closed above his head.

MALIBRAN AND THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

In a humble room, in one of the poorest streets of London, little Pierre, a fatherless French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet; and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming, to keep up his spirits. Still, at times, he thought of his loneliness and hunger; and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange; and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own,—one he had composed with air and words; for the child was a genius.

He went to the window, and looking out saw a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibran would sing that night in public.

"Oh, if I could only go!" thought little Pierre; and then, pausing a moment, he clasped his hands; his eyes lighted with a new hope. Running to the little stand, he smoothed

down his yellow curls, and, taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

* * * * *

"Who did you say is waiting for me?" said the lady to her servant. "I am already worn out with company."

"It is only a very pretty little boy, with yellow curls, who says if he can just see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment."

"Oh! well, let him come," said the beautiful singer, with a smile; "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm; and in his hand a little roll of paper. With manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight to the lady, and bowing said,—"I came to see you, because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that, perhaps, if you would only sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, may be some publisher would buy it, for a small sum; and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman rose from her seat; very tall and stately she was;—she took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked,—"you, a child! And the words?—Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked, after a few moments of thought.

"O yes!" and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness, —"but I couldn't leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother, for the evening; and here is a crown, with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets: come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

* * * * *

When evening came, and Pierre was admitted to the concert-hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so grand a place. The music, the myriad lights, the beauty,

the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silks, bewildered his eyes and brain.

At last she came; and the child sat with his glance riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song?

Breathless he waited,—the band, the whole band struck up a little plaintive melody; he knew it, and clapped his hands for joy. And oh, how she sung it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing;—many a bright eye dimmed with tears; and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song,—Oh, so touching!

Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened at a visit from Madame Malibran. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman said, "Your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered, this morning, by the best publisher in London, three hundred pounds for his little song: and after he has realized a certain amount from the sale, little Pierre, here, is to share the profits. Madam, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside, and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

The memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she who was the idol of England's nobility went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, he who stood by her bed, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days,—now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day.

All honor to those great hearts who, from their high stations, send down bounty to the widow, and to the fatherless child.

SCHLAUSHEIMER DON'T GONCILIATE.—Von Boyle.

His name vas Schlausheimer, vot mendedt furnitoor and put cane seats in de pottoms of a shair. He had vone vife py his secondt marriages, und she called him her secondthandt huspandt on accoundt he vas marriedt pefore to anoder vomans py de name Gretchen, vot had red hair und green eyes. Schlausheimer used to say he vas pooty vell marriedt, not on accoundt he vas marriedt many, like old Brigham Young, but on accoundt he vas marriedt mooch—250 pounds avoirdutroy,—dot vas his vife.

Mrs. Schlausheimer she vas fat like a peer barrels, und Schlausheimer he vas fat like a match.

Dey had ten shildren petween dem. Two vas boys, two vas girls, dree vas a dwin, two vas a driplet, und vone vas a quadruped—or I tink dey called dot douple pair dwins a quartette, on accoundt of de noises dey made.

Und he had on accoundt of his first vife py de name Gretchen, also, ten shtep-shildrens. Und efery single vone of dot shtep-shildrens vas dwins.

I vent vone tay to Schlausheimer's on accoundt he did not brought a shair he vas mending pack, und I found dem playing de Franco-Prussian war.

"Vot's all dot droubles?" said I.

Vell, Mrs. Schlausheimer had a proomshtick her hand in, und she vas drying to poke a cat or sometings from oudt de ped unter. She look up und say:

"Mr. Von Boyle, I can do notings mit dot Schlausheimer."

"Did you tried moral bersuasion mit him once?" says I.

Vell, pefore she could answer dot, dot cat comes vrom de ped unter oudt, und it vasn't not any cat at all; it vas Schlausheimer, und he says:

"Mr. Von Boyle, I vill told you de kindt of moral bersuasions my vife makes use mit me oudt. She calls me tay pehindt yesterday a oldt lager-peer saloon."

Den Mrs. Schlausheimer broke in:

"But didn't you told me I vas a voman's rights confention?"

Den Schlausheimer broke oudt:

"But didn't you nearly, mit a proomshtick on accoundt of dot, proke my arm?"

Den Mrs. Schlausheimer she says:

"But dot vas his own fault, Mr. Von Boyle. I vas shoost going to rap him a little on de head, und if he didn't put up his arm it vouldn't got hurt, like a fool. Schlausheimer, efery cent he gets, he shpend him in vhisky. Und den he haf sooch a pad indisposition he comes und peats me home."

"Vell," says I, "can you not in some manner gonciliate him?"

"I do eferytings I can found oudt," says she, "to gonciliate him. I schold him, I pull his eyes, und scratch his hair, I kicks him de bedt oudt,—*but he don't gonciliate.*"

ONE IN BLUE AND ONE IN GRAY.

Each thin hand resting on a grave,
  Her lips apart in prayer,
A mother knelt and left her tears
  Upon the violets there.
O'er many a rood of vale and lawn,
  Of hill and forest gloom,
The reaper death had reveled in
  His fearful harvest home.
The last red Summer's sun had shone
  Upon a fruitless fray;—
From yonder forest charged the blue,
  Down yonder slope the gray.

The hush of death was on the scene,
  And sunset o'er the dead,
In that oppressive stillness
  A pall of glory spread.
I know not, dare not question how
  I met the ghastly glare
Of each upturned and stirless face
  That shrunk and whitened there.
I knew my noble boys had stood
  Through all that withering day,—
I knew that Willie wore the blue,
  That Harry wore the gray.

I thought of Willie's clear blue eye,
His wavy hair of gold,
That clustered on a fearless brow
Of purest Saxon mold;
Of Harry, with his raven locks,
And eagle glance of pride;
Of how they clasped each other's hand
And left their mother's side;
How hand in hand they bore my prayers
And blessings on the way—
A noble heart beneath the blue,
Another 'neath the gray.

The dead, with white and folded hands,
That hushed our village homes,
I've seen laid calmly, tenderly,
Within their darkened rooms;
But *there* I saw distorted limbs,
And many an eye aglare,
In the soft purple twilight of
The thunder-smitten air;
Along the slope and on the sward
In ghastly ranks they lay,
And there was blood upon the blue
And blood upon the gray.

I looked and saw his blood, and his;
A swift and vivid dream
Of blended years flashed o'er me, when
Like some cold shadow, came
A blindness of the eye and brain—
The same that seizes one
When men are smitten suddenly
Who overstare the sun;
And while blurred with the sudden stroke
That swept my soul, I lay,—
They buried Willie in his blue,
And Harry in his gray.

The shadows fall upon their graves;
They fall upon my heart;
And through the twilight of my soul
Like dew the tears will start,—
The starlight comes so silently,
And lingers where they rest;
So hope's revealing starlight sinks
And shines within my breast.
They ask not there where yonder heaven
Smiles with eternal day,
Why Willie wore the loyal blue—
Why Harry wore the gray.

MURILLO'S TRANCE.—Margaret J. Preston.

"Here, Pedro, while I quench these candles, hold
My lantern; for, I promise you, we burn
No waxlights at our chapel-shrines till morn,
As in the great Cathedral, kept ablaze
Like any crowded plaza in Seville,
From sun to sun. I wonder if they think
That the dead knights,—Fernando and the rest,—
Whose bronze and marble couches line the walls,
Like to scared children, cannot sleep i' the dark:"
And, muttering thus, the churlish sacristan
Went, snuffing out the lights that only served
To worsen the wan gloom.

And (mindful still
Of his Dolores' greed of candle-ends)
He chid, at whiles, some lagging worshipper,
Nor spared to hint, above the low-dropped heads,
Grumblings of sunshine being in Seville
Cheaper than waxlight, and 'twere best to pray
When all the saints were broad awake, and thus
Liker to hear.

So shuffling on, he neared
The altar with its single lamp a-light.
Above, touched with its glow, the chapel's pride,
Its one Ribéra hung,—a fearful-sad,
Soul-harrowing picture of the stark dead Christ,
Stretched on the cross beneath a ghastly glare
Of lurid rift, that made more terrible
The God-forsaken loneliness. In front,
A chasm of shadow clove the checkered floor,
And hastening towards it, the old verger called
Wonderingly back:

"Why, Pedro, only see!
The boy kneels still! What ails him, think you? Here
He came long hours before the vesper-chime;
And all the while, as to and fro I've wrought,—
Cleansing of altar-steps and dusting shrines,
And such like tasks, I have not missed him once
From that same spot. What marvel if he were
Some lunatic escaped from *Caridad?*
Observe! he takes no heed of aught I say:
'Tis time he waked."

As moveless as the statues
Niched round, a youth before the picture knelt,
His hands tight clenched, and his moist forehead strewn

With tossings of dank hair. Upon his arm
The rude old man sprang such a sudden grasp
As caused a start; while in his ear he cried
Sharply, "Get hence! What do you here so late?"

Slow on the questioner a face was turned
That caused the heavy hand to drop; a face
Strangely pathetic, with wide-gazing eyes
And wistful brows, and lips that wanly made
Essay to speak before the words would come;
And an imploring lifting of the hands
That seemed a prayer:

—"*I wait,—I wait,*" he said,
"*Till Joseph bring the linen, pure and white,*
Till Mary fetch the spices; till they come,—
Peter and John and all the holy women,
And take Him down; but O, they tarry long!
See how the darkness grows! So long, . . . so long!"

FATHER, LEAD ON.

My Father God, lead on!
Calmly I follow where thy guiding hand
Directs my steps. I would not trembling stand,
Though all before the way
Is dark as night, I stay
My soul on thee, and say—
Father, I trust thy love; lead on!

Just as thou wilt; lead on!
For I am as a child, and know not how
To tread the starless path whose windings now
Lie hid from mortal ken.
Although I know not when
Sweet day will dawn again,
Father I wait thy will; lead on.

I ask not why; lead on!
Mislead, thou canst not. Though through days of grief
And nights of anguish, pangs without relief
Or fears that would o'erthrow
My faith, thou bidst me go,
Thy changeless love, I know,
Father, my soul will keep; lead on.

With thee is light; lead on!
When dark and chill at eve the night-mists fall,
O'erhanging all things like a dismal pall.

The gloom with dawn hath fled!
So, though 'mid shades I tread,
The dayspring o'er my head,
Father, from thee shall break; lead on.

Thy way is peace; lead on!
Made heir of all things, I were yet unblest,
Didst thou not dwell with me and make me rest
Beneath the brooding wing
That thou dost o'er me fling,
Till thou thyself shalt bring,
Father, my spirit home; lead on.

Thou givest strength; lead on!
I cannot sink while thy right hand upholds,
Nor comfort lack while thy kind arm enfolds.
Through all my soul I feel
A healing influence steal,
While at thy feet I kneel,
Father, in lovely trust: lead on.

'Twill soon be o'er; lead on!
Left all behind, earth's heartaches then shall seem
E'en as memories of a vanished dream;
And when of griefs and tears
The golden fruit appears,
Amid the eternal years,
Father, all thanks be thine! Lead on.

A VENTRILOQUIST ON A STAGE-COACH.

HENRY COCKTON.

"Now then, look alive there!" shouted the coachman from the booking-office door, as Valentine and his Uncle John approached. "Have yow got that are mare's shoe made comfor'ble, Simon?"

"All right, sir," said Simon, and he went round to see if it were so, while the luggage was being secured.

"Jimp up, genelmen!" cried the coachman, as he waddled from the office with his whip in one hand and his huge way-bill in the other; and the passengers accordingly proceeded to arrange themselves on the various parts of the coach,—Valentine, by the particular desire of Uncle John, having deposited himself immediately behind the seat of the coachman.

"If you please," said an old lady, who had been standing in the gateway upwards of an hour, "will you be good enow, please, to take care of my darter?"

"All safe," said the coachman, untwisting the reins. "She shaunt take no harm. Is she going all the way?"

"Yes, sir," replied the old lady; "God bless her! She's got a place in Lunnun, an' I'm told—"

"Hook on them ere two sacks o' whoats there behind," cried the coachman; "I marn't go without 'em this time.—Now, all right there?"

"Good-by, my dear," sobbed the old lady, "do write to me soon, be sure you do,—I only want to hear from you often. Take care of yourself."

"Hold hard!" cried the coachman, as the horses were dancing, on the cloths being drawn from their loins. "Whit, whit!" and away they pranced, as merrily as if they had known that *their* load was nothing when compared with the load they left behind them. Even old Uncle John, as he cried "Good-by, my dear boy," and waved his hand for the last time, felt the tears trickling down his cheeks.

The salute was returned, and the coach passed on.

The fulness of Valentine's heart caused him for the first hour to be silent; but after that, the constant change of scene and the pure bracing air had the effect of restoring his spirits, and he felt a powerful inclination to sing. Just, however, as he was about to commence for his own amusement, the coach stopped to change horses. In less than two minutes they started again, and Valentine, who then felt ready for anything, began to think seriously of the exercise of his power as a ventriloquist.

"Whit, whit!" said Tooler, the coachman, between a whisper and a whistle, as the fresh horses galloped up the hill.

"Stop! hoa!" cried Valentine, assuming a voice, the sound of which appeared to have traveled some distance.

"You have left some one behind," observed a gentleman in black, who had secured the box seat.

"Oh, let un run a bit!" said Tooler. "Whit! I'll give un a winder up this little hill, and teach un to be up in time in future. If we was to wait for every passenger as chooses to lag behind, we shouldn't git over the ground in a fortnit."

"Hoa! stop! stop! stop!" reiterated Valentine, in the voice of a man pretty well out of breath.

Tooler, without deigning to look behind, retickled the haunches of his leaders, and gleefully chuckled at the idea of how he was making a passenger sweat.

The voice was heard no more, and Tooler, on reaching the top of the hill, pulled up and looked round, but could see no man running.

"Where is he?" inquired Tooler.

"In the ditch!" replied Valentine, throwing his voice behind.

"In the ditch!" exclaimed Tooler. "Blarm me, whereabouts?"

"There," said Valentine.

"Bless my soul!" cried the gentleman in black, who was an exceedingly nervous village clergyman. "The poor person no doubt is fallen down in an absolute state of exhaustion. How very, very wrong of you, coachman, not to stop!"

Tooler, apprehensive of some serious occurrence, got down with the view of dragging the exhausted passenger out of the ditch; but although he ran several hundred yards down the hill, no such person of course could be found.

"Who saw un?" shouted Tooler, as he panted up the hill again.

"I saw nothing," said a passenger behind, "but a boy jumping over the hedge."

Tooler looked at his way-bill, counted the passengers, found them all right, and, remounting the box, got the horses again into a gallop, in the perfect conviction that some villanous young scarecrow had raised the false alarm.

"Whit! blarm them 'ere boys!" said Tooler, "'stead o' mindin' their cows, they are allus up to suffen. I only wish I had un here, I'd pay *on* to their blarmed bodies; if I wouldn't—" At this interesting moment, and as if to give a practical illustration of what he would have done in the case, he gave the off-wheeler so telling a cut round the loins that the animal without any ceremony kicked over the trace. Of course Tooler was compelled to pull up again immediately; and after having adjusted the trace, and asking the animal seriously what he meant, at the same time enforcing the question by giving him a blow on the bony part of the

nose, he prepared to remount; but just as he had got his left foot upon the nave of the wheel, Valentine so admirably imitated the sharp snapping growl of a dog in the front boot, that Tooler started back as quickly as if he had been shot, while the gentleman in black dropped the reins and almost jumped into the road.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the gentleman in black, trembling, but with great energy; "how wrong, how very horribly wrong of you, coachman, not to tell me that a dog had been placed beneath my feet!"

"Blarm their carcasses!" cried Tooler, "they never told *me* a dog was shoved there. Lay *down!* We'll soon have yow out there together!"

"Not for the world!" cried the gentleman in black, as Tooler approached the foot-board in order to open it. "Not for the world! un-un-un-less you le-le-let me get down first. I have no desire to pe-pe-perish of hydropho-phobia."

"Kip yar fut on the board then, sir, please," said Tooler, "we'll soon have the warmint out o' that." So saying, he gathered up the reins, remounted the box, and started off the horses again at full gallop.

The gentleman in black then began to explain to Tooler how utterly inconceivable was the number of persons who had died of hydrophobia within an almost unspeakably short space of time, in the immediate vicinity of the residence of a friend of his in London; and just as he had got into the marrow of a most excruciating description of the intense mental and physical agony of which the disease in its worst stage was productive, both he and Tooler suddenly sprang back, with their feet in the air, and their heads between the knees of the passengers behind them, on Valentine giving a loud growling snap, more bitingly indicative of anger than before.

As Tooler had tight hold of the reins when he made this involuntary spring, the horses stopped on the instant, and allowed him time to scramble up again without rendering the slow process dangerous.

"I cannot, I-I-I positively cannot," said the gentleman in black, who had been thrown again into a dreadful state of excitement, "I cannot sit here,—my nerves cannot endure it; it's perfeetly shocking."

"Blister their bowls!" exclaimed Tooler, whose first impulse was to drag the dog out of the boot at all hazards, but who, on seeing the horses waiting in the road a short distance ahead for the next stage, thought it better to wait till he had reached them. "I'll make un remember this the longest day o' thar blessed lives,—blarm un! Phih! I'll let un know when I get back, I warrant. I'll larn un to—"

"Hoa, coachman! hoa! my hat's off!" cried Valentine, throwing his voice to the back of the coach.

"Well, *may* I be—phit!" said Tooler. "I'll make yow run for't anyhow—phit!"

In less than a minute the coach drew up opposite the stable, when the gentleman in black at once proceeded to alight. Just, however, as his foot reached the plate of the roller-bolt, another growl from Valentine frightened him backwards, when, falling upon one of the old horse-keepers, he knocked him fairly down, and rolled over him heavily.

"Darng your cloomsy carkus," cried the horse-keeper, gathering himself up, "carn't you git oof ar cooarch aroat knocking o' pipple darn?"

"I-I-I beg pardon," tremblingly observed the gentleman in black; "I hope I-I—"

"Whoap! pardon!" contemptuously echoed the horse-keeper as he limped towards the bars to unhook the leaders' traces.

"Now then, yow warmint, let's see who yow belong to," said Tooler, approaching the mouth of the boot; but just as he was in the act of raising the foot-board, another angry snap made him close it again with the utmost rapidity.

"Lay down! blarm your body!" cried Tooler, shrinking back. "Here, yow Jim, kim here, bor, and take this 'ere warmint of a dog out o' that."

Jim approached, and the growling was louder than before, while the gentleman in black implored Jim to take care that the animal didn't get hold of his hand.

"Here, yow Harry!" shouted Jim, "yare noot afeared o' doogs together,—darng un, *I* doont like un."

Accordingly Harry came, and then Sam, and then Bob, and then Bill; but as the dog could not be seen, and as the snarling continued, neither of them dared to put his hand in

to drag the monster forth. Bob therefore ran off for Tom Titus the blacksmith, who was supposed to care for nothing, and in less than two minutes Tom Titus arrived with about three feet of rod-iron red hot.

"Darng un!" cried Tom, "this 'ere'll make un *quit* together!"

"Dear me! my good man," said the gentleman in black, "don't use that unchristian implement! don't put the dumb thing to such horrible torture!"

"It don't siggerfy a button," cried Tooler, "I marn't go to stop here all day. Out he must come."

Upon this Tom Titus introduced his professional weapon, and commenced poking about with considerable energy, while the snapping and growling increased with each poke.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Tom Titus, turning round and wiping the sweat off his brow with his naked arm, "this ere cretur here's stark raavin' mad."

"I knew that he was," cried the gentleman in black, getting into an empty wagon which stood without horses just out of the road; "I felt perfectly sure that he was rabid."

"He's a bull-terrier too," said Tom Titus, "I knows it by's growl. It's the worsest and dargdest to go mad as is."

"Well, what shall us do wi' th' warmint?" said Tooler.

"Shoot him! shoot him!" cried the gentleman in black.

"Oh, I've goot a blunderbuss, Bob!" said Tom Titus, "yow run for't together, it's top o' the forge."

Bob started at once, and Tom kept on the bar, while Tooler, Sam, and Harry, and Bill, held the heads of the horses.

"He's got un; all right!" cried Tom Titus, as Bob neared the coach with the weapon on his shoulder. "Yow'll be doon in noo time," he added, as he felt with his rod to ascertain in which corner of the boot the bull-terrier lay.

"Is she loarded?" asked Bob, as he handed Tom Titus the instrument of death.

"Mind you make the shot come out at the bottom," shouted Tooler.

"I wool," said Tom Titus, putting the weapon to his shoulder. "Noo the Loord ha' marcy on yer, as joodge says sizes," and instantly let fly.

The horses of course plunged considerably, but still did no mischief; and before the smoke had evaporated, Valentine introduced into the boot a low melancholy howl, which convinced Tom Titus that the shot had taken effect.

"He's giv oop the ghost; darng his carkus!" cried Tom, as he poked the dead body in the corner.

"Well, let's have a look at un," said Tooler, "let's see what the warmint is like."

The gentleman in black at once leaped out of the wagon, and every one present drew near, when Tom, guided by the rod which he had kept upon the body, put his hand into the boot, and drew forth a fine hare that had been shattered by the shot all to pieces.

"He arn't a bull-terrier," cried Bob.

"But that arn't he," said Tom Titus. "He's some'er aboot here as dead as a darng'd nail. I know he's a corpse."

"Are you sure on't?" asked Tooler.

"There arn't any barn dooor deader," cried Tom. "Here, I'll lug um out an' show yar.

"No, no!" shouted Tooler, as Tom proceeded to pull out the luggage. "I marn't stay for that. I'm an hour behind now, blarm un! jimp up, genelmen!"

Tom Titus and his companions, who wanted the bull-terrier as a trophy, entreated Tooler to allow them to have it, and having at length gained his consent, Tom proceeded to empty the boot. Every eye was, of course, directed to everything drawn out, and when Tom made a solemn declaration that the boot was empty, they were all, at once, struck with amazement. Each looked at the other with astounding incredulity, and overhauled the luggage again and again.

"Do you mean to say," said Tooler, "that there arn't nuffin else in the boot?"

"Darng'd a thing!" cried Tom Titus, "coom and look." And Tooler did look, and the gentleman in black looked, and Bob looked, and Harry looked, and Bill looked, and Sam looked, and all looked, but found the boot empty.

"Well, blarm me!" cried Tooler. "But darng it all, he must be somewhere."

"I'll taake my solumn davy," said Bill, "that he *was* there."

"I seed um myself," exclaimed Bob, "wi' my oarn eyes, an' didn't loike the looks on um a bit."

"There cannot," said the gentleman in black, "be the smallest possible doubt about his having been there; but the question for our mature consideration is, where is he now?"

"I'll bet a pint," said Harry, "you blowed um away."

"Blowed um away, you fool!—how could I ha' blowed um away?"

"Why, he *was* there," said Bob, "and he baint there noo, and he baint here nayther, so you must ha' blowed um out o' th' boot; 'sides, look at the muzzle o' this 'ere blunderbust!"

"Well, of all the rummest goes as ever happened," said Tooler, thrusting his hands to the very bottom of his pockets, "this ere flogs 'em all into nuffin!"

"It is perfectly astounding!" exclaimed the gentleman in black, looking again into the boot, while the men stood and stared at each other with their mouths as wide open as human mouths could be.

"Well, in wi' 'em again," cried Tooler, "in wi' 'em!—Blarm me if this here arn't a queer un to get over."

The luggage was accordingly replaced, and Tooler, on mounting the box, told the men to get a gallon of beer, when the gentleman in black generously gave them half a crown, and the horses started off, leaving Tom with his blunderbuss, Harry, Bill, Sam, and their companions, bewildered with the mystery which the whole day spent in the alehouse by no means enabled them to solve.

THE WEDDING FEE.—R. M. Streeter.

One morning, fifty years ago,—
When apple trees were white with snow
Of fragrant blossoms, and the air
Was spell-bound with the perfume rare,—
Upon a farm horse, large and lean,
And lazy with its double load,
A sun-browned youth and maid were seen
Jogging along the winding road.

Blue were the arches of the skies;
But bluer were that maiden's eyes.

The dew-drops on the grass were bright;
But brighter was the loving light
That sparkled 'neath the long-fringed lid,
Where those bright eyes of blue were hid;
Adown the shoulders brown and bare
Rolled the soft waves of golden hair,
Where, almost strangled with the spray,
The sun, a willing sufferer, lay.

It was the fairest sight, I ween,
That the young man had ever seen;
And with his features all aglow,
The happy fellow told her so!
And she without the least surprise
Looked on him with those heavenly eyes;
Saw underneath that shade of tan
The handsome features of a man;
And with a joy but rarely known
She drew that dear face to her own,
And by her bridal bonnet hid—
I cannot tell you what she did!

So, on they ride until among
The new-born leaves with dew-drops hung,
The parsonage, arrayed in white,
Peers out,—a more than welcome sight.
Then, with a cloud upon his face,
"What shall we do," he turned to say,
"Should he refuse to take his pay
From what is in the pillow-case?"
And glancing down his eye surveyed
The pillow-case before him laid,
Whose contents reaching to its hem,
Might purchase endless joy for them.
The maiden answers, "let us wait,
To borrow trouble where's the need?"
Then, at the parson's squeaking gate
Halted the more than willing steed.

Down from the horse the bridegroom sprung;
The latchless gate behind him swung:
The knocker of that startled door,
Struck as it never was before,
Brought the whole household pale with fright;
And there, with blushes on his cheek,
So bashful he could hardly speak,
The farmer met their wondering sight.

The groom goes in, his errand tells,
And, as the parson nods, he leans
Far o'er the window-sill and yells,
"Come in! He says he'll take the beans!"

Oh! How she jumped! With one glad bound,
She and the bean-bag reached the ground.
Then, clasping with each dimpled arm
The precious product of the farm,
She bears it through the open door;
And, down upon the parlor floor,
Dumps the best beans vines ever bore.

Ah! happy were their songs that day,
When man and wife they rode away.
But happier this chorus still
Which echoed through those woodland scenes:
"God bless the priest of Whitinsville!
God bless the man who took the beans!"

THE BONDAGE OF DRINK.

You think I love it! if this nerveless hand
  Could gain immortal strength, this very hour,
I'd sweep this hellish traffic from the land,
  And crush its blighting, maddening, nightmare power.
Yea, now with all my latest dying breath,
I'll curse the thing that drags me down to death!

Love it? I loathe it! Yet I drink, and drink,
  And hate my bondage with a loathing hate;
And hate myself as through the town I slink.
  The pledge? No, no! Too late—too late!
No pledge! I've tried it twice—a waste of breath!
Too late—there's no release for me but death.

It's bad enough to drink; but *not* to drink—
  Doth such a train of horrors wake
As in one hour would leave me dead, I think;
  Ah, keep away, ye fiends, for pity's sake!
The very thought of them affects my brain;
My end will be when they shall come again.

Love rum? I'd love to hold my head up high
  And breathe God's air a free and fearless man
And look with undimmed eyes on earth and sky,
  With steady nerve to do, and head to plan.
I'd love to grapple trials as they come,
In manly fashion, brave and strong. Love rum!

If I could go into some land
  Where no drink is, God knows how willingly

I'd fight those dreadful torments of the damned
That clutch the soul of him who would be free:
But marshal up those grisly shapes of woe
To fall again as twice before? No, no!

Ah, if I might have known how it would be,
In those old college days so wild and gay,
When I first drank in youthful revelry,
How easy then to put the cup away!
A mother's hope and joy I was till then;
Now see me trembling—ha! those eyes again.

Back, fiery eyes, to hell, whence ye belong!
I'll drink ye down—what! blood? Drink blood?
Help, help! they come, a hideous, devilish throng,
Back, get back! They'll toss me in the flood!
Long, crooked hands are clawing in my hair!
Is this the end? ha, ha! Too late for prayer.

THE BLACK HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

CHARLES SHEPPARD.

It was the 7th of October, 1777. Horatio Gates stood before his tent, gazing steadfastly upon the two armies, now arrayed in order of battle. It was a clear, bracing day, mellow with the richness of Autumn. The sky was cloudless; the foliage of the woods scarce tinged with purple and gold; the buckwheat in yonder fields frostened into snowy ripeness. But the tread of legions shook the ground; from every bush shot the glimmer of the rifle barrel; on every hill-side blazed the sharpened bayonet. Gates was sad and thoughtful, as he watched the evolutions of the two armies. But all at once a smoke arose, a thunder shook the ground, and a chorus of shouts and groans yelled along the darkened air. The play of death had begun. The two flags, this of the stars, that of the red cross, tossed amid the smoke of battle, while the sky was clouded with leaden folds, and the earth throbbed with the pulsations of a mighty heart.

Suddenly, Gates and his officers were startled. Along the height on which they stood, came a rider, upon a black horse, rushing toward the distant battle. There was some-

thing in the appearance of this horse and his rider, that struck them with surprise. Look! he draws his sword, the sharp blade quivers through the air—he points to the distant battle, and lo! he is gone; gone through those clouds, while his shout echoes over the plains. Wherever the fight is thickest, there through intervals of cannon smoke, you may see riding madly forward that strange soldier, mounted on his steed black as death. Look at him, as with face red with British blood he waves his sword and shouts to his legions. Now you may see him fighting in that cannon's glare, and the next moment he is away off yonder, leading the forlorn hope up that steep cliff. Is it not a magnificent sight, to see that strange soldier and that noble black horse dashing, like a meteor, down the long columns of battle?

Let us look for a moment into those clouds of battle. Over this thick hedge bursts a band of American militiamen, their rude farmer coats stained with blood, while scattering their arms by the way, they flee before that company of red-coat hirelings, who come rushing forward, their solid front of bayonets gleaming in the battle light. In this moment of their flight, a horse comes crashing over the plains. The unknown rider reins his steed back on his haunches, right in the path of these broad shouldered militia-men. "Now cowards! advance another step and I'll strike you to the heart!" shouts the unknown, extending a pistol in either hand. "What! are you Americans, men, and fly before British soldiers? Back again, and face them once more or I myself will ride you down." This appeal was not without its effect. Their leader turns, his comrades, as if by one impulse follow his example. In one line, but thirty men in all, they confront thirty sharp bayonets. The British advance. "Now upon the rebels, charge!" shouts the red-coat officer. They spring forward at the same bound. Look! their bayonets almost touch the muzzles of their rifles. At this moment the voice of the unknown rider was heard: "Now let them have it! Fire!" A sound is heard, a smoke is seen, twenty Britons are down, some writhing in death, some crawling along the soil, and some speechless as stone. The remaining ten start back. "Club your rifles and charge them home!" shouts the unknown. That black horse springs

forward, followed by the militia-men. Then a confused conflict—a cry for quarter, and a vision of twenty farmers grouped around the rider of the black horse, greeting him with cheers.

Thus it was all the day long. Wherever that black horse and his rider went, there followed victory. At last, toward the setting of the sun, the crisis of the conflict came. That fortress yonder, on Bemus's Heights, must be won, or the American cause is lost! That cliff is too steep—that death is too certain. The officers cannot persuade the men to advance. The Americans have lost the field. Even Morgan, that iron man among iron men, leans on his rifle and despairs of the field. But look yonder! In this moment when all is dismay and horror, here crashing on, comes the black horse and his rider. That rider bends upon his steed, his frenzied face covered with sweat and dust and blood; he lays his hand upon that bold rifleman's shoulder, and as though living fire had been poured into his veins, he seizes his rifle and starts toward the rock. And now look! now hold your breath, as that black steed crashes up that steep cliff. That steed quivers! he totters! he falls! No! No! Still on, still up the cliff, still on toward the fortress. The rider turns his face and shouts, "Come on, men of Quebec! come on!" That call is needless. Already the bold riflemen are on the rock. Now British cannon pour your fires, and lay your dead in tens and twenties on the rock. Now, red-coat hirelings, shout your battle cry if you can! For look! there in the gate of the fortress, as the smoke clears away, stands the black horse and his rider. That steed falls dead, pierced by an hundred balls; but his rider, as the British cry for quarter, lifts up his voice and shouts afar to Horatio Gates waiting yonder in his tent, "Saratoga is won!" As that cry goes up to heaven, he falls with his leg shattered by a cannon ball.

Who was the rider of the black horse? Do you not guess his name? Then bend down and gaze on that shattered limb, and you will see that it bears the mark of a former wound. That wound was received in the storming of Quebec. *That rider of the black horse was—Benedict Arnold.*

DE PINT WID OLE PETE.

Upon the hurricane deck of one of our gunboats, an elderly darkey, with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, squatted on his bundle, toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged into a state of profound meditation. Finding, upon inquiry, that he belonged to the Ninth Illinois, one of the most gallantly behaved and heavy losing regiments at the Fort Donaldson battle, I began to interrogate him upon the subject.

"Were you in the fight?"

"Had a little taste of it, sa."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No, sa; I runs."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes, sa; and would hab run soona, had I know'd it war comin'."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"Massa, dat isn't my line, sa; cookin's my profeshun."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Yah, yah! reputation's nuffin to me by de side ob life."

"Do you consider *your* life worth more than other people's?"

"It is worth more to me, sa."

"Then you must value it very highly?"

"Yes, sa, I does; more dan all dis world, more dan a million ob dollars, sa; for what would dat be wuth to a man wid the bref out ob him? Self-preserbation am de fust law wid me."

"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"

"Because different men set different values upon deir lives; mine is not in de market."

"But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"What satisfaction would dat be to me when de power ob feelin' was gone?"

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"

"Nuffin whatever, sa; I regard them as among the vanities."

"If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the government without resistance.'

"Yes, sa; dar would hab been no help for it."

"Do you think any of your company would have missed you, if you had been killed?"

"Maybe not, sa; a dead white man ain't much to dese sogers, let alone a dead nigga; but I'd a missed myself, and dat was de pint wid me."

LITTLE BROWN HANDS.—M. H. Krout.

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields,
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find in the thick waving grasses
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the new hay in the meadow;
They gather the elder-bloom white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea-weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea-shells—
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking tree-tops,
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;
And at night time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest;
The humble and poor become great;
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman—
The noble and wise of the land—
The sword, and the chisel, and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

THE BELFRY OF GHENT.—Robert Maguire.

Hast thou ever known the feeling
I have felt, when I have seen,
'Mid the tombs of agéd heroes—
Memories of what hath been—
What it is to view the present
In the light of by-gone days;
From an eminence to ponder
Human histories and ways?

Once I stood with soul enchanted,
Lost in deep astonishment,
On the lofty, dark old belfry
Of the ancient town of Ghent.
From the height I looked below me,
Saw the quaint old city lie,
Full of glorious recollections,
Climbing up to memory.

Toilsome was the steep ascending,
By that broken flight of stairs;
But the end was like the pleasure
Oft derived from weary cares:
Like the steps that lift us upward
To the aim we have designed;
Like the stages leading onward
To the things we seek to find.

From that noble height of vision,
To that distant azure sky,
Thrill, my harp, the swelling anthem,
Taught and tuned by memory!
Celebrate the deeds of glory;
Sing the hearts that throbbed and beat;
Sing the hands that stayed the throbbing;
Songs like these, my harp, repeat!

Tell the days of ancient heroes,
On a nobler errand sent—
Old Saint Bavon, once a soldier,
Now the patron saint of Ghent.
Show the tomb of St. Columba,*
Erin's and Iona's pride;
Let me gather leaves and flowers
From its green and mossy side.

*The grave of St. Columba is shown at Ghent.

Chime, ye merry ringing changes,
Booming through the liquid air;
Though ye tell that Time is passing,
Ye are what ye ever were!
Yes, the same sad midnight chiming,
Yes, the self-same peals by day;
Have ye not a voice that speaketh?
Tell me, therefore, what ye say!

THE CHIMES.

"We speak of days long, long ago;
We speak of Time now given;
We speak of Time that's yet to come,
And say—Prepare for heaven!
Twice we tell the hours in passing—
First by due advertisement;*
Then we tell the hour's departure—
We, the bells of ancient Ghent.

"We have told the birth of princes;
Sounded forth the marriage bell;
We have sung the *Miserere;*
We have rung the last farewell;
Varied still, but true the tidings,
Sounding from our belfry floor;
Yet the time is coming, coming,
When our bells shall chime no more."

Yes, the day is hast'ning onward,
When all earthly tongues shall cease;
And the chimes that sung their praises,
Shall be stilled when all is peace.
Till that day sound forth your measures,
Ring your changes to the last;
And, amid the tomb of ages,
Tell the virtues of the past.

Still I saw the waking vision,
Read the memories of old,
Till the changes chimed the vesper,
And the hour of evening tolled.
Thus I mused, and thought, and pondered,
Lost in deep astonishment,
On the well-remembered belfry
Of the ancient town of Ghent.

*The clocks in Belgium usually strike the time twice—at the half-hour and the hour.

MULLIGAN'S GOSPEL.—Annie Herbert.

I've a rare bit of news for you, Mary Malone,
And truth, 'tis the strangest that ever was known;
You remember I told you a twelvemonth ago
How a soul came from heaven to Poverty Row?
If an angel had troubled the waters that bore
Such little white craft to our turbulent shore,
No mortal could tell; but that innocent child,
Like a dove without wings, nestling downy and tender,
With eyes veiling pictures of Paradise splendor,
Came into the tenement crazy and wild,
And the hard life so pitiless, rough, and defiled,
Over to Mulligan's.

It is strange to our eyes, but perhaps you have seen
A vine clasp its tendrils of delicate green
Round a desolate rock, or a lily grow white
With its roots in the tarn and its face in the light;
Or when night and storm wrap the sky in a shroud,
A star shaken out from the fold of a cloud:
So this little one came—but it never seemed right—
There were children enough, heaven knows! in that Babel,
Cadets for the Tombs from the bold whiskey rabble,
Choked out from the love that is heaven's own light,
Rank sons of the soil, cropping out for a fight,
Over to Mulligan's.

There was many a banquet in Mulligan Hall,
When the revelers feasted on nothing at all,
And a king at the board giving knighthood of pains,
And orders of crosses, and clanking of chains:
Tim held as a law the most perfect in life
The strong tie that bound him to Nora, his wife;
But, blinded by drink, when his passion ran high,
He beat her, of course, with a fury inhuman,—
And she such a poor, patient bit of a woman!
Well for her a soft voice answered low to her cries,
And her sun never set in the baby's blue eyes
Over to Mulligan's.

It was twelve months or more from the time she was born,
As I sat at my window one sunshiny morn,—
"Jist come over," the voice of Tim Mulligan said,
"I belave in me sowl that me baby is dead!"
He had held a wild revel late into the night,
And the wee, frightened dove plumed her pinions for flight;
This the man saw at last, with a sudden dismay;
"God forgive me!" he cried, "sure she'd niver be stayin'
Wid the cursin' an' drink when me lips shud be prayin'!"

And the priest came and went, little dreaming that day
How the priesthood of angels was winning its way
Over to Mulligan's.

Then the sweetest, the saddest, the tenderest sight,
Lay the child like a fair sculptured vision of light:
Hands closed over daisies, fringed lids over tears
That never would fall through life's sorrowful years.
"Ah, mavourneen!" moaned Tim, "it's foriver I'll think
That the saints took yez home from the divil of drink;
An' mayhap"—here he shivered decanter and bowl—
"She will see me, up there wid the mother of Jesus,
An' sind down the grace that from sin iver frees us!"
So the leaven that spread from one beautiful soul
Through that turmoil of misery, leavened the whole,
Over to Mulligan's.

Now a thing the most wonderful, Mary Malone,
And truth 'tis the strangest that ever was known,
Mr. Mulligan met me to-day on the street,
And he looks like a man, from his head to his feet;
Though his clothes are but coarse, they are comely and trim,
And no man *dares* to say, "Here's a health to you, Tim!"
He will soon rent a cottage, and live like the best;
And the gossips do say, with wise lifting of fingers,
It is all for sweet charity's sake that he lingers
In the row where God's peace settled down in his breast,
When a soft, weary wing fluttered home from the nest,
Over to Mulligan's.

—*Christian Union.*

PLEASURES OF PICNIC-ING.

This is the season of the year when picnics are most frequent. For real solid enjoyment we, for our part, much prefer a well conducted funeral to an ordinary picnic. You generally reach the grounds about eleven o'clock, and the exercises begin with climbing a hill, up which you are compelled to carry two heavy lunch baskets. When you reach the summit you are positively certain the thermometer must be nearly six hundred and fifty in the shade. You throw yourself on the grass, and in a few moments a brigade of black ants begin to crawl down the back of your neck, while a phalanx of ticks charge up your trouser leg. And just as

you jump up, your oldest boy, who has been out in the woods, where he stirred up a yellow-jacket's nest, comes in with his head and face swelled to the size of a water-bucket, conveying the information that your other boy, William Henry, is up a tree and can't get down. After laboring to release William Henry the thermometer seems to have gone up two hundred more degrees, and you will take a swim in the creek. While you are in the water young Jones strolls out with Miss Smith, and unconscious of your presence, they sit down close to your clothes, and engage in conversation for three quarters of an hour, while you lie down in the shallow stream, afraid to budge and nearly killed with the hot sun. When they leave, you emerge and find that some wicked boy from the neighboring village has run off with your shirt and socks. You fix up as well as you can, and when you get back with the party they are eating dinner from a cloth laid on the ground. A spider is spinning a cobweb from the pickle-jar to the little end of the cold ham; straddle-bugs are frolicking around over the pound-cake, caterpillars are exploring the bread plate, grasshoppers are jumping into the butter, where they stick fast, the bees are so thick around the sugar-bowl that you are afraid to go near it, and there are enough ants in the pie to walk completely off with it. You take a seat, however, determined to try to eat something, but you get up suddenly—all at once as it were, for you have set down on a brier. Then William Henry, who has quaffed an unreasonable quantity of lemonade, gets the colic, and his mother goes into hysterics because she thinks he is poisoned with pokeberries. You lay him under an umbrella, and proceed to climb a tree in order to fix a swing for the girls. After skinning your hands, tearing your trousers and ruining your coat, you get to the top, tie the rope and undertake to come down on it. You do come down with velocity and your fingers are rubbed entirely raw. Just then it begins to rain furiously, and the whole party stampedes to the depot for shelter. When the shower slackens you go back to the ground to get the rope, and just as you get up in the tree the owner of the place comes along with a gun and a dog, and threatens to blow your brains out and eat you up if you don't leave immedi-

ately. Then you come down again with celerity, and get over the fence as if you were in earnest. Going home in the train all the passengers regard you, from your appearance, as an escaped convict, or a lunatic who has broken from his keepers; and when you reach your home you plunge into a shirt, cover your hands with a court-plaster, and register a solemn vow never to go on another picnic. And we are with you; we never will either.

THE STIGMA.—F. De Haes Janvier.

It is related that, some forty years ago, John C. Calhoun, a Senator of the United States, from the State of South Carolina, and at that time employed in perfecting the great Nullification Scheme of which he was the author, was, one night, at a late hour, seated in his room, and engaged in writing, when, falling asleep, he had a dream, the incidents of which are here woven into verse.

In a chamber, grand and gloomy, in the shadow of the night,
Two wax tapers flaming faintly, burned with a sepulchral light,—
On an oval oaken table, from their silver stands they shone,
Where about them in disorder, books and manuscripts were strown;
Where before them sat a statesman, silent, thoughtful and alone!

Suddenly a stranger entered—entered with a serious air,
And with steady step advancing, near the table drew a chair!
Folded in an ample mantle, carefully concealed from sight,
There he sat, and his companion watched him, through the wavering light,
Wondering at his bold intrusion, unannounced, and in the night.

Wondering at his staid demeanor, wondering that no word he spoke,
Wondering that he veiled his visage in the volume of his cloak—
Till, as though unwilling longer, satisfaction to postpone,
"Senator from Carolina," said he in a solemn tone,
"What are you engaged in writing, here at midnight and alone?"

Then the statesman answered promptly, "'Tis a plan which consummates,
When complete, the dissolution of the Union of the States.

Whereupon, rejoined the stranger, in an accent of command,
"Senator from Carolina, let me look at your right hand!"
And the statesman had no power that calm dictate to withstand!

Slowly then uprose the stranger, and the startled statesman saw,
From the falling cloak emerging, one from whom he shrunk with awe!
Stern and stately stood before him Freedom's first and favorite son—
He whose patriotic valor universal homage won—
He who gave the world the Union—the immortal WASHINGTON!

And he thrilled with strange emotion, in the patriot's steadfast gaze,
As he held the hand he proffered, held it near the taper's blaze,—
As he thoughtfully proceeded, "Then you would, with this right hand,
Senator from Carolina, desolate your native land,—
You would sign a Declaration, this fair Union to disband?"

And the Senator responded: "Yes, should chance such service claim,
To an Act of Dissolution I would freely sign my name."
But the words were scarcely spoken, when amazed he saw expand,
Dim at first, then deeper, darker, an unsightly, blackened brand,
Like a loathsome, leprous plague-spot, on the back of his right hand!

"What is that?" he cried with horror as the dreadful stigma spread—
And the Patriot's grasp relaxing, undisturbed, he gravely said:
"That black blotch your hand o'erspreading is the mark by which they know
One who, honored by his country, basely sought its overthrow—
That detested traitor, Arnold, in the dismal world below!"

Pausing then, he from his mantle drew an object toward the light,
Placed it on the oaken table, in the shuddering statesman's sight—
Placed it on the very writing which that traitorous hand had done;
Still, and stark, and grim, and ghastly, 'twas a human skeleton!
There it lay, and then he added calmly as he had begun:

"Here, behold the sacred relics of a man who, long ago,
Died at Charleston, on a gibbet, murdered by a ruthless foe,—
Isaac Hayne, who fell a martyr, laying down his life with joy,
To confirm this noble Union, which you wantonly employ
Powers, for virtuous ends intended, treacherously to destroy!

"When you sign a solemn compact, this blest bond to disunite,
Lying here upon your table you should have his bones in sight.
He was born in Carolina,— so were you,—but, all in vain
Will you look for Treason's stigma—will you seek the slightest stain
On the hand of that pure patriot, the right hand of Isaac Hayne!"

Saying this, the stranger vanished, but the skeleton remained,
And the black and blasting stigma still that traitorous hand retained!
Sinking in their silver sockets, fainter still the tapers gleamed;
Suddenly, athwart the chamber, morning's rosy radiance streamed,
And the statesman, wan and weary, wondering, woke—*for he had dreamed.*

HEARTBREAK HILL.—Celia Thaxter.

In Ipswich town, not far from sea,
Rises a hill which the people call
Heartbreak Hill, and its history
Is an old, old legend, known to all.

The selfsame dreary, worn-out tale
Told by all peoples in every clime,
Still to be told till the ages fail,
And there comes a pause in the march of time.

It was a sailor who won the heart
Of an Indian maiden, lithe and young;
And she saw him over the sea depart,
While sweet in her ear the promise rung;

For he cried, as he kissed her wet eyes dry,
"I'll come back, sweetheart, keep your faith!"
She said, "I will watch while the moons go by."—
Her love was stronger than life or death.

So this poor dusk Ariadne kept
Her watch from the hill-top rugged and steep:
Slowly the empty moments crept
While she studied the changing face of the deep,

Fastening her eyes upon every speck
That crossed the ocean within her ken:—
Might not her lover be walking the deck,
Surely and swiftly returning again?

The Isles of Shoals loomed, lonely and dim,
In the northeast distance far and gray,
And on the horizon's uttermost rim
The low rock-heap of Boon Island lay.

And north and south and west and east
Stretched sea and land in the blinding light,
Till evening fell, and her vigil ceased,
And many a hearth-glow lit the night,

To mock those set and glittering eyes
Fast growing wild as her hope went out;
Hateful seemed earth, and the hollow skies,
Like her own heart, empty of aught but doubt.

Oh, but the weary, merciless days,
With the sun above, with the sea afar,—
No change in her fixed and wistful gaze
From the morning red to the evening star!

Oh, the winds that blew, and the birds that sang,
The calms that smiled, and the storms that rolled,
The bells from the town beneath, that rang
Through the summer's heat and the winter's cold!

The flash of the plunging surges white,
The soaring gull's wild, boding cry,—
She was weary of all; there was no delight
In heaven or earth, and she longed to die.

What was it to her though the dawn should paint
With delicate beauty skies and seas?
But the swift, sad sunset splendors faint
Made her soul sick with memories,

Drowning in sorrowful purple a sail
In the distant east, where shadows grew,
Till the twilight shrouded it cold and pale,
And the tide of her anguish rose anew.

Like a slender statue carved of stone
She sat, with hardly motion or breath,
She wept no tears and she made no moan,
But her love was stronger than life or death.

He never came back! Yet faithful still,
She watched from the hill-top her life away:
And the townsfolk christened it Heartbreak Hill,
And it bears the name to this very day.

SUMNER'S TRIBUTE TO WILLIAM PENN.

To William Penn belongs the distinction, destined to brighten as men advance in virtue, of first in human history establishing the *Law of Love* as a rule of conduct for the intercourse of nations. While he recognized as a great end of government, "to support power in reverence with the people, and to secure the people from abuse of power," he declined the superfluous protection of arms against foreign force, and aimed to reduce the savage nations by just and gentle manners to the love of civil society and the Christian religion. His serene countenance, as he stands with his followers in what he called the sweet and clear air of Pennsylvania, all unarmed, beneath the spreading elm, forming the great treaty of friendship with the untutored Indians, who fill with savage display the surrounding forest as far as the eye can reach,—not to wrest their lands by violence, but to obtain them by peaceful purchase,—is to my mind, the proudest picture in the history of our country.

"The great God," said this illustrious Quaker, in his words of sincerity and truth, addressed to the sachems, "has written his law in our hearts, by which we are taught and commanded to love, and to help, and to do good to one another. It is not our custom to use hostile weapons against our fellow creatures, for which reason we have come unarmed. Our object is not to do injury, but to do good. We have met, then, in the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage can be taken on either side, but all is to be openness, brotherhood, and love; while all are to be treated as of the same flesh and blood."

These are, indeed, words of true greatness. "Without any carnal weapons," says one of his companions, "we entered the land, and inhabited therein as safe as if there had been thousands of garrisons." "This little State," says Oldmixon, "subsisted in the midst of six Indian nations, without so much as a militia for its defense." A great man, worthy of the mantle of Penn, the venerable philanthropist, Clarkson, in his life of the founder of Pennsylvania, says, "The Pennsylvanians became armed, though without arms; they be-

came strong, though without strength; they became safe, without the ordinary means of safety. The constable's staff was the only instrument of authority amongst them for the greater part of a century, and never during the administration of Penn, or that of his proper successors, was there a quarrel or a war."

Greater than the divinity that doth hedge a king, is the divinity that encompasses the righteous man, and the righteous people. The flowers of prosperity smiled in the blessed foot-prints of William Penn. His people were unmolested and happy, while (sad but true contrast!) those of other colonies, acting upon the policy of the world, building forts, and showing themselves in arms, not after receiving provocation, but merely in the anticipation, or from the fear, of insults or danger, were harassed by perpetual alarms, and pierced by the sharp arrows of savage war.

This pattern of a Christian commonwealth never fails to arrest the admiration of all who contemplate its beauties. It drew an epigram of eulogy from the caustic pen of Voltaire, and has been fondly painted by many virtuous historians. Every ingenuous soul in our day offers his willing tribute to those celestial graces of justice and humanity, by the side of which the flinty hardness of the pilgrims of Plymouth Rock seems earthly and coarse.

Let us not confine ourselves to barren words in recognition of virtue. While we see the right, and approve it, too, let us dare to pursue it. Let us now, in this age of civilization, surrounded by Christian nations, be willing to follow the successful example of William Penn, surrounded by savages. Let us, while we recognize these transcendent ordinances of God, the *law of right* and the *law of love*—the double suns which illumine the moral universe—aspire to the true glory, and what is higher than glory, the great good of taking the lead in the disarming of the nations. Let us abandon the system of preparation for war in time of peace, as irrational, unchristian, vainly prodigal of expense, and having a direct tendency to excite the very evil against which it professes to guard. Let the enormous means thus released from iron hands, be devoted to labors of beneficence. Our battlements shall be schools, hospitals, colleges and churches; our arse-

nals shall be libraries; our navy shall be peaceful ships on errands of perpetual commerce; our army shall be the teachers of youth, and the ministers of religion. This is indeed, the cheap defense of the nations. In such entrenchments what Christian soul can be touched with fear. Angels of the Lord shall throw over the land an invisible, but impenetrable panoply:

> Or if virtue feeble were,
> Heaven itself would stoop to her.

At the thought of such a change in policy, the imagination loses itself in the vain effort to follow the various streams of happiness, which gush forth as from a thousand hills. Then shall the naked be clothed and the hungry fed. Institutions of science and learning shall crown every hilltop; hospitals for the sick, and other retreats for the unfortunate children of the world, for all who suffer in any way, in mind, body or estate, shall nestle in every valley; while the spires of new churches shall leap exulting to the skies. The whole land shall bear witness to the change; art shall confess it in the new inspiration of the canvas and the marble; the harp of the poet shall proclaim it in a loftier rhyme. Above all, the heart of man shall bear witness to it, in the elevation of his sentiments, in the expansion of his affections, in his devotion to the highest truth, in his appreciation of true greatness. The eagle of our country,—without the terror of his beak, and dropping the forceful thunderbolt from his pounces,—shall soar with the olive-branch of Peace, into untried realms of ether, nearer to the sun.

SHELLING PEAS.—C. P. Cranch.

No, Tom, you may banter as much as you please;
But it's all the result of the shellin' them peas.
Why, I hadn't the slightest idea, do you know,
That so serious a matter would out of it grow.
I tell you what, Tom, I do feel kind o' scared.
I dreamed it, I hoped it, but never once dared
To breathe it to her. And besides, I must say
I always half fancied *she* fancied Jim Wray.

So I felt kind o' stuffy and proud, and took care
To be out o' the way when that feller was there
A danglin' around; for thinks I, if it's him
That Katy likes best, what's the use lookin' grim
At Katy or Jim,—for it's all up with me;
And I'd better jest let 'em alone, do you see?
But you wouldn't have thought it; that girl never keered
The snap of a pea-pod for Jim's bushy beard.

Well, here's how it was. I was takin' some berries
Across near her garden, to leave at Aunt Mary's;
When, jest as I come to the old ellum-tree,
All alone in the shade, that June mornin', was she—
Shellin' peas—setting there on a garden settee.
I swan, she was handsomer'n ever I seen,
Like a rose all alone in a moss-work o' green.
Well, there wasn't no use; so, says I, I'll jest linger
And gaze at her here, hid behind a syringa;
But she heard me a movin', and looked a bit frightened,
So I come and stood near her. I fancied she brightened,
And seemed sort o' pleased. So I hoped she was well;
And—would she allow me to help her to shell?
For she sot with a monstrous big dish full of peas
Jest fresh from the vines, which she held on her knees.
"May I help you, Miss Katy?" says I. "As you please,
Mr. Baxter," says she. "But you're busy, I guess"—
Glancin' down at my berries, and then at her dress.
"Not the least. There's no hurry. It ain't very late;
And I'd rather be here, and Aunt Mary can wait."
So I sot down beside her; an' as nobody seen us,
I jest took the dish, and I held it between us;
And I thought to myself I must make an endeavor
To know which she likes, Jim or me, now or never!
But I couldn't say nothin'. We sot there and held
That green pile between us. She shelled, and I shelled,
And *pop* went the pods; and I couldn't help thinkin'
Of popping the question. A kind of a sinkin'
Come over my spirits; till at last I got out,
"Mister Wray's an admirer of yours, I've no doubt
You see him quite often." "Well, sometimes. But why,
And what if I did?" "Oh, well, nothin'," says I;
"Some folks says you're goin' to marry him, though."
"Who says so?" says she; and she flared up like tow
When you throw in a match. "Well, some folks that I know."
"'Taint true, sir," says she. And she snapped a big pod,
Till the peas, right and left, flew all over the sod.
Then I looked in her eyes, but she only looked down
With a blush that she tried to chase off with a frown.
"Then it's somebody else you like better," says I.
"No, it ain't though," says she: and I thought she would cry.

Then I tried to say somethin': it stuck in my throat,
And all my ideas were upset and afloat.
But I said I knew somebody'd loved her so long—
Though he never had told her—with feelin's so strong
He was ready to die at her feet, if she chosed,
If she only could love him!—I hardly supposed
That she cared for him much, though. And so, Tom,—and so,—
For I thought that I saw how the matter would go,—
With my heart all a jumpin' with rapture, I found
I had taken her hand, and my arm was around
Her waist ere I knew it, and she with her head
On my shoulder,—but no, I won't tell what she said.

The birds sang above us; our secret was theirs;
The leaves whispered soft in the wandering airs.
I tell you the world was a new world to me.
I can talk of these things like a book now, you see.
But the peas? Ah, the peas *in* the pods were a mess
Rather bigger than those that we shelled, you may guess.
It's risky to set with a girl shellin' peas.
You may tease me now, Tom, just as much as you please.

THE OLD PROFESSOR.

The old professor taught no more,
  But lingered round the college walks.
Stories of him we boys told o'er
  Before the fire in evening talks.
I'll ne'er forget how he came in
  To recitation, one March night,
And asked our tutor to begin,
  "And let me hear these boys recite."

As we passed out we heard him say,
  "Pray, leave me here awhile alone,
Here in my old place let me stay,
  Just as I did in years long flown."
Our tutor smiled, and bowed assent,
  Rose courteous from his high-backed chair,
And down the darkening stairs he went,
  Leaving the old professor there.

* * * *

From out the shadows faces seemed
  To look on him in his old place,
Fresh faces that with radiance beamed—
  Radiance of boyish hope and grace:

And faces that had lost their youth,
Although in years they still were young;
And faces o'er whose love and truth
The funeral anthem had been sung.

"These are my boys," he murmured then;
"My boys, as in the years long past;
Though some are angels, others men,
Still as my boys I hold them fast.
There's one don't know his lesson now,
That one of me is making fun,
And that one's cheating—ah! I see—
I see and love them every one.

"And is it, then, so long ago
This chapter in my life was told?
Did all of them thus come and go,
And have I really grown so old?
No! here are my old pains and joys,
My book once more is in my hand,
Once more I hear these very boys,
And seek their hearts to understand."

* * * *

They found him there, with open book,
And eyes closed with a calm content;
The same old sweetness in his look
There used to be when fellows went
To ask him questions and to talk,
When recitations were all o'er;
We saw him in the college walk
And in his former place no more.

KENTUCKY BELLE.—Constance F. Woolson.

Summer of 'sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone away—
Gone to the county-town, sir, to sell our first load of hay—
We lived in the log house yonder, poor as ever you've seen;
Röschen there was a baby, and I was only nineteen.

Conrad, he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle.
How much we thought of Kentuck, I couldn't begin to tell—
Came from the Blue-Grass country; my father gave her to me
When I rode North with Conrad, away from the Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio—a German he is, you know—
The house stood in broad corn-fields, stretching on, row after row.
The old folks made me welcome; they were kind as kind could be;
But I kept longing, longing, for the hills of the Tennessee.

Oh! for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill!
Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never is still!
But the level land went stretching away to meet the sky—
Never a rise, from north to south, to rest the weary eye!

From east to west, no river to shine out under the moon,
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon:
Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out, all forlorn;
Only the "rustle, rustle," as I walked among the corn.

When I fell sick with pining, we didn't wait any more,
But moved away from the corn-lands, out to this river-shore—
The Tuscarawas it's called, sir—off there's a hill, you see—
And now I've grown to like it next best to the Tennessee.

I was at work that morning. Some one came riding like mad
Over the bridge and up the road—Farmer Rouf's little lad.
Bareback he rode; he had no hat; he hardly stopped to say,
"Morgan's men are coming, Frau; they're galloping on this way.

"I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He isn't a mile behind;
He sweeps up all the horses—every horse that he can find.
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie-knives and pistols, are galloping up the glen!"

The lad rode down the valley, and I stood still at the door;
The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools on the floor;
Kentuck was out in the pasture; Conrad, my man was gone.
Near, nearer, Morgan's men were galloping, galloping on!

Sudden I picked up baby, and ran to the pasture-bar.
"Kentuck!" I called—"Kentucky!" She knew me ever so far!
I led her down the gully that turns off there to the right,
And tied her to the bushes; her head was just out of sight.

As I ran back to the log house, at once there came a sound—
The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling over the ground—
Coming into the turnpike out from the White-Woman Glen—
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men.

As near they drew and nearer, my heart beat fast in alarm;
But still I stood in the door-way with baby on my arm.
They came; they passed; with spur and whip in haste they sped along--
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and his band, six hundred strong.

Weary they looked and jaded, riding through night and through day;
Pushing on East to the river, many long miles away,
To the border-strip where Virginia runs up into the West,
And fording the Upper Ohio before they could stop to rest.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode in advance;
Bright were his eyes like live coals, as he gave me a sideways glance;
And I was just breathing freely, after my choking pain,
When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce dared look in his face,
As he asked for a drink of water, and glanced around the place.
I gave him a cup, and he smiled—'twas only a boy, you see;
Faint and worn, with dim-blue eyes; and he'd sailed on the Tennessee.

Only sixteen he was, sir—a fond mother's only son—
Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun!
The damp drops stood on his temples; drawn was the boyish mouth;
And I thought me of the mother waiting down in the South.

Oh! pluck was he to the backbone, and clear grit through and through;
Boasted and bragged like a trooper; but the big words wouldn't do;—
The boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as plain could be,
Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from the Tennessee.

But when I told the laddie that I too was from the South,
Water came in his dim eyes, and quivers around his mouth.
"Do you know the Blue-Grass country?" he wistful began to say;
Then swayed like a willow-sapling, and fainted dead away.

I had him into the log house, and worked and brought him to;
I fed him, and I coaxed him, as I thought his mother'd do;
And when the lad got better, and the noise in his head was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

"Oh, I must go," he muttered; "I must be up and away!
Morgan—Morgan is waiting for me! Oh, what will Morgan say?"
But I heard a sound of tramping and kept him back from the door—
The ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had heard before.

And on, on, came the soldiers—the Michigan cavalry—
And fast they rode, and black they looked, galloping rapidly,—
They had followed hard on Morgan's track; they had followed day and night;
But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they had never caught a sight.

And rich Ohio sat startled through all those summer days;
For strange, wild men were galloping over her broad highways—
Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north, now east, now west,
Through river-valleys and corn-land farms, sweeping away her best.

A bold ride and a long ride! But they were taken at last.
They almost reached the river by galloping hard and fast;
But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they gained the ford,
And Morgan, Morgan the raider, laid down his terrible sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening—kept him against his will—
But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale and still.
When it was cool and dusky—you'll wonder to hear me tell—
But I stole down to that gully, and brought up Kentucky Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead—my pretty gentle lass—
But I knew that she'd be happy back in the old Blue-Grass.
A suit of clothes of Conrad's, with all the money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the worn-out lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how;
The boy rode off with many thanks, and many a backward bow;
And then the glow it faded, and my heart began to swell,
As down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky Belle!

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was shining high;
Baby and I were both crying—I couldn't tell him why—
But a battered suit of rebel gray was hanging on the wall,
And a thin old horse, with drooping head, stood in Kentucky's stall.

Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard word to me;
He knew I couldn't help it—'twas all for the Tennessee.
But, after the war was over, just think what came to pass—
A letter, sir; and the two were safe back in the old Blue-Grass.

The lad had got across the border, riding Kentucky Belle;
And Kentuck she was thriving, and fat, and hearty, and well;
He cared for her, and kept her, nor touched her with whip or spur.
Ah! we've had many horses since, but never a horse like her!

THE KING'S PICTURE.—Helen B. Bostwick.

There is in every human being, however ignoble, some hint of perfection; some one place where—as we may fancy—the veil is thin which hides the divinity behind it.—Confucian Classice.

The king from his council chamber
Came weary and sore of heart;
He called for Iliff the painter,
And spake to him thus apart:
"I am sickened of faces ignoble,
Hypocrites, cowards, and knaves!
I shall shrink to their shrunken measure,
Chief slave in a realm of slaves!

"Paint me a true man's picture,
Gracious and wise and good;
Endowed with the strength of heroes,
And the beauty of womanhood;
It shall hang in my inmost chamber,
That thither when I retire,
It may fill my soul with grandeur
And warm it with sacred fire."

So the artist painted the picture,
And hung it in the palace hall;
Never a thing so goodly
Had garnished the stately wall.
The king, with head uncovered,
Gazed on it with rapt delight,
Till it suddenly wore strange meaning,
And baffled his questioning sight.

For the form was his supplest courtier's,
Perfect in every limb!
But the bearing was that of the henchman
Who filled the flagons for him;

The brow was a priest's who pondered
His parchments early and late;
The eye was a wandering minstrel's
Who sang at the palace gate.

The lips, half sad and half mirthful,
With a flitting, tremulous grace,
Were the very lips of a woman
He had kissed in the market place;
But the smile which her curves transfigured,
As a rose with its shimmer of dew,
Was the smile of the wife who loved him,
Queen Ethelyn, good and true.

Then "Learn, O King," said the artist,
"This truth that the picture tells—
How, that in every form of the human,
Some hint of the highest dwells;
How, scanning each living temple
For the place where the veil is thin,
We may gather, by beautiful glimpses,
The form of the God within."

SHE WANTED AN EPITAPH.

She came in from the country a few days ago and ordered a head-stone for the grave of her departed husband. The marble-cutter was to have it all ready yesterday, when she was to come in again with the inscription, have the letters carved on and take the stone away.

She was on time, but she wore an anxious, troubled look, having failed to write up such a notice as she thought the stone ought to bear.

"I want suthin' that'll do my poor dead Homer justiss," she explained to the marble-cutter. "I think I ought to have one or two verses of poetry, and then a line or two at the bottom—suthin' like 'Meet me on the other shore,' you know."

The cutter said he thought he could get up something, and she entered the office and he took out twenty-three sheets of foolscap and three pen-holders and set to work, while she held her breath for fear of disturbing his thoughts. He

ground away for awhile, scratched out and wrote in, and finally said he'd got the neatest thing that ever went upon white marble. It read:

IN MEMORY
of
HOMER CLINK,
who died
October 13, 1873,
Aged 41 years, 7 months, 21 days.

My husband was a noble man,
Of me he lots did think;
And I'll never see another man
Like my dear Homer Clink.

"Isn't that bully?" asked the man as he finished reading the inscription.

"It's purty fair, but——," replied the widow.

"But what, madam?"

"Why, you see, he was good and kind, and was allus hum nights, and all that, but I *may* find another man just as good, you know. I have said that I wouldn't marry again, but I may change my mind, and I guess we'd better tinker up that verse a little. And besides, you didn't get anything on the bottom."

She went out and rambled among the tombstones, while the cutter ground away again, and just as she had become interested in a dog-fight he called her in and read the new inscription. The first part was as before, but his poetry read:

My husband is dead,
My poor Homer Clink,
And in the cold ground they have laid him;
He was always home nights,
Never got into fights,
But death came along and betrayed him.

I shall meet him on the other shore where all is lovely,
and where sickness never comes.

"There, how's that?" inquired the poet, a bland smile covering his face. "Seems to me as if that went right to the heart."

The woman took the paper, read the notice over four or five times, and finally said:

"I don't want to seem partickler about this, and I know I'm makin' a good deal of trouble. That would do for most any one else—its the real poetry, but I'd like suthin' kinder different, somehow. He was a noble man. He never gave me a cross word in his life—not one. He'd be out of bed at

daylight, start the fire, and I never got up till I heard him grinding the coffee. He was a good provider, he was. He never bought any damaged goods because he could get 'em cheap, and he never scrimped me on sugar and tea, as some folks do. I can't help but weep when I think of him!"

She sobbed away for awhile, and then brightened up and said:

"Of course, I'll meet him in heaven. It's all right. As I told you, I may never marry again, though I can't tell what I'll be driven to. Just try once more."

She sat down to an old almanac, and the cutter resumed his pen. He seemed to get the right idea at once, and it wasn't fifteen minutes before he had the third notice ground out. It read:

IN MEMORY
of
HOMER CLINK,
who died
October 13, 1873,
Aged 41 years, 7 months, 21 days.

He was the kindest sort 'o man,
He was a good provider;
And when a friend asked him to drink
He always called for cider.

His wife she had a noble heart,
And though she may remarry;
Whene'er she thinks of Homer Clink
Her heart a sigh will carry.

"That's good—that just hits me!" exclaimed the widow, tears coming to her eyes. "I've got to go and do some trading, I'll be back in two hours. Put the inscription on handsome-like, and I shan't mind two dollars extra.

About noon her one-horse wagon backed up to the dealer's, and as the stone was loaded up the widow's face wore a quiet smile of satisfaction.

MORN.—Mrs. J. L. Gray.

Morn is the time to wake,
The eyelids to unclose,
Spring from the arms of sleep and break
The fetters of repose;
Walk at the dewy dawn abroad,
And hold sweet fellowship with God.

Morn is the time to pray;
How lovely and how sweet,
To send our earliest thoughts away,
Up to the mercy-seat!
Ambassadors, for us to claim
A blessing in our Master's name.

Morn is the time to sing;
How charming 'tis to hear
The mingling notes of Nature ring
In the delighted ear;
And with that swelling anthem raise
The soul's fresh matin-song of praise.

Morn is the time to sow
The seeds of heavenly truth,
While balmy breezes softly blow
Upon the soil of youth;
And look to thee, nor look in vain,
Our God, for sunshine and for rain!

Morn is the time to love;
As tendrils of the vine,
The young affections fondly rove
And seek them where to twine;
Around thyself, in thine embrace,
Lord, let them find their resting-place!

Morn is the time to shine,
When skies are clear and blue,
Reflect the rays of light divine,
As morning dew-drops do;
Like early stars be early bright,
And melt away like them in light.

Morn is the time to weep
O'er morning hours misspent;
Alas! how oft from peaceful sleep,
On folly madly bent,
We've left the straight and narrow road,
And wandered from our guardian God!

Morn is the time to think,
While thoughts are fresh and free,
Of life, just balanced on the brink
Of dark eternity,
And ask our souls if they are meet
To stand before the judgment-seat.

Morn is the time to die,
Just at the dawn of day,
When stars are fading in the sky,
To fade like them away;

But lost in light more brilliant far,
Than ever merged the morning star.

Morn is the time to rise,
The resurrection morn,
Upspringing to the glorious skies
On new-found pinions borne,
To meet a Saviour's smile divine;—
Be such ecstatic rising mine!

NIGHT.—James Montgomery.

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose;
Stretch the tired limbs and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife;
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are.

Night is the time for toil;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young, like things of earth!

Night is the time to watch;
On ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings unto the homesick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;
Brooding on hours misspent,

To see the spectre of despair
  Come to our lonely tent:
Like Brutus, midst his slumbering host.
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse;
  Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views
  Beyond the starry pole,
Descries athwart the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
  Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away,—
  So will his followers do;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death;
  When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,—
  From sin and suffering cease;—
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends:—such death be mine.

THE MARCH OF MIND.—Milford Bard.*

"Look down, immortal Homer, from the skies,
And view another Greece in glory rise."

Wrapped in the mantle of imagination the traveler stands, in gloomy meditation, amid the ruins of ancient Greece. He looks down the tempestuous tide of time and views the wrecks of ages and of empires. He stands, with indescribable emotions, upon the crumbling fragments of grandeur where the hall of wisdom once stood, and the thunders of eloquence were heard. There, arose the sun of science on Athens' lofty towers; and there, the sidereal orbs of learning illuminated the world.

It was in Greece that the human mind emerged from the night of mental darkness, and severed the galling chain of tyrannical ignorance. Liberty is the daughter of light; she came forth in all her glory in the gardens of Greece. She

*Dr. John Loffland, who died in the year 1849.

flourished, and mankind stood astonished at the sublimity of her career. But where now is the glory of Greece? Where now is the land of science and of song? Where now are her brave warriors; her illustrious statesmen; her immortal poets? They have gone down the rapid tide of time, and have ceased to exist but on the scroll of fame. The lamp of learning has been extinguished, and mental darkness rests upon the bosom of her land. Gothic ignorance now dwells upon the ruins of Oriental greatness.

In the march of mind, Rome rose on the ruins of Greece, to wave her sceptre over the subjugated world. There Virgil strung his lyre to sing Æneas' fame; and there, Cicero shook the forum with the thunders of his eloquence, and struck terror to the hearts of tyrants. Rome, then, was the mistress of the world, and on her walls waved the flags of all nations. The mighty Hannibal lifted his arm against her, but she crushed it; and Carthage, so long victorious, fell before her.

Cæsar then lived; his path was conquest, and dreadful was the fate of that warrior who dared the vengeance of his arm. But where now is Cæsar?—and where is Cicero? Alas, they have been murdered! And where now is mighty Rome? She has been thrown over the precipice of faction and lost in the whirlpool of anarchy. A barbarian torrent has overrun the blooming gardens of Italy; the Goth and the Vandal have prostrated her glory forever. The brilliant sun of science, that rose on the gardens of Greece, was destined to shine on the ruins of Rome, and then to go down in the night of time to arise in another hemisphere.

In the march of mind, France, plunging into the vortex of a bloody revolution, arrests the attention. Napoleon rose, like a giant from his slumber, and seated himself on the throne of the Bourbons. He pointed the thunder of his artillery at Italy, and she fell before him. He leveled his lightning at Spain and she trembled. He sounded the knell of vengeance on the plains of Austerlitz, and all Europe was at his feet. He was greater than Cæsar; he was greater than Alexander. But where now is the French Emperor? Where now is Napoleon Bonaparte? He has fallen from the throne of the Czars, on which he seated himself in Moscow. The

tremendous military drama has closed, and the great tragedian has left the stage forever. His race was short, but it was brilliant—like the bright meteor that flames along the horizon for a moment, and then disappears. The Lion of England triumphed over the fallen Tiger of Corsica, but his fame is immortal.

The march of mind is now advaneing on the shores of America. On the ruins of an Indian empire a great republic has arisen to illuminate the world. But where are the aborigines of the western world? A pilgrim bark, deeply freighted from the East, came darkening on their shores. They yielded not their empire tamely, but they could not stand against the sons of light. With slow and solitary steps they took up their mournful march to the West, and yielded, with a broken heart, their native hills to another race. Before the vietorious mareh of mind, they have been driven from their native haunts, to the margin of the great Paeific.

The great flood of time will roll on until the Aborigines are swept from the faee of the earth forever. Ere long, not one lone trace of them will remain, save the mausoleum of the warrior, and the page on which his exploits are recorded. The last child of the forest will soon climb his native mountain to view the setting sun of Indian glory. And there shall he bow his knee, the last time, to the sun as he sinks behind his lonely eottage, and worship the Great Spirit of the waters, and the genius of storm and darkness.

Where the couneil-fires blazed, the tall temple, dedicated to God, now glitters in the setting sun; and the river, once unrippled but by the Indian eanoe, is now white with the sails of eommerce. The plowshare hath passed over the bones of the Red Man's ancestors, and the golden harvest waves over their tombs. The march of mind hath been to them the march to the grave. When ages shall have rolled away, and some youth shall ask his agéd sire where the wigwam stood, he shall point to some flourishing city on the banks of the stream where once the Indian hunter bathed and viewed his manly limbs.

By wisdom, industry, and valor, the Republic of the United States has arisen to stand against the world. The

forest has fallen before her hardy sons; the yelling savage has been tamed, and the Lion of England driven from her shores. Her government is superior to any in the world, and her country suffers not in comparison with any on the globe. The gardens of America are richly diversified with hills and dales, mountains and valleys, where Spring walks to strew the earth with flowers, romantic and beautifully sublime. Here are beautiful rivers, smoothly gliding through green meadows or pastoral elegance, where the shepherd hums to his fair one the song of liberty. Here, sparkling fountains roll down the flowery mountain side, and spread a thousand rainbows to the setting sun. Here, the roar of the headlong cataract is heard dashing its foaming billows down the rocks, like the crash of clouds, and stunning the ear with its clamors more tremendous than the roar of whirlwinds and storm.

It was in these scenes of poetry and romance that the Indian hunter once stood and gazed at his image. It was in these scenes that he heard the Great Spirit in the tempest, and saw him in the clouds. It was on the banks of the lonely stream that he bowed down in adoration before the sinking sun. Alas! it was here that he read his doom in the evening skies, and dropped a tear upon his country's tomb. But the council-fire has been extinguished, and the war-dance no longer echoes along the hills. In those beautiful scenes of poetry, the Indian lover no longer bows down and wooes his dusky mate. They have retired before the march of mind, as the shades of night before the brilliant luminary of day.

Liberty has walked forth in her sky-blue cap to charm mankind, and the rays of science and philosophy are shed abroad in the land. The day is rapidly approaching when the glory and grandeur of Greece will be revived in the western world; when America, thrice happy America, shall be denominated the land of science and of song! The idea is irresistible, that this land will yet be illuminated by a lamp of learning not inferior to those which shone on Greece and Rome. Another Homer may arise in the *West*, to sing the fame of his country, and immortalize himself; and our history may ere long be as romantic as that of Greece and Rome.

There is a tide in human affairs, and there is a tide of empire. It flows in rivers of prosperity until it is full; but when it ebbs, it ebbs forever. It would seem to the contemplative mind, as if there is a certain height to which republics shall aspire, and then be hurled into midnight darkness. The march of mind seems to attain a certain extent, and then return again to barbarism. The sun of science sets on one shore to rise in a happier clime. But, my country, ere thou shalt lay prostrate beneath the foot of tyranny and ignorance, this hand shall have mouldered into dust, and these eyes, which have seen thy glory, closed forever! The warlike sons of Indian glory sleep in their country's tomb, but that fate is not decreed to those who now tread where the wigwam stood and the council-fire blazed. American glory has but just dawned.

THE CHINESE DINNER.

A fact which occurred during Lord Macartney's embassy to China.

The feast prepared, the splendor round
Allowed the eye no rest;
The wealth of "Ormus and the Ind"
Appeared to greet the guest.

No idle tongue, no converse light,
The solemn silence broke,
Because 'tis famed our Englishman
No word of Chinese spoke.

Now here, now there, he picked a bit
Of what he could not name;
And all he knew was, that in fact,
They made him sick, the same.

Ching-Tau, his host, pressed on each dish,
With polished Chinese grace;
And much Ching thought he relished them,
At every ugly face.

At last he swore he'd eat no more,
('Twas written in his looks!)
"For zounds," said he, "the devil here,
Sends both the meat and cooks!"

But covers changed, he brightened up,
And thought himself in luck,
When close before him, what he saw
Seemed something like a duck.

Still cautious grown, and to be sure,
His brain he set to rack;
At length he turned to one behind,
And, pointing, cried "*Quack, quack?*"

The Chinese gravely shook his head,
Next made a reverent bow,
And then expressed what dish it was,
By uttering, "*Bow, wow, wow!*"

FOUR LIVES.—Garnet B. Freeman.

We sat in the light of the dying day—
Harold, Johnnie, Allie, and I—
Watching the sunset flush, then fade
From over the earth and sky;
Watching the bars of purple and gold
Grow deeper,—then pale, then die.

Harold was tall, and dark, and proud:
His cheek was bronzed by the Indian sun;
And on his bosom there gleamed a star—
The jeweled badge that his sword had won—
For he was a soldier, and this was a prize
From the hand of his king for service done.

John was a soldier too, but he fought
Under a banner of spotless white;
His Legion of Honor, the sign of the Cross;
The leader he followed, the Prince of Light.
His sword was the Word of the Living God,
His armor a faith that was strong and bright.

Allie was something—I do not know what—
A fairy—baby—woman—queen—
A pleading child that crept into your heart—
A haughty tyrant as ever was seen;
And we all three loved her, and loved her well,
But John loved her best of us all, I ween.

I told you we loved her, and Harold sued first,
Kneeling to offer his knightly name,
His grand old castle beside the Rhine,
His unsullied honor, his hard-earned fame,

His heart, that was pure as a man's could be—
All that pride could ask, or that love could claim.

But Allie said "No," and Harold went out
With a look of pain in his fierce, dark eye,
Like that of an eagle wounded that soars
Away to its eyrie on the cliff to die;
And he fell on a foreign field one day
When legions grew white at the battle-cry.

John asked her next, and she answered the same,
And he blessed her, and kissed her, and turned away;
But we saw him no more till he stood on the deck
Of a boat that lay rocked like a bird on the bay.
Now, tropical vines tangle over his grave,
And ocean-waves moan round his clay.

I would not speak. What was *I* that should dare
To rush where the angels had feared to tread?
I only looked down on my palsied limbs,
And bitterly wished in my heart I was dead.
I almost cursed God that he gave me a form
No woman living could love, or wed.

Then Allie came in her quiet way,
And knelt with her arms crossed over my knee,
While I smoothed the mass of her golden hair,
And said, "She can never be aught to me."
So we sat there in silence, and both looked out
At the troubled waves of the storm-tossed sea.

Then, I do not know how, but she caught my hand,
And 'twas covered with kisses again and again,
Passionate kisses, while broken words
Burst from her lips as from one in pain,
And tears rolled over her crimsoned cheeks,
Like the short-lived torrents of April rain.

I could scarcely believe when I understood
What it really was that the action meant;
Then I tenderly gathered her up in my arms,
Where she sobbed like the storm when its strength is spent;
While I said, with a reverent awe in the words,
"What have I done that this blessing is sent?"

That was years ago. Now Allie is dead;
She lies on the hill where that white cross stands;
And Harold and John rest far away,
With an ocean between them, in foreign lands;
And I'm waiting, impatient, the welcome day,
When over the River we'll all join hands.

A NAME IN THE SAND.—H. F. Gould.

Alone I walked the ocean strand;
A pearly shell was in my hand;
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name—the year—the day.
As onward from the spot I passed,
One lingering look behind I cast—
A wave came rolling, high and fast,
And washed my lines away.

And so, methought, 'twill shortly be
With every mark on earth from me;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time,—and been, to be no more;—
Of me, my name, the name I bore,
To leave no track nor trace.

And yet, with Him who counts the sands,
And holds the waters in His hands,
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name,
Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this thinking soul has thought,—
And from these fleeting moments caught,—
For glory or for shame.

THE TEACHER'S DREAM.—W. H. Venable.

The weary teacher sat alone
While twilight gathered on:
And not a sound was heard around,—
The boys and girls were gone.

The weary teacher sat alone,
Unnerved and pale was he;
Bowed 'neath a yoke of care, he spoke
In sad soliloquy:

"Another round, another round
Of labor thrown away,
Another chain of toil and pain
Dragged through a tedious day.

"Of no avail is constant zeal,
Love's sacrifice is lost,
The hopes of morn, so golden, turn,
Each evening, into dross.

"I squander on a barren field
My strength, my life, my all:
The seeds I sow will never grow,
They perish where they fall."

He sighed, and low upon his hands
His aching brow he pressed;
And o'er his frame ere long there came
A soothing sense of rest.

And then he lifted up his face,
But started back aghast,—
The room, by strange and sudden change,
Assumed proportions vast.

It seemed a Senate-hall, and one
Addressed a listening throng;
Each burning word all bosoms stirred,
Applause rose loud and long.

The 'wildered teacher thought he knew
The speaker's voice and look,
"And for his name," said he, "the same
Is in my record book."

The stately Senate-hall dissolved,
A church rose in its place,
Wherein there stood a man of God,
Dispensing words of grace.

And though he spoke in solemn tone,
And though his hair was gray,
The teacher's thought was strangely wrought:
"I whipped that boy to-day."

The church, a phantasm, vanished soon;
What saw the teacher then?
In classic gloom of alcoved room
An author plied his pen.

"My idlest lad!" the teacher said,
Filled with a new surprise—
"Shall I behold his name enrolled
Among the great and wise?"

The vision of a cottage home
The teacher now descried;
A mother's face illumed the place
Her influence sanctified.

"A miracle! a miracle!
This matron, well I know,
Was but a wild and careless child,
Not half an hour ago.

"And when she to her children speaks
Of duty's golden rule,
Her lips repeat in accents sweet,
My words to her at school."

The scene was changed again, and lo,
The school-house rude and old;
Upon the wall did darkness fall,
The evening air was cold.

"A dream!" the sleeper, waking, said,
Then paced along the floor,
And, whistling slow and soft and low,
He locked the school-house door.

And, walking home, his heart was full
Of peace and trust and praise;
And singing slow and soft and low,
Said, "After many days."

ADDRESS OF SPOTTYCUS.

It had been a circus day in East Kittery Centre. James Myers, the grand and awful tumbler, had amused the populace with the sports of the ring, to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The sounds of cavalry had died away; the roar of the ragged-tailed ourang-outang had ceased; the lanterns had been extinguished. The moon, piercing the impenetrable tissue of woolly clouds, showed her benevolent nature by silvering the brass buttons of a man going across the street, and casting its irradiant beams through an extensive aperture in the canvas, tipped the foam-capped waves in a bucket of dirty water with a wavy, mellowy light. No sound was heard, save the gentle breathings of the elephant, only answered at intervals by the pitiless moanings of the nine-legged calf in the side tent, which had been cruelly deprived of its supper. Under a cart, in one corner, a little band of acrobats were seated, their coun-

tenances still dirty from the agony of conflict, tobacco-juice running down their under lips, the daubs of paint still lingering on their brows, when Spottycus, the head clown, limping forth from amid the company, thus addressed them:

"Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call *him* chief, who, for three long weeks, has stumped every man, woman, child, and beast that has entered our show, to fight, and who never yet has run. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in Irish row or private fight, my actions did not confirm my tongue, let him step up and say it. If there be nine in all your company dare face me, let them come on! And yet I was not always thus,—a hired buffoon, a scaly chief of still more scaly men. My ancestors came from old Scarborough, and settled among the loose rocks and leafless groves of East Moluncus. My early life ran quiet as the puddle in which I played; and when, at noon, I gathered the hogs beneath the sunshine, and played upon a borrowed tuning-fork, there was a friend, the son of the man that lived in the next house, to join me in the pastime. We let our hogs into the same man's turnip-field, and partook together our rusty meal. One evening, after the hogs and hens were foddered, and we were all seated beneath the currant-bush which shaded our cottage, my great-grandsire, an *old* man, was telling of Marathon Crossing, and Thermopylæ Court-house, and Lucknow Corner, and the Aroostook war, in which he had been riddled with bullets; and how, on previous occasions, a little band of Choctaws had run before a big army. I knew not, till then, what war was; but then my undimpled cheeks did burn, and to show my newborn fire, I pulled the hair of that venerable man, until my mother, taking me by the nape of the neck, slapped my throbbing chops, and packed me off to bed, bidding me exercise no more my warlike spirit. That night a burglar entered our house. I saw my mother trampled on by the hoof of a big dog, the sleeping form of my father flung amid the blazing rafters of our hog-pen. These insults were too much. I left the vicinity and joined a circus.

"To-day, you know, I killed a hydrophobious dog in the arena; and when I gazed intently on him, behold! it was 'old dog Tray,' my old friend's dog. He made one pass at

me, bit a farewell hunk out of my leg, kicked, and died,—the same tail, shorter only by six inches, which he used to wear when he and his master and I, in adventurous infancy, scaled the picket-fence to pluck the first ripe potato-balls, and bear them home in childish exultation! I told the proprietor that the deceased had been my friend's dog, homely, faithful, and kind, and I begged that I might convey away the carcass to a taxidermist, and sell the skin for 'nippers.' Ay! upon my head, amid the blood and mud of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and mothers, and the scrabble, shouted in derision; deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see the prince of clowns turn red and grumble about the piece of bleeding dog-flesh. And the proprietor drew back, as I were dilution, and sternly said, 'Let the beast alone! It shall not be *mee(a)t* for you.' And so, fellow-acrobats, rusticusses, clowns, must you as well as I be bluffed by these covetous proprietors. O Rum, Rum! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou hast given to that indigent, unostentatious hog-boy, who never heard a louder noise than a thunderbolt, cast-iron muscles, and a heart of brick, taught him to run his hands within the mails and pocket cash, to run his sword against brick buildings and stone walls, to gaze into the bleared eyeballs of the fierce Khamscatkan woodpecker, even as a young lady upon an intimate cat! And he shall pay thee back as soon as the yellow Paddygumpus shall turn red as frothing logwood, and in its deepest juice the codfish lie cradled!

"Ye stand there now like rowdies, as ye are! There is no tin within your gaping pockets; and to-morrow, or next day, some rustic Polyphemus, breathing of onions from his infinite mouth, shall with his freckled fingers point at your red noses, and bet a three-cent piece on your head. Hark! Hear ye yon giraffe roaring in his hen-coop? 'Tis six weeks since he has tasted food; but to-morrow they will, as likely as not, give him your breakfast, and miserable fodder will it be for him, by the way. If ye know nothing at all, scarcely, work then like dogs, for almost nothing and board! If ye are men, follow me; leave the concern, run off with the horses, and set up for yourselves, as your ancestral grandfathers did at old Spoodinkum. Is Scarborough dead? Is

the old 'New England' that you drank to-day dried up within you, that ye do skulk and squat, like a be-horse-whipped pup beneath his master's barn? O fellow comrades, rusticusses, clowns! if we must turn inside out, let us do it for ourselves! If we must turn summersets for subsistence, let us do it under a clean tent, with horses that are not lame in more than three legs, ponies that have tails, and horses that haven't sore backs! Let us carve for ourselves, in the annals of cavalry, names which shall far transcend those of all that the world calls great, so that all the champions and knights of old,—Skipio, Alabamacanus, the Knights of Malta, the Arabian Nights, the Spanish Cid,—shall sink into insignificance before us. Let us spur on our painted-white steeds, till we reach the summit of equine renown."

THE BROWNS.—Thomas Dunn English.

Margery Brown in her arm-chair sits,
  Stitching and darning and patching for life;
The good woman seems at the end of her wits—
  No end to the toil of a mother and wife.
She'd like to be far from her home on the farm;
  She sighs for the pleasure and rush of the town;
She counts every stitch, and she longs to be rich—
  Pity the troubles of Margery Brown.

Here is a coat with a rent in the sleeve;
  Here is a sock with a hole in the toe;
This wants a patch on the arm, you perceive;
  That must be darned at once, whether or no.
It is patching and darning and sewing of rents,
  From dawn till the moment the sun goes down;
And all from those boys full of mischief and noise—
  Pity the troubles of Margery Brown.

Timothy Brown starts a-field in the morn,
  To follow the plough-tail for many an hour;
The drought has been curling the leaves of the corn,
  And stirring the ground meets the lack of a shower.
From the dawn of the day to the set of the sun,
  Through the terrible rays that pour fiercely down,
He treads in his toil o'er the parched dusty soil—
  Pity the troubles of Timothy Brown.

He reaches his home at the close of the day—
  The oven wood has to be chopped for next morn;
The horse must be given his oats and his hay,
  The cows have their mash, and the pigs get their corn.
He would like for a moment to glance at the news
  In the journal that yesterday came from the town;
But when he has fed, he must hurry to bed—
  Pity the troubles of Timothy Brown.

Riding along is the rich Hector Graeme,
  With his wife by his side; both are sickly and wan;
They have not a child left to carry their name—
  The one that they owned, to the churchyard has gone.
He looks at the boys perched aloft on the fence,
  She sees the stout wife in the skimpest of gowns—
"These have children and health!" and the people of wealth
  Envy the lot of those fortunate Browns.

I think that the world is made up just like this—
  Discontent gnaws the higher as well as the low;
The Browns think the Graemes reach the summit of bliss;
  The Graemes think the Browns are exempt from all woe.
We are all Browns or Graemes as our stations may be;
  We look to our crosses much more than our crowns;
And while Brown and his wife thus repine at their life,
  Graemes pass in their coaches and envy the Browns.

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not! The workings of his brain
  And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
  In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
  May be a token, that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
  With some infernal, fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

The fall thou darest to despise—
  Perchance the slackened angel's hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
  And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

CUT BEHIND.—T. DeWitt Talmage.

The scene opens on a clear, crisp morning. Two boys are running to get on the back of a carriage, whose wheels are spinning along the road. One of the boys, with a quick spring, succeeds. The other leaps, but fails, and falls on the part of the body where it is most appropriate to fall. No sooner has he struck the ground than he shouts to the driver of the carriage, "Cut behind!"

Human nature is the same in boy as in man—all running to gain the vehicle of success. Some are spry, and gain that for which they strive. Others are slow, and tumble down; they who fall crying out against those who mount, "Cut behind!"

A political office rolls past. A multitude spring to their feet, and the race is in. Only one of all the number reaches that for which he runs. No sooner does he gain the prize, and begin to wipe the sweat from his brow, and think how grand a thing it is to ride in popular preferment, than the disappointed candidates cry out, "Incompetency! Stupidity! Fraud! Now let the newspapers of the other political party 'cut behind.'"

There is a golden chariot of wealth rolling down the street. A thousand people are trying to catch it. They run; they jostle; they tread on each other. Push, and pull, and tug. Those talk most against riches who cannot get them. Clear the track for the racers! One of the thousand reaches the golden prize and mounts. Forthwith the air is full of cries, "Got it by fraud! Shoddy! Petroleum aristocracy! His father was a rag-picker! His mother was a washerwoman! I knew him when he blacked his own shoes! Pitch him off the back part of the golden chariot! Cut behind! cut behind!"

In many eyes success is a crime. "I do not like you," said the snow-flake to the snow-bird. "Why?" said the snow-bird. "Because," said the snow-flake, "you are going *up* and I am going *down*."

We have to state that the man in the carriage, on the crisp morning, though he had a long lash-whip, with which

he could have made the climbing boy yell most lustily, did not *cut behind.* He heard the shout in the rear, and said, "Good morning, my son. That is right; climb over and sit by me. Here are the reins; take hold and drive; was a boy myself once, and know what tickles youngsters."

Thank God, there are so many in the world that never "cut behind," but are ready to give a fellow a ride whenever he wants it. There are hundreds of people whose chief joy it is to help others on. Now it is a smile, now a good word, now ten dollars. When such a kind man has ridden to the end of the earthly road, it will be pleasant to hang up the whip with which he drove the enterprises of a lifetime, and feel that with it he never "cut behind" at those who were struggling.

REV. OLEUS BACON, D.D.—IN MEMORIAM.

He was a lowly missionary,
And he sailed upon the sea,
As far as western longitude,
One hundred sixty-three.
Of such a portly presence,
And so unctuous was he,
There seemed no goodlier preacher
In all the presbytery.
But a very unfortunate person,
As all men must agree,
Was the Reverend Oleus Bacon,
To be sent upon a mission
To the islands near Feejee.

He was much too fleshy a person,
As any one might see;
I may say, in fact, he was corpulent
To the very last degree.
His cheeks were as plump as puddings,
His thighs were as fat as could be,
And his beautiful double chin reposed
Upon his bosom free;
And no man in his waistcoat
Ever buttoned so much as he,
This Reverend Oleus Bacon,
As was sent upon a mission
To the islands near Feejee.

It was all in a fore-and-aft schooner
That he sailed to that far countree,
And, according to Captain Simminson,
It was beautiful to see
How warmly those heathens welcomed him,
And how grateful they seemed to be,
And how, in their simple, innocent way
They patted him—now on his knee,
And now on his cheek, and now on his chin,
And, in short, made only too free
With the Reverend Oleus Bacon,
As was sent upon a mission
To the islands near Feejee.

But I have an affidavit
Captain Simminson took afore me,
(And Simminson is a Christian man,)
How standing that night on his lee,
And a-swearing up his canvas
All ready to put to sea,
He noticed a fire on the island
As was burning remarkably free;
But he had no idea that these rascals
Were a-makin' a fricassee
Of the Reverend Oleus Bacon
As was sent upon a mission
To the islands near Feejee.

But so it turned out; and therefore I say
As Simminson said to me,
If the Board of Foreign Missions
Had any eyes to see,
They'd never have sent a man out there
A missionary to be,
The make of whose person was tempting
In the very least degree,—
Or one as was anyway bulky at all,
Still less, one as bulky as he;—
This Reverend Oleus Bacon
As was sent upon a mission
To the islands near Feejee.

However, the Lord was in it,
At least, so it seems to me;
Or something about Mr. Bacon
As didn't at all agree
With the stomachs of those heathen men,
But made them uneasy be;
And I happen to know what that something was,
It was cavendish and rappee!

Nevertheless, it was somewhat unfortunate,
As most any man may see,
That the Reverend Oleus Bacon
Ever started on that mission
To the islands near Feejee.

EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.—Aytoun.

News of battle!—news of battle!
Hark! 'tis ringing down the street:
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle!—who hath brought it?
News of triumph!—who should bring
Tidings from our noble army,
Greetings from our gallant King!

All last night we watched the beacons
Blazing on the hills afar,
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
Message of the opened war;
All night long the northern streamers
Shot across the trembling sky:
Fearful lights, that never beacon
Save when kings or heroes die.

News of battle! who hath brought it?
All are thronging to the gate;
"Warder,—warder! open quickly!
Man,—is this a time to wait?"
And the heavy gates are opened:
Then a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder
Bursts from out the bending crowd;
For they see in battered harness
Only one hard-stricken man;
And his weary steed is wounded,
And his cheek is pale and wan;
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
In his weak and drooping hand—
What! can that be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the city band?

Round him crush the people, crying,
"Tell us all—Oh, tell us true!
Where are they who went to battle,
Randolph Murray, sworn to you?

Where are they, our brothers—children?
Have they met the English foe?
Why art thou alone, unfollowed?
Is it weal or is it woe?"

Like a corpse the grisly warrior
Looks from out his helm of steel;
But no word he speaks in answer—
Only with his armed heel
Chides his weary steed, and onward
Up the city-streets they ride;
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
Shrieking, praying by his side.
"By the God that made thee, Randolph!
Tell us what mischance hath come."
Then he lifts his riven banner,
And the askers' voice is dumb.

The elders of the city
Have met within their hall—
The men whom good King James had charged
To watch the tower and wall.
"Your hands are weak with age," he said,
"Your hearts are stout and true;
So bide ye in the Maiden town,
While others fight for you.
My trumpet from the Border-side
Shall send a blast so clear,
That all who wait within the gate
That stirring sound may hear.
Or, if it be the will of Heaven
That back I never come,
And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
Ye hear the English drum,—
Then let the warning bells ring out,
Then gird ye to the fray,
Then man the walls like burghers stout,
And fight while fight you may.
'Twere better that in fiery flame
The roof should thunder down,
Than that the foot of foreign foe
Should trample in the town!"

Then in came Randolph Murray,—
His step was slow and weak,
And as he doffed his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek:
They fell upon his corslet,
And on his mailéd hand,
As he gazed around him wistfully,
Leaning sorely on his brand.

And none who then beheld him
But straight were smote with fear,
For a bolder and a sterner man
Had never couched a spear.
They knew so sad a messenger
Some ghastly news must bring,
And all of them were fathers,
And their sons were with the King.

And up then rose the Provost—
A brave old man was he,
Of ancient name, and knightly fame,
And chivalrous degree.

Oh, woeful now was the old man's look,
And he spake right heavily:
"Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
However sharp they be!
Woe is written on thy visage,
Death is looking from thy face;
Speak! though it be of overthrow—
It cannot be disgrace!"

Right bitter was the agony
That wrung that soldier proud:
Thrice did he strive to answer,
And thrice he groaned aloud.
Then he gave the riven banner
To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying, "That is all I bring ye
From the bravest of the land!
Ay! ye may look upon it—
It was guarded well and long,
By your brothers and your children,
By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it,
As the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquered,
With their faces to the foe.

"Ay! ye well may look upon it—
There is more than honor there,
Else, be sure, I had not brought it
From the field of dark despair.
Never yet was royal banner
Steeped in such a costly dye;
It hath lain upon a bosom
Where no other shroud shall lie.
Sirs! I charge you, keep it holy,
Keep it as a sacred thing,
For the stain you see upon it
Was the life-blood of your king!"

Woe, woe, and lamentation!
What a piteous cry was there!
Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
Shrieking, sobbing in despair!

"Oh, the blackest day for Scotland
That she ever knew before!
Oh, our King! the good, the noble,
Shall we see him never more?
Woe to us, and woe to Scotland!
Oh, our sons, our sons and men!
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
Surely some will come again?"

Till the oak that fell last winter
Shall uprear its shattered stem,—
Wives and mothers of Dunedin,—
Ye may look in vain for them!

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.—C. F. Brown.

Where, where will be the birds that sing,
A hundred years to come?
The flowers that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy lips, the lofty brow,
The heart that beats so gayly now,
Oh, where will be love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smile, and sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold this crowded street
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet,
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
And childhood with its brow of truth;
The rich and poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come;
No living soul for us will weep,
A hundred years to come.
But other men our lands shall till,
And others, then, these streets will fill,
And other birds will sing as gay,
And bright the sun shine as to-day
A hundred years to come.

A STRANGER IN THE PEW.—Mary E. Dodge.

Poor little Bessie! She tossed back her curls,
And, though she is often the sweetest of girls,
This was something she couldn't and wouldn't endure;
'Twas the meanest, most impolitic act, she was sure,
And a thing, she declared, that *she* never would do;
To go to a church where one didn't belong,
Then walk down the aisle like the best in the throng,
And seat one's self plump in another one's pew.

Humph! Didn't her father own his, out and out;
And didn't they fill it up full, just about,
When mamma and papa, and herself and the boys,
Were seated? And didn't their boots make a noise
In moving along to make room for a stranger?
And wasn't it cool, with the brazenest face,
To expect at each hymn pa would find out the place?
(If Ben didn't, or Bob, but there wasn't much danger.)

With such feelings at heart, and their print on her face,
Last Sunday our Bessie hitched out of her "place"
To make room for a girl, very shabby and thin,
Who had stood in the aisle till mamma asked her in.
The poor little thing tried her best not to crowd;
And Bessie, forgetting, soon had the mishap
To slip from her drowsiness into a nap,
From which she awakened by crying aloud.

Poor Bessie sat upright, with cheeks all aflame
At sleeping in church, and we felt for her shame;
But 'twas strange at the close of the service to see
Our Bessie, now gentle as gentle could be,
Take the hand of the shabby young girl in the pew,
And walk with her out of the church with a smile
That shone through the tears in her eyes all the while,
And brightened her face with a radiance new.

"Good-by," whispered Bessie at parting, "and mind
Our pew's forty-five, with a pillar behind."
Then she stole to her mother: "O mother, I dreamed
Such a curious dream! 'Twas no wonder I screamed.
I thought I was sitting in church in this dress,
With a girl like a beggar-child right in our pew—
We were sitting alone in the seat, just we two—
And I felt more ashamed than you ever could guess;

"When all in a moment, the music grew loud,
And on it came floating a beautiful crowd;

They were angels, I knew, for they joined in the song,
And all of them seemed in the church to belong.
Slowly and brightly they sailed through the air;
The rays from the window streamed crimson and blue,
And lit them in turn as their forms glided through;
I could feel their soft robes passing over my hair.

"One came to my side. Very sadly she said,
'There's a stranger in here.' I lifted my head,
And looked at the poor shabby girl with disdain.
'"Tis not she,' said the angel; 'the haughty and vain
Are the strangers at church. She is humble and true.'
Then I cried out aloud, and the minister spoke,
And just as they floated away I awoke,
And there sat that dear little girl in our pew!"

—*Harper's Magazine.*

STORY OF THE LITTLE RID HIN.—Mrs. Whitney.

Well, thin, there'was once't upon a time, away off in the ould country, livin' all her lane in the woods, in a wee bit iv a house be herself, a little rid hin. Nice an' quite she was, and niver did no kind o' harrum in her life. An' there lived out over the hill, in a din o' the rocks, a crafty ould felly iv a fox. An' this same ould villain iv a fox, he laid awake o' nights, and he prowled round shly iv a day-time, thinkin' always so busy how he'd git the little rid hin, an' carry her home an' bile her up for his shupper. But the wise little rid hin niver went intil her bit iv a house, but she locked the door afther her, and pit the kay in her pocket. So the ould rashkill iv a fox, he watched, an' he prowled, an' he laid awake nights, till he came all to skin an' bone, an' sorra a ha'porth o' the little rid hin could he git at. But at lasht there came a shcame intil his wicked ould head, an' he tuk a big bag one mornin', over his shouldher, an' he says till his mother, says he, "Mother, have the pot all bilin' agin' I come home, for I'll bring the little rid hin to-night for our shupper." An' away he wint, over the hill, an' came crapin' shly an' soft through the woods to where the little rid hin lived in her shnug bit iv a house. An' shure, jist at the very minute that he got along, out comes the little rid

hin out iv the door, to pick up shticks to bile her tay-kettle. "Begorra, now, but I'll have yees," says the shly ould fox, an' in he shlips, unbeknownst, intil the house, an' hides behind the door. An' in comes the little rid hin, a minute afther, with her apron full of shticks, an' shuts to the door an' locks it, an' pits the kay in her pocket. An' thin she turns round, —an' there shtands the baste iv a fox in the corner. Well, thin, what did she do, but jist dhrop down her shticks, and fly up in a great fright and flutter to the big bame acrass inside o' the roof, where the fox couldn't git at her!

"Ah, ha!" says the ould fox, "I'll soon bring yees down out o' that!" An' he began to whirrul round, an' round, an' round, fashter, an' fashter, an' fashter, on the floor, afther his big, bushy tail, till the little rid hin got so dizzy wid lookin', that she jist tumbled down aff the bame, and the fox whipped her up and popped her intil his bag, and stharted off home in a minute. An' he wint up the wood, an down the wood, half the day long, with the little rid hin shut up shmotherin' in the bag. Sorra a know she knowd where she was at all, at all. She thought she was all biled an' ate up, an' finished shure! But, by an' by, she remimbered herself, an' pit her hand in her pocket, an' tuk out her little bright scissors, and shnipped a big hole in the bag behind, an' out she leapt, an' picked up a big shtone an' popped it intil the bag, an' rin aff home, an' locked the door.

An' the fox he tugged away up over the hill, with the big shtone at his back thumpin' his shouldhers, thinkin' to himself how heavy the little rid hin was, an' what a fine shupper he'd have. An' whin he came in sight iv his din in the rocks, and shpied his ould mother a watchin' for him at the door, he says, "Mother! have ye the pot bilin'?" An' the ould mother says, "Sure an' it is; an' have ye the little rid hin?" "Yes, jist here in me bag. Open the lid o' the pot till I pit her in," says he.

An' the ould mother fox she lifted the lid o' the pot, an' the rashkill untied the bag, and hild it over the pot o' bilin' wather, an' shuk in the big, heavy shtone. An' the bilin' wather shplashed up all over the rogue iv a fox, an' his mother, an schalded them both to death. An' the little rid hin lived safe in her house foriver afther.

IS THERE ROOM IN ANGEL LAND?

These lines were written after hearing the following touching incident related by a minister: A mother, who was preparing some flour to bake into bread, left it for a moment, when little Mary, with childish curiosity to see what it was, took hold of the dish, when it fell to the floor, spilling the contents. The mother struck the child a severe blow, saying, with anger, that she was always in the way. Two weeks after, little Mary sickened and died. On her death-bed, while delirious, she asked her mother if there would be room for her among the angels. "I was always in your way, mother; you had no room for little Mary! And will I be in the angels' way? Will they have room for me?" The broken-hearted mother then felt no sacrifice would be too great, could she have saved her child.

Is there room among the angels
For the spirit of your child?
Will they take your little Mary
In their loving arms so mild?
Will they ever love me fondly,
As my story-books have said?
Will they find a home for Mary—
Mary, numbered with the dead?
Tell me truly, darling mother!
Is there room for such as me?
Will I gain the home of spirits,
And the shining angels see?

I have sorely tried you, mother,
Been to you a constant care,
And you will not miss me, mother,
When I dwell among the fair;
For you have no room for Mary;
She was ever in your way;
And she fears the good will shun her!
Will they, darling mother, say?
Tell me—tell me truly—mother,
Ere life's closing hour doth come,
Do you think that they will keep me,
In the shining angels' home?

I was not so wayward, mother,
Not so very—very bad,
But that tender love would nourish,
And make Mary's heart so glad!
Oh! I yearned for pure affection,
In this world of bitter woe;
And I long for bliss immortal,
In the land where I must go!
Tell me once again, dear mother,
Ere you take the parting kiss,
Will the angels bid me welcome,
To that land of perfect bliss?

THE BLACKSMITH OF RAGENBACH.

FRANK MURRAY.

In a little German village,
On the waters of the Rhine;
Gay and joyous in their pastimes,
In the pleasant vintage time;
Were a group of happy peasants,
For the day released from toil,
Thanking God for all His goodness
In the product of their soil;

When a cry rung through the welkin,
And appeared upon the scene,
A panting dog with crest erect,
Foaming mouth and savage mien;
He is *mad*, was shrieked in chorus,
In dismay they all fell back,
All--except one towering figure,
'Twas the *smith* of Ragenbach.

God had given this man His image,
Nature stamped him as complete,
Now it was incumbent on him,
To perform a greater feat
Than Horatius at the bridge,
When he stood on Tiber's bank,
For behind him were his townsfolk,
Who, appalled with terror, sank

From the most appalling danger,—
That which makes the bravest quail,—
While they all were grouped together,
Shaking limbs and visage pale.
For a moment cowered the beast,
Snapping to the left and right,
While the blacksmith stood before him
In the power of his might.

"*One* must die to save the many,
Let it then my duty be,
I've the power, fear not, neighbors;
From this peril you'll be free."
As the lightning from the storm-cloud
Leaps to earth with sudden crash,
So upon the rabid monster
Did this man and hero dash.

In the death-grip then they struggled,
Man and dog with scarce a sound,

Till from out the fearful conflict
Rose the man from off the ground;
Gashed and gory from the struggle,
But the beast lay stiff and dead:
There he stood while people gathered
And rained blessings on his head.

"Friends," he said, "from one great peril
With God's help I've set you free,
But my task is not yet ended,
There is danger now in *me*.
Yet secure from harm you shall be,
None need fear before I die:
That my sufferings may be shortened,
Ask of *Him* who rules on high."

Then unto his forge he straightway
Walked erect with rapid step,
While the people followed after,
Some with shouts while others wept,
And with nerve as steady as when
He had plied his trade for gain,
He selected without faltering
From his store, the heaviest chain.

To his anvil first he bound it,
Next his limb he shackled fast,
Then he said unto his townsfolk,
"All your danger now is past.
Place within my reach, I pray you,
Food and water for a time;
Until God shall ease my sufferings
By His gracious will divine.

Long he suffered, but at last
Came a summons from on high,
Then his soul with angel escort,
Sought its home beyond the sky;
And the people of that village,
Those whom he had died to save,
Still with grateful hearts assemble,
And with flowers bedeck his grave.

THE BETTER LAND.

A father and mother, with their two children, once lived on an uncultivated island far out in the ocean, where they had been cast by a shipwreck. Roots and herbs served them

for sustenance, a spring supplied them with drink, and they were sheltered in a cavern in the rocks.

The children could not remember how they came to this island; they knew nothing of the main land, and bread, milk, fruit, and all else that could be procured in it for their nourishment and enjoyment, were to them wholly unknown.

Having no definite knowledge of a better land, or mode of living, they were contented with the miserable shelter, the fare and enjoyments the poor island supplied, and when their parents spoke to them of the beautiful groves, rivulets and gardens the main land abounded in they thought they were not half so enjoyable as the sandy beach, stunted shrubs and naked rocks among which they spent all their hours.

Their appetite was never satisfied, for the roots and herbs they subsisted on were far from their cave and were hard to get; but though it required all the time that could be spared from their sleeping hours to search and dig for their pitiful subsistence, yet they took no pleasure in anticipating with their parents their deliverance from so poor a habitation, and so mean and precarious a living.

The terrific storms that raged around its shores, and the sultry sun that burned the sand and rocks when there was a calm, did not seem to them less enjoyable, than the refreshing dews, cool shades, and moderate temperature of their parents' land; and the beautiful flowers, golden fruits and mellow toned birds their father told them about did not possess so much interest for them as the smooth stones on their beech, and the hoarse screams of the sea birds that flew about their small and bleak world.

At last a skiff with four black-a-moors in it landed one day on the island.

The parents rejoiced at this, hoping that now their deliverance was near, and while the boat was approaching, they had again told their children of the beauties and joys with which their native land abounded, so that their minds would forget the scenes of their childish cares in anticipation of new and more exciting pleasures in the land to which they were going. But the boat was too small to take more than one besides its crew, and the black-a-moors said they would only take the father with them, but would soon return for the rest and take them one by one.

The mother and children began to wail and lament when they saw him approaching the frail, thin-planked vessel, to step into it and trust himself in it on so boundless and perilous an ocean, and the four black oarsmen stand by ready to push off from the shore and launch into the vast deep, whose storms had so often seemed to shake the island to its foundation.

He turned to them as he came to the water's edge, and said, "Weep not, my children, I am going to my native land of which I have so often told you, and I will soon send for you, and you shall all come to me and enjoy its delights and richness with me."

But after the boat was lost to their sight below the horizon, and their grief became more calm, they remembered what their father had often told them about the distant country, and asked their mother more of its nature and appearance. The poor island, which had afforded them a temporary shelter and living, seemed no longer a place where they could be contented to spend all their days in, and they often thought of their father's parting words, and the beautiful vessel he was to bring for their voyage over the deep ocean.

But it was the same boat that came again, and at this time the black-a-moors said they could take only one, and that must be their mother. Again the children cried and lamented at the departure of their other parent, but she turned to them and said, "Weep not, dear children; in the better land, which is our native country, we shall all meet and be happy again; think of your father and me, and be ready to come together, when we shall send for you."

After her departure the children lost all interest in their youthful objects of admiration, and giving only so much of their thoughts to their island home as was necessary to afford them a subsistence, until the boat returned, they conversed with each other constantly on those beautiful things they heard their parents speak of, and held themselves in constant readiness to leave the island and go to their father's land when the black-a-moors came for them.

At last the skiff came to take the two children away, and though they willingly went, they shivered and trembled as

the four black men took hold of them, and handed them into the boat, for their long voyage over the deep, unknown sea.

But their joy was unbounded when they saw their father and mother waiting for them on the far off shore; who, after they had welcomed them, took them by the hands and led them under the shade of a high palm tree, and set honey and delicious fruits on the flowery turf before them. "Oh, how poor and bitter were our roots," said the children to each other, "not frightened, but rejoiced, should we have been when the black men came to take us from that island and to bring us to this better and more beautiful land."

"Dear children," said the father, "our deliverance from the poor island to this beautiful land, has yet a higher significance to us than you see. There lies before us a still longer voyage, but also a more beautiful shore. The whole earth upon which we live is but an island also, and the heavenly land to which we are going is typified by this beautiful country. The sea we must cross again is death, but when the hour comes for the four black men and their boat, to take us over it, weep not though your mother and I should go first, and do not tremble when it comes your turn to go, for death is to the righteous but a voyage to a better land."

A DOKETOR'S DRUBBLES.—Geo. M. Warren.

I youst to bin a doketor vonce,
  Vat koored all kints ov gases,
Und in my bragtis I have met
  A goot mainy *deaferent* fases.

Vor dwendy milse round vere I leved,
  De beeple vas gwite seekly;—
Boud vonce a veek I galled arount,
  Und zo I vound um veekly.

Soam vas seek mit vone decease,—
  Und soam dey had anoder,
Und soam you vooden't doght vood leve
  Vrom one ent do de oder.

Bud pooty soon I vound dot oud
  My bocket book vas dhry,
Und also my oxpensays
  Vas runing oval high.

So I vent oud gollecting,
Bud aifery vere I vent,
My batients vas oxhorseted,—
Dey vas not vort a cendt.

Und I vent und seed vone men,
He vas briefing hees preath lasht;
I doght de gwicker I got dot,
De sooner it vas kashed.

So I showed de men hees node,
Und I dold heem do pay;
Hees dime vas shoost up,
Dot vos hees lasht tay.

Hees hands vas in each bocked,
Und dots vy I doght so sdrange,
He died—und hees lasht vords vas,
"I don'd veel ainy shange."

Und vone sed do me, "Doketor
Howefer can I pay?
You know dot I'm not aple—
I'm *vailing* afery tay."

Und anoder vailer dold me,
"Shoost valk you ride avay;
You got dot oll vat's due you
Ven comes de shoodgment-tay."

I eshked vone men vor hees sheck,
Id vas yoost pefore hees deadth;
But I vound he hadn't no dime,
He vas drawing hees lasht breadth.

Und I found *dish wash* de drubble—
Een my kase ainy vay—
De beeple vot I doketored
Heddent *cents* enoff to bay.

You'f hurt dot goot old sayink,
Verein dot goot pook says—
I dink id combs out desewise—
"Soam rools ken vork bote vays."

Und so it ess mit de doketor
Of he eshkt a man to bay,
Und he tails him "I ken't do id,"
Hees shoor to die dot day.

I vent beck to my offus,
Veeling dired dru und dru;
Und togedder mit dese drubble
I vash med and shleeby doo.

I lade down on de sofy,
  Und dried to haive a shnooze;
Bud een a doketors' offus
  Dot didn't vas no youse.

I hurt soam kolling "Doketor!"
  Und I run ub do my shbout,
Und dese vords vent his ears down:
  "*Vats de metter mit your mout?*"

Und den dot failer holleret,—
  Hees woice vas shdrong und glear,
Und dese vords vent de shpout oop,
  "Dooce Dr. Sholtz leve hier?"

Und gwickly beck my an-swear
  Dot shbout vas goin dro:
"Dr. Sholtz, dot vas my name, sir,
  Vat vood you hev me doo?"

"Now let me eshk you doketor;
  You shoore I'fe got dot righd?
Ish your name *Dr. Vriederick Sholtz?*"
  Hee yelt mit oll hees mighd.

I doght dot men vas crazy—
  Oar meppy he vas dight.
I sed, "Yaas—'tvas Doketor Vriederick Sholtz,
  Vat you vant dese dime off nighd?"

Und I vas zo oxtonished,
  Bud de naixt dings vat I hear
'en dot failer dold me "Doketor,
  How long hev you leefed hier?"

Un den I vas oxcited,
  I felt yooust like a row;
I sed, "I'fe leefed hier dwendy years.
Vat you vant ainyhow?"

Dot men he vas a villane,
  Und dot's yoost vat I kin brove;
He singed oud to me lowdly,
  "Vat's de reason you dond moofe!"

I run down dru de sdhairvay,
  Und oud into de shdreed,
Bud I only hurt de bavemends
  Klattering fashd agenshd hees feed.

I reely dink sooch ekshuns
  Shoot not be oferlooked;
Of I kood kaitch dot failer—
  Py cosh, hees coose vas kooked!

Now I vood say doo de doketors,
  Yoost pefore id vas doo late,
Dond naifer loose your batients,
  Und you'll suckseed fushtrate.

No metter vots de reason,
  You naifer shood get vexed;
You may loose your bay in dese vorldt,
  Bud you'll get id in de next.

DIMES AND DOLLARS.—Henry Mills.

"Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!"
Thus an old miser rang the chimes,
As he sat by the side of an open box,
With ironed angles and massive locks:
And he heaped the glittering coin on high,
And cried in delirious ecstasy—
"Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
Ye are the ladders by which man climbs
Over his fellows. Musical chimes!
Dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!"

A sound on the gong, and the miser rose,
And his laden coffer did quickly close,
And locked secure. "These are the times
For a man to look after his dollars and dimes.
A letter! Ha! from my prodigal son.
The old tale—poverty. Pshaw, begone!
Why did he marry when I forbade?
As he has sown, so he must reap;
But I my dollars secure will keep.
A sickly wife and starving times?
He should have wed with dollars and dimes."

Thickly the hour of midnight fell;
Doors and windows were bolted well.
"Ha!" cried the miser, "not so bad:—
A thousand dollars to-day I've made.
Money makes money; these are the times
To double and treble the dollars and dimes.
Now to sleep, and to-morrow to plan;—
Rest is sweet to a wearied man."
And he fell asleep with the midnight chimes—
Dreaming of glittering dollars and dimes.

The sun rose high, and its beaming ray
Into the miser's room found way,
It moved from the foot till it lit the head
Of the miser's low uncurtained bed;
And it seemed to say to him, "Sluggard, awake;
Thou hast a thousand dollars to make!
Up, man, up!" How still was the place,
As the bright ray fell on the miser's face!
Ha! the old miser at last is dead.
Dreaming of gold, his spirit fled,
And he left behind but an earthly clod
Akin to the dross that he made his god.

What now avails the chinking chimes
Of dimes and dollars! dollars and dimes!
Men of the times! men of the times!
Content may not rest with dollars and dimes.
Use them well, and their use sublimes
The mineral dross of the dollars and dimes.
Use them ill, and a thousand crimes
Spring from a coffer of dollars and dimes.
Men of the times! men of the times!
Let Charity dwell with your dollars and dimes.

ETERNAL JUSTICE.—Charles Mackay.

The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot, plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distil;
For him the axe be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared:
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite and lies,
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

Pace through thy cell, old Socrates,
Cheerily to and fro;
Trust to the impulse of thy soul
And let the poison flow.

They may shatter to earth the lamp of clay
That holds a light divine,
But they cannot quench the fire of thought
By any such deadly wine;
They cannot blot thy spoken words
From the memory of man,
By all the poison ever was brewed
Since time its course began.
To-day abhorred, to-morrow adored,
So round and round we run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

Plod in thy cave, gray anchorite:
Be wiser than thy peers;
Augment the range of human power,
And trust to coming years.
They may call thee wizard, and monk accursed,
And load thee with dispraise:
Thou wert born five hundred years too soon
For the comfort of thy days.
But not too soon for human kind:
Time hath reward in store;
And the demons of our sires become
The saints that we adore.
The blind can see, the slave is lord;
So round and round we run,
And ever the wrong is proved to be wrong,
And ever is justice done.

Keep, Galileo, to thy thought,
And nerve thy soul to bear;
They may gloat o'er the senseless words they wring
From the pangs of thy despair:
They may veil their eyes, but they cannot hide
The sun's meridian glow;
The heel of a priest may tread thee down,
And a tyrant work thee woe;
But never a truth has been destroyed:
They may curse it and call it crime;
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay
Its teachers for a time.
But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
As round and round we run,
And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done.

And live there *now* such men as these—
With thoughts like the great of old?
Many have died in their misery,
And left their thought untold;

And many live, and are ranked as mad,
And placed in the cold world's ban,
For sending their bright far-seeing souls
Three centuries in the van.
They toil in penury and grief,
Unknown, if not maligned;
Forlorn, forlorn, bearing the scorn
Of the meanest of mankind,
But yet the world goes round and round,
And the genial seasons run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

THE FAST MAIL AND THE STAGE.—John H. Yates.

Lay by the weekly, Betsey, it's old like you and I,
And read the morning's daily, with its pages scarcely dry.
While you and I were sleepin', they were printing them to-day,
In the city by the ocean, several hundred miles away.

"How'd I get it?" Bless you Betsey, you needn't doubt and laugh;
It didn't drop down from the clouds nor come by telegraph;
I got it by the lightning mail we've read about you know,
The mail that Jonathan got up about a month ago.

We farmers livin' 'round the hill went to the town to-day
To see the fast mail catch the bags that hung beside the way;
Quick as a flash from thundering clouds, whose tempest swept the sky,
The bags were caught on board the train as it went roarin' by.

We are seein' many changes in our fast declinin' years;
Strange rumors now are soundin' in our hard-of-hearin' ears.
Ere the sleep that knows no wakin' comes to waft us o'er the stream,
Some great power may be takin' all the self-conceit from steam.

Well do we remember, Betsey, when the post-man carried mails,
Ridin' horseback through the forest 'long the lonely Indian trails,
How impatiently we waited—we were earnest lovers then—
For our letters comin' slowly, many miles through wood and glen.

Many times, you know, we missed them—for the post-man never came—
Then, not knowin' what had happened, we did each the other blame;
Long those lover quarrels lasted, but the God who melts the proud
Brought our strayin' hearts together and let sunshine through the cloud.

Then at last the tidings reached us that the faithful post-man fell
Before the forest savage with his wild terrific yell,
And your letters lay and moldered, while the sweet birds sang above,
And I was sayin' bitter things about a woman's love.

Long and tedious were the journeys—few and far between, the mails,
In the days when we were courtin'—when we thrashed with wooden flails;
Now the white winged cars are flyin' 'long the shores of in land seas,
And younger lovers read *their* letters 'mid luxury and ease.

We have witnessed many changes in our three-score years and ten;
We no longer sit and wonder at the discoveries of men;
In the shadow of life's evenin' we rejoice that our boys
Are not called to meet the hardships that embittered half our joys.

Like the old mail through the forest, youthful years go slowly by;
Like the fast mail of the present, manhood's years how swift they fly;
We are sitting in the shadows; soon shall break life's brittle cord—
Soon shall come the welcome summons by the fast mail of the Lord.

HOW WE HUNTED A MOUSE.—Joshua Jenkins.

I was dozing comfortably in my easy chair, and dreaming of the good times which I hope are coming, when there fell upon my ears a most startling scream. It was the voice of

my Maria Ann in agony. The voice came from the kitchen, and to the kitchen I rushed. The idolized form of my Maria was perched on a chair, and she was flourishing an iron spoon in all directions, and shouting "shoo," in a general manner at everything in the room. To my anxious inquiries as to what was the matter, she screamed, "O Joshua! a mouse, shoo—wha—shoo—a great—ya, shoo—horrid mouse, and—she—ew—it ran right out of the cupboard—shoo—go way—Oh mercy!—Joshua—shoo—kill it, oh, my—shoo."

All that fuss, you see, about one little, harmless mouse. Some women are so afraid of mice. Maria is. I got the poker and set myself to poke that mouse, and my wife jumped down and ran off into another room. I found the mouse in a corner under the sink. The first time I hit it I didn't poke it any on account of getting the poker all tangled up in a lot of dishes in the sink; and I did not hit it any more because the mouse would not stay still. It ran right toward me, and I naturally jumped, as anybody would, but I am not afraid of mice, and when the horrid thing ran up inside the leg of my pantaloons, I yelled to Maria because I was afraid it would gnaw a hole in my garment. There is something real disagreeable about having a mouse inside the leg of one's pantaloons, especially if there is nothing between you and the mouse. Its toes are cold, and its nails are scratchy, and its fur tickles, and its tail feels crawly, and there is nothing pleasant about it, and you are all the time afraid it will try to gnaw out, and begin on you instead of on the cloth. That mouse was next to me. I could feel its every motion with startling and suggestive distinctness. For these reasons I yelled to Maria, and as the case seemed urgent to me I may have yelled with a certain degree of vigor; but I deny that I yelled fire, and if I catch the boy who thought that I did, I shall inflict punishment on his person.

I did not lose my presence of mind for an instant. I caught the mouse just as it was clambering over my knee, and by pressing firmly on the outside of the cloth, I kept the animal a prisoner on the inside. I kept jumping around with all my might to confuse it, so that it would not think about biting, and I yelled so that the mice would not hear its

squeaks and come to its assistance. A man can't handle many mice at once to advantage.

Maria was white as a sheet when she came into the kitchen, and asked what she should do—as though I could hold the mouse and plan a campaign at the same time. I told her to think of something, and she thought she would throw things at the intruder; but as there was no earthly chance for her to hit the mouse, while every shot took effect on me, I told her to stop, after she had tried two flat-irons and the coal scuttle. She paused for breath; but I kept bobbing around. Somehow I felt no inclination to sit down anywhere. "Oh, Joshua," she cried, "I wish you had not killed the cat." Now, I submit that the wish was born of the weakness of woman's intellect. How on earth did she suppose a cat could get where that mouse was?—rather have the mouse there alone, anyway, than to have a cat prowling around after it. I reminded Maria of the fact that she was a fool. Then she got the tea-kettle and wanted to scald the mouse. I objected to that process, except as a last resort. Then she got some cheese to coax the mouse down, but I did not dare to let go for fear it would run up. Matters were getting desperate. I told her to think of something else, and I kept jumping. Just as I was ready to faint with exhaustion, I tripped over an iron, lost my hold, and the mouse fell to the floor very dead. I had no idea a mouse could be squeezed to death so easy.

That was not the end of trouble, for before I had recovered my breath a fireman broke in one of the front windows, and a whole company followed him through, and they dragged hose around, and mussed things all over the house, and then the foreman wanted to thrash me because the house was not on fire, and I had hardly got him pacified before a policeman came in and arrested me. Some one had run down and told him I was drunk and was killing Maria. It was all Maria and I could do, by combining our eloquence, to prevent him from marching me off in disgrace, but we finally got matters quieted and the house clear.

Now, when mice run out of the cupboard I go out doors, and let Maria "shoo" them back again. I can kill a mouse, but the fun don't pay for the trouble.

THE BROOK.—Alfred Tennyson.

I come from haunts of coot and hern;
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirsty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling;

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows:
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

MORE CRUEL THAN WAR.

A Southern prisoner of war at Camp Chase in Ohio, after pining of sickness in the hospital there for some time, and confiding to his friend and fellow captive, Colonel W. S. Hawkins, of Tennessee, that he was heavy of heart because his affianced bride in Nashville did not write to him, died just before the arrival of a letter in which the lady curtly broke the engagement. Colonel Hawkins had been requested by his dying comrade to open any epistle which should come for him thereafter, and, upon reading the letter in question, penned the following versified answer:

Your letter, lady, came too late,
For heaven had claimed its own;
Ah, sudden change—from prison bars
Unto the great white throne!
And yet I think he would have stayed,
To live for his disdain,
Could he have read the careless words
Which you have sent in vain.

So full of patience did he wait,
Through many a weary hour,
That o'er his simple soldier faith
Not even death had power;
And you—did others whisper low
Their homage in your ear,
As though amongst their shallow throng
His spirit had a peer?

I would that you were by me now,
To draw the sheet aside,
And see how pure the look he wore
The moment when he died.
The sorrow that you gave to him
Had left its weary trace,
As 'twere the shadow of the cross
Upon his pallid face.

"Her love," he said, "could change for me
The winter's cold to spring;"
Ah, trust in fickle maiden's love,
Thou art a bitter thing!
For when these valleys, bright in May,
Once more with blossoms wave,
The northern violets shall blow
Above his humble grave.

Your dole of scanty words had been
But one more pang to bear,
For him who kissed unto the last
Your tress of golden hair;
I did not put it where he said,
For when the angels come,
I would not have them find the sign
Of falsehood in his tomb.

I've read your letter, and I know
The wiles that you had wrought
To win that noble heart of his,
And gained it—cruel thought!
What lavish wealth men sometimes give
For what is worthless all;
What manly bosoms beat for truth
In folly's falsest thrall!

You shall not pity him, for now
His sorrow has an end;
Yet would that you could stand with me
Beside my fallen friend;
And I forgive you for his sake,
As he—if it be given—
May e'en be pleading grace for you
Before the court of heaven.

To-night the cold winds whistle by,
As I my vigil keep
Within the prison dead-house, where
Few mourners come to weep.
A rude plank coffin holds his form;
Yet death exalts his face,
And I would rather see him thus
Than clasped in your embrace.

To-night your home may shine with light,
And ring with merry song,
And you be smiling, as your soul
Had done no deadly wrong;
Your hand so fair that none would think
It penned these words of pain;

Your skin so white—would God, your heart
Were half as free from stain!

I'd rather be my comrade dead
Than you in life supreme;
For your's the sinner's waking dread,
And his the martyr's dream.
Whom serve we in this life, we serve
In that which is to come;
He chose his way; you your's; let God
Pronounce the fitting doom.

THE COUNTRY'S GREATEST EVIL.

A short speech by Vice-President Henry Wilson, delivered at the National Temperance Convention, in Chicago, June, 1875.

Forty years of experience and observation have taught me that the greatest evil of our country, next, at any rate, to the one that has gone down in fire and blood to rise no more, is the evil of intemperance. Every day's experience, every hour of reflection, teaches me that it is the duty of patriotism, the duty of humanity, the duty of Christianity, to live Christian lives, and to exert temperance influence among the people.

There was a time, when I was younger than I am now, when I hoped to live long enough to see the cause which my heart loves and my judgment approves stronger than it is to-day. I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that the present is a rather dark and troubled night for that cause, and it is because it so seems to me that I believe it to be the duty of every honest, conscientious, self-sacrificing man of our country to speak and to work for the cause in every legitimate and proper way. And my reliance for the advancement of the cause of temperance is the same reliance which I have for the spread of the Gospel of our Divine Lord and Master.

The heart, the conscience and the reason must be appealed to continually; and Christian men and women must remember that the heart of Christianity is temperance. If it costs a sacrifice, give it. What is sacrifice to doing good and

lifting toward heaven our fellow-men? We have got to rely on appeals and addresses made to the heart of this nation, to the conscience of the people and the reason of the country. We have got to train up our children in the cause from infancy. We must teach it in the schools and everywhere by word, and above all by example; and it seems to me that Christian ministers, in this dark hour of our country, when they see so much intemperance, and what looks to some of us like a reaction, should make the voice of the pulpits of this land heard.

Members of Christian churches should remember that they have something to do in this cause. If anything stands in the way of Christianity it is the drunkenness in our land. A word for temperance at this time is the strongest blow against the kingdom of Satan and for the cause of our Lord and Master. Suppose you have been disappointed. Suppose that many of your laws have failed. We know that we are right. We personally feel and see it. The evidence is around and about us that we cannot be mistaken in living total abstinence lives and recommending such a course to our neighbors.

When it costs something to stand by the temperance cause, then is the hour to stand by it. If I could be heard to-day by the people of the land, by the patriotic young men of this country, full of life, vigor and hope, I would say that it is among the first, the highest, and the grandest duties, which the country, God, and the love of humanity impose, to work for the cause of *total abstinence.*

POPPING CORN.

And there they sat, a popping corn,
  John Styles and Susan Cutter—
John Styles as fat as any ox,
  And Susan fat as butter.

And there they sat and shelled the corn,
  And raked and stirred the fire,
And talked of different kinds of care,
  And hitched their chairs up nigher.

Then Susan she the popper shook,
Then John he shook the popper
Till both their faces grew as red
As saucepans made of copper.

And then they shelled, and popped, and ate,
All kinds of fun a-poking,
While he haw-hawed at her remarks,
And she laughed at his joking.

And still they popped, and still they ate—
John's mouth was like a hopper—
And stirred the fire, and sprinkled salt,
And shook and shook the popper.

The clock struck nine—the clock struck ten,
And still the corn kept popping;
It struck eleven, and then struck twelve,
And still no signs of stopping.

And John he ate, and Sue she thought—
The corn did pop and patter—
Till John cried out, "The corn's a-fire!
Why, Susan, what's the matter?"

Said she, "John Styles, it's one o'clock;
You'll die of indigestion;
I'm sick of all this popping corn—
Why don't you pop the question?"

BETH GELERT.—W. R. Spencer.

The spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obeyed Llewellyn's horn:

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer:
"Come, Gelert! why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear?

"Oh! where does faithful Gelert roam?
The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave,—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!"

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentineled his bed.

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare;
And small and scant the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal-seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound was smeared with gouts of gore,
His lips, his fangs ran blood!

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet:
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn passed—
And on went Gelert too—
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view!

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied;
He searched—with terror wild;
Blood! blood! he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

"Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured!"
The frantic father cried;

And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell,
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap,
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub-boy he kissed.

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—
But the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead—
Tremendous still in death!

Ah, what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear:
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe;
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
There oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved

And there he hung his horn and spear;
And, oft as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds, would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell!

And till great Snowdon's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of "Gelert's Grave."

TEMPERANCE RHYME-ATION.

Ye friends of moderation,
Who think a reformation,
Or moral renovation,
Would benefit our nation;
Who deem intoxication,
With all its dissipation,
In every rank and station
The cause of degradation,
Of which your observation
Gives daily demonstration;
Who see the ruination,
Distress and desolation,
The open violation
Of moral obligation,
The wretched habitation,
Without accommodation,
Or any regulation,
For common sustentation·
A scene of deprivation,
Unequaled in creation;
The frequent desecration
Of Sabbath ordination,
The crime and depredation,
Defying legislation;
The awful profanation,
Of common conversation;
The mental aberration,
And dire infatuation,
With every sad gradation,
To maniac desperation;
Ye who, with consternation,
Behold this devastation,
And utter condemnation
Of all inebriation,
Why sanction its duration,
Or show disapprobation
Of any combination
For its extermination?
We deem a declaration,
That offers no temptation,
To any palliation
Of this abomination,
The only sure foundation;
And under this persuasion,
Hold no communication,
With noxious emanation
Of brewer's fermentation,

Nor any vain libation
Producing stimulation.
To this determination
We call consideration,
And without hesitation
Invite co-operation,
Not doubting imitation
Will raise your estimation,
And by continuation
Afford you consolation.
For in participation
With this association
You may, by meditation,
Insure the preservation
Of a future generation
From all contamination.
And may each indication
Of such regeneration
Be the theme of exultation
Till its final consummation!

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.—Thomas Moss.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel of a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road,
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial forced me from the door,
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold;
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine?
'Tis heaven has brought me to the state you see:
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn;
But ah! oppression forced me from my cot;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age—
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wild stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam!

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care—
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, lingering fell, a victim of despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me!

Then pity the sorrows of a poor old man!
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh! give relief, and heaven will bless your store.

PAT'S CORRESPONDENCE.—W. M. Giffin.

Whist now! till I relate to you my—well yer what now? Oh! I hev it, me—no I heven't it thin. What is it? Its letter writing any how—now what do ye call it? Ah! ha! now I hev it—*correspondence*, that's the wourd.

You know I wrote a letter to Tim Flanagin, Tim wrote a letter to me—Tim lives in the ould country, I live in the new. That's the difference betwecn Tim and me; the *difference* did I say? Well now! that wourd makes me think of something I can't but tell till ye. It was the other day whin I was walking up Broad street, I heard some one a calling out, "Pat," seys he; "What do ye want," sed I; "I want till talk to ye," sed he; "Well talk away, thin," sed I; "Come along here, why don't ye thin?" "Where air ye that I may

come?" But jist thin I see a big red-nosed fe[illegible] from behint a lamp-post. "Well, now," sed I [illegible] don't know who thet fellow is at all at all. I[illegible] how and see what he wants o' the likes of me." So over I wint and as I got within speaking distance he seys to me, seys he; "How air ye, Pat?" "What's thet to [illegible]non I don't know?" sed I. "Oh well, Pat, me boy," sed he, "[illegible]iver mind thet, I hev a skanumdrum for ye." "A *what*," said I. "A skanumdrum," sed he; "I'm going to ask—" "[illegible] nothing," sed I; "but give me thet—what do ye call it?—the first thing ye do." "Yer not understanding me," sed he; "I mean by thet a riddle." "Oh, ho! a riddle is it? Out wid it thin; for its many a wone I guessed in the ould country." "Thin guess me this. What is the difference between yourself and a pig?" "Air ye joking?" sed I. "Not a bit of it, Pat, can ye tell?" Well jist thin one of the durty bastes passed us wid his—[*Grunting like a pig*]. "Hear thet," sed I; "it's not in the voice any how." After scratching me head awhile, I sed to him, "I'll give it up." "Why, Pat, me boy, there is no difference at all." "Ain't there! Look a here young man thet may be what ye call a skanumdrum in Ameriky, but I give ye to understand thet in the ould country it would be a signal for the sudden dislocation of yer big red nose, and so it would." He didn't stop to hear it all, and it was well for him or me name's not Pat.

After looking at him awhile, I turned once more on me way, end I hed not gone far before I heard another cry of "Pat." "Oh, ho!" sed I to meself; "here is another one of thim skanumdrums I suppose. Who air ye? Where air ye? And what do ye want?" sed I; all in a breath. "I'm here, and it is a speaking to ye I want," sed a green looking fellow over the way. "Well," sed I to meself, "I'll go over and see what the blackguard wants wid me." So over I wint and the very first thing was, "Pat, I hev a skanumdrum for ye." "I thought so," sed I to meself; thin sed to him, "Well, what is it thin?" "Tell me, Pat, the difference between yourself and a pig?" "Me boy that is ould," sed I in a whisper; thin I sed to him, "Repeat it." He did. "Look me in the eye," sed I. "I'm looking," sed he. "Now, ye want to know the difference between me and a pig?" "That's it," sed he. I

, thin at *meself*, thin at him agin, thin I · him, thin back agin, pacing it off so, [*Walk- paces,*] thin looking right at him, I sed; "Do ye moind, I'm ... good at guessing, but after pacing it, I would say *the difference between me and a pig is about six feet.*" Well if ever ... non looked beat he did, and wid a good -[*Slapping his side and crowing.*] I left him.

But my dear friends what hes all this to do wid me correspondence? ... Nothing seys you. Well thin, to go back to it. ... wrote, seys he, "Pat your own living uncle is now dead and all he had is to be given to you and me, his only heirs saving fourteen others. Come thin, Pat, and git your share." Well, I jist set down and wrote, "Tim yer a fool; don't bother yer head wid a few paltry pounds, but come at once to the best country in the wourld. Why, Tim, there is no hanging for stealing here, pertaties are only twenty-five cents a bushel, wid whiskey the same, and more than thet, Tim, ye git yer three dollars a day for doing nothing at all, for all ye have to do is to make a three-cornered box, fill it wid bricks, carry it up a three-story building, and *you will find a mon there, wid a trowel, thet will do all the wourk.*"

FOR LOVE.

Curly-haired Carl! Were a blithsomer mate
For a ride o'er the snow to be wished for than he?
Yet it were well not to linger too late;
The pines are in shadow, the flakes dance and flee.
Crisp on the white sound the patter and clack
Of hoofs beating briskly; and sharp through the air
Rises ripple of laughter; the bridles hang slack,
And hand touches hand. She is frolic and fair,
Sunny-eyed Marguerite, brightest of girls,
With teeth gleaming whitely, and tumble of curls.

"You! Gallant Carl, so they call you! No doubt,
Bayard the brave were a whipster to you!"
Gretchen the winsome can wickedly flout:
Red, curling lips, and arch eyes flashing blue,
Wing home her taunts. So he flushes and sets
Teeth under lips that are wreathed in a smile:
"Now truce, mocking sprite, to your feigned regrets
At fair chivalry's flight. Give me glances the while,

And what man may dare to win loyalty's meed,
I, Carl, and no Bayard, will venture at need."

Quick rings her laughter: sledge-bells at full flight
Never sounded more silvery musical. "You?
Easy is talking, sir spur-lacking knight:
Were death at my lips, sirrah, what would you do?"
Curly-haired Carl bendeth suddenly. "Hawk
Should stoop straight to its quarry," laughs she, as her lips
Deftly evade him. "Sir Carl, you can talk,
But you do not strike home: feeble sword, sir, that slips
What dare you—for love?" Smileth Carl, "It were best,
Oh, vow-flouting lady, to wait till the test!"

On through the snow; for the wood-shadows blacken,
The night-wind is waking, the pine-branches sigh.
They laugh as they fly; for their speed may not slacken.
"Now swift! Stride for stride, Carl!" Hist! What is that cry?
Faces, mirth-flushed and wind-bitten, grow white,
Deep bite the spur-points, and bridles shake free.
Didst e'er hear the yelling of wolves through the night?
Hush, hoarse devils' music that murders all glee.
Now, Brocken, now Fleetfoot, give proof of your pace;
For hundred-mouthed death is behind in full chase!

One breathless mile is ticked off from the three
By heart-beats that throb to the pulses of fear.
Swift! Flash along! Flying skirts, tresses free;
For death on the track yelleth near and more near.
"Courage!" cries Carl, "we've the pace of them yet."
White is her face, and her breath shudders short;
Watchful his eyes, and his teeth tightly set.
"Bravo, brave Brocken! Well leapt!" Never port
More eagerly looked for by storm-driven bark
Than the red village lights as they flash through the dark.

Two breathless miles! But the swift-sweeping pack
Of mad, yelling demons, have gained in their flight.
O God! half a mile; and her gallop is slack!
Those hell-litten eyes, how they gleam through the night!
But one minute more! "Gracious heaven above,
Too late? Now the test!" Then his voice ringeth loud:
"Ride on, and farewell! But remember—for love!"
Then right in the path of the hideous crowd
Brave Carl hath drawn bridle, and leapt to the ground;
And a hundred hot hell-hounds have hemmed him around

Yon little brown woman, belle Marguerite? Nay,
Brave Carl as you know, is beau-garçon no more.
Those devil-hounds marked him. We fellows made play
Not a second too soon. Ah! the hideous roar

Of rage and base fear from that hot-throated pack
As we plunged, heaven-sent, through the pines in their rear:
Two dozen lank demons stretched dead in a crack!
But Carl, gallant Carl! Oh the sickening fear
That struck to my heart as I lifted his head,
His bonny boy-face all so furrowed and red!

He lived, scarred and seamed as you know him. I hold
No battle-marks borne with more honor. But she?
Beauty seeks beauty. She shrank and grew cold,
Slowly, half-shamed, but—the thing had to be.
"Not heart enough for the trial?" Just so
Many a winsome one fails at the push.
Carl has the little brown woman. I know
She hasn't belle Marguerite's sparkle and flush;
But she has the secret that sets her above
The shallow-bright sort. *She* would die, sir, "for love."

GONE BEFORE.—B. F. Taylor.

There's a beautiful face in the silent air,
Which follows me ever and near;
With smiling eyes and amber hair,
With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer,
That I feel but cannot hear.

The dimpled hand and ringlet of gold
Lie low in a marble sleep:
I stretch my hand for a clasp of old,
But the empty air is strangely cold,
And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a sinless brow with a radiant crown,
And a cross laid down in the dust;
There's a smile where never a shade comes now,
And tears no more from those dear eyes flow,
So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well! and summer is come again,
Singing her same old song;
But, oh! it sounds like a sob of pain,
As it floats in the sunshine and the rain,
O'er the hearts of the world's great throng.

There's a beautiful region above the skies,
And I long to reach its shore,
For I know I shall find my treasure there,
The laughing eyes and amber hair,
Of the loved one gone before.

DEATH OF DORA.—Charles Dickens.

It is evening; and I sit in the same chair, by the same bed, with the same face turned towards me. We have been silent, and there is a smile upon her face. I have ceased to carry my light burden up and down stairs now. She lies here all the day.

"Doady!"

"My dear Dora!"

"You won't think what I am going to say, unreasonable, after what you told me, such a little while ago, of Mr. Wickfield's not being well? I want to see Agnes. Very much I want to see her."

"I will write to her, my dear."

"Will you?"

"Directly."

"What a good, kind boy! Doady, take me on your arm. Indeed, my dear, it's not a whim. It's not a foolish fancy. I want, very much, indeed, to see her!"

"I am certain of it. I have only to tell her so, and she is sure to come."

"You are very lonely when you go down stairs, now?" Dora whispers, with her arm about my neck.

"How can I be otherwise, my own love, when I see your empty chair?"

"My empty chair!" She clings to me for a little while, in silence. "And you really miss me, Doady?" looking up, and brightly smiling. "Even poor, giddy, stupid me?"

"My heart, who is there upon earth that I could miss so much?"

"Oh, husband! I am so glad, yet so sorry!" creeping closer to me, and folding me in both her arms. She laughs, and sobs, and then is quiet, and quite happy.

"Quite!" she says. "Only give Agnes my dear love, and tell her that I want very, very much to see her; and I have nothing left to wish for."

"Except to get well again, Dora."

"Ah, Doady! Sometimes I think—you know I always was a silly little thing!—that that will never be!"

"Don't say so, Dora! Dearest love, don't think so!"

"I won't, if I can help it, Doady. But I am very happy; though my dear boy is so lonely by himself, before his child-wife's empty chair!"

It is night; and I am with her still. Agnes has arrived; has been among us, for a whole day and an evening. She, my aunt, and I, have sat with Dora since the morning, altogether. We have not talked much, but Dora has been perfectly contented and cheerful. We are now alone.

Do I know now that my child-wife will soon leave me? They have told me so; they have told me nothing new to my thoughts; but I am far from sure that I have taken that truth to heart. I cannot master it. I have withdrawn by myself, many times to-day, to weep. I have remembered Who wept for a parting between the living and the dead. I have bethought me of all that gracious and compassionate history. I have tried to resign myself, and to console myself; and that, I hope, I may have done imperfectly; but what I cannot firmly settle in my mind is, that the end will absolutely come. I hold her hand in mine, I hold her heart in mine, I see her love for me, alive in all its strength. I cannot shut out a pale, lingering shadow of belief that she will be spared.

"I am going to speak to you, Doady. I am going to say something I have often thought of saying, lately. You won't mind?" with a gentle look.

"Mind, my darling?"

"Because I don't know what you will think, or what you may have thought sometimes. Perhaps you have often thought the same. Doady, dear, I am afraid I was too young."

I lay my face upon the pillow by her, and she looks into my eyes, and speaks very softly. Gradually, as she goes on, I feel, with a stricken heart, that she is speaking of herself as past.

"I am afraid, dear, I was too young. I don't mean in years only, but in experience, and thoughts, and everything. I was such a silly little creature! I am afraid it would have been better, if we had only loved each other as a boy and girl, and forgotten it. I have begun to think I was not fit to be a wife."

I try to stay my tears, and to reply, "Oh, Dora, love, as fit as I to be a husband!"

"I don't know," with the old shake of her curls. "Perhaps! But, if I had been more fit to be married, I might have made you more so, too. Besides you are very clever, and I never was."

"We have been very happy, my sweet Dora."

"I was very happy, very. But as years went on, my dear boy would have wearied of his child-wife. She would have been less and less a companion for him. He would have been more and more sensible of what was wanting in his home. She wouldn't have improved. It is better as it is."

"Oh, Dora, dearest, dearest, do not speak to me so. Every word seems a reproach!"

"No, not a syllable!" she answers, kissing me. "Oh, my dear, you never deserved it, and I loved you far too well, to say a reproachful word to you, in earnest—it was all the merit I had, except being pretty—or you thought me so. Is it lonely down stairs, Doady?"

"Very! Very!"

"Don't cry! Is my chair there?"

"In its old place."

"Oh, how my poor boy cries! Hush, hush! Now, make me one promise. I want to speak to Agnes. When you go down stairs, tell Agnes so, and send her up to me; and while I speak to her, let no one come—not even aunt. I want to speak to Agnes by herself. I want to speak to Agnes quite alone."

I promise that she shall, immediately; but I cannot leave her, for my grief.

"I said that it was better as it is!" she whispers as she holds me in her arms. "Oh, Doady, after more years, you never could have loved your child-wife better than you do; and after more years, she would so have tried and disappointed you, that you might not have been able to love her half so well! I know I was too young and foolish. It is much better as it is!"

Agnes is down stairs, when I go into the parlor; and I give her the message. She disappears, leaving me alone with Jip.

His Chinese house is by the fire; and he lies within it, on

his bed of flannel, querulously trying to sleep. The bright moon is high and clear. As I look out on the night, my tears fall fast, and my undisciplined heart is chastened heavily—heavily.

I sit down by the fire, thinking with a blind remorse of all those secret feelings I have nourished since my marriage. I think of every little trifle between me and Dora, and feel the truth, that trifles make the sum of life. Ever rising from the sea of my remembrance, is the image of the dear child as I knew her first, graced by my young love, and by her own, with every fascination wherein such love is rich. Would it, indeed, have been better if we had loved each other as a boy and girl, and forgotten it? Undisciplined heart, reply!

How the time wears, I know not; until I am recalled by my child-wife's old companion. More restless than he was he crawls out of his house, and looks at me, and wanders to the door, and whines to go up stairs.

"Not to-night, Jip! Not to-night!"

He comes very slowly back to me, licks my hand, and lifts his dim eyes to my face.

"Oh, Jip! It may be never again!"

He lies down at my feet, stretches himself out as if to sleep, and with a plaintive cry, is dead.

"O Agnes! Look, look here!"

That face, so full of pity and of grief, that rain of tears, that awful mute appeal to me, that solemn hand upraised towards Heaven!

"Agnes?"—It is over. Darkness comes before my eyes; and for a time all things are blotted out of my remembrance.

A CONSTANT READER.—Parmenas Mix.

The overworked scribe of the *Mudville Gazette*
Sat wondering,—moneyless wight,—
If his office would ever be cleared of its debt,
With the times so deplorably tight,—
When the tread of old leather was heard on the stair
And a stranger stepped into the room,

Who asked with the "don't let me bother you" air,
Which the bore is so apt to assume—

"How are ye?" The editor rose with a smile
And pleasantly yielded his chair—
Placed the visitor's sadly unbeautiful tile
(Which exhibited symptoms of wear)
On the top of the desk, alongside of his own
(A shocking old plug, by the way),
And then asked in a rather obsequious tone,
"Can we do anything for you to-day?"

"No—I jest ealled to see ye"—the visitor said;
"I'm a friend to the newspaper man"—
Here he ran a red handkerchief over his head,
And aecepted the editor's fan—
"I hev read all the pieces you've writ for your sheet,
And they're straight to the p'int, I confess—
That 'ar slap you gin Keyser was sartinly neat—
You're an ornyment, sir, to the press!"

"I am glad you are pleased," said the writer, "indeed;
But you praise me too highly, by far—
Just select an exchange that you're anxious to read,
And while reading it, try this cigar.
By the way, I've a melon laid up for a treat—
I've been keeping it nestled in ice,
It's a beauty, sir, fit for an angel to eat—
Now, perhaps, you will relish a sliee?"

Then the stranger rolled up half a dozen or more
Of the choicest exchanges of all—
Helped himself to the fruit, threw the rinds on the floor,
Or flung them at flies on the wall.
He assured his new friend that his "pieces were wrote
In a manner uncommonly able,"
As he wiped his red hands on the editor's coat
That hung at the side of the table.

"By the way, I've neglected to ask you your name,"
Said the scribe as the stranger arose:
"That's a fact," he replied, "I'm Abimalech Bame,
You have heerd o' that name, I suppose?
I'm a-livin' out here on the Fiddletown Creek
Where I own a good house and a lot;
The *Gazette* gets around to me wunst every week—
I'm the constantest reader you've got!"

"Abimalech Bame," mused the editor, "B-a-m-e—"
(Here his guest begged a chew of his 'twist')
"I am sorry to say your mellifluous name
Doesn't happen to honor my list!"

"'Spose not;" was the answer—"no reason it should,
For ye see I jine lots with Bill Prim—
He's a reg'lar subscriber and pays ye in wood,
And I borry your paper o' him!"

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

OUR SWEET UNEXPRESSED.—W. F. Fox.

Like pearls that lie hid 'neath the ocean's broad breast,
Where its waters unceasingly roll,
Are our beautiful thoughts—our sweet unexpressed,
That are lost in the depth of the soul.

Oh! weak is the effort of language or pen
To e'er utter the mind's purest thought:
Impotent is every word chosen then
To portray the bright images caught.

Each voice of the soul, and each thrill of the heart,
Are but drops from the fountain within:
Though the drops, as they fall, may richness impart,
There is richness we never may win.

When love would the depth of her passion reveal,
And would all her sweet treasures declare,
Oh! how little we say of all that we feel,
For our words seem as empty as air.

When fancy would spread her soft wing to the air,
And our moments would fill with delight,
Oh, how little we prove of all that seems there!
All a dream, like the dream of a night.

When a landscape we'd sketch—some dearly loved spot,
Where the fondest of memories dwell—
Though the hand may be skilled, it satisfies not:
There is something the hand cannot tell.

When music invites the soft flow of the soul,
And her songs would inspiringly sing,
Though sweet be her notes in the currents that roll,
Yet her sweetest she never may bring.

As jewels incased in a casket of gold,
Where the richest of treasures we hide,
So our purest of thoughts lie deep and untold,
Like the gems that are under the tide.

THE MYSTIC VEIL.

This world I deem but a beautiful dream
Of shadows which are not what they seem;
Where visions rise giving dim surmise
Of the things that shall meet our waking eyes.

Hardly they shine thro' the outer shrine,
As, beneath the veil of that flesh divine,
Beamed forth the light which were else too bright
For the feebleness of a sinner's sight.

I gaze aloof on the tissued roof,
Where time and space are the warp and woof
Which the King of kings as a curtain flings
O'er the dazzling face of eternal things.

A tapestried tent, to shade us meant,
From the ever radiant firmament,
So the blaze of the skies comes soft to the eyes
Thro' the veil of mystical imageries.

But could I see as in truth they be
The glories of heaven which encompass me,
I should lightly hold the fleeting fold
Of that marvellous curtain of blue and gold.

Soon the whole like a parchéd scroll,
Shall before my amazéd sight uproll,
And without a screen, at one burst be seen.
The Presence wherein I've ever been.

Oh! who shall bear the blinding glare
Of the Majesty that shall meet us there?
What eyes may gaze on the unveiled blaze
Of the light-girdled throne of the Ancient of days

THE THREE WARNINGS.—Mrs. Thrale.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground:
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,—
If old assertions can't prevail,—
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbor Dodson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave—"You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side!
With you!" the hapless husband cried;
"Young as I am 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding-day you know."
What more he urged, I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
"Neighbor," he said, "Farewell! No more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
And farther, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summoned to the grave.
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to say;
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.
What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffered then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
Nor thought of death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.

And now, one night, in musing mood
As all alone he sat,
Th' unwelcome messenger of fate
Once more before him stood.
Half killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned!" old Dodson cries.
"So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore."
"So much the worse," the clown rejoined;
"To spare the aged would be kind:
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority—is't regal?
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Besides, you promised me Three Warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;
But for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages."
"I know," cries Death, "that at the best
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least:
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength!"
"Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past."
"And no great wonder," Death replies:
"However you still keep your eyes;
And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dodson, "so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight."
"This is a shocking tale, t'is true,
But still there's comfort left for you:
Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."
"There's none," cries he; "and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I couldnot hear."
"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,
"These are unjustifiable yearnings;
"If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your three sufficient warnings.
So, come along, no more we'll part,"
He said, and touched him with his dart.
And now old Dodson turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

WHAT AILED "UGLY SAM."

He had been missing from the "Potomac" for several days, and Cleveland Tom, Port Huron Bill, Tall Chicago, and the rest of the boys who were wont to get drunk with him could not make out what had happened. They hadn't heard that there was a warrant out for him, had never known of his being sick for a day, and his absence from the old haunts puzzled them. They were in the Hole-in-the-Wall saloon yesterday morning, nearly a dozen of them, drinking, smoking, and playing cards, when in walked Ugly Sam.

There was a deep silence for a moment as they looked at him. Sam had a new hat, had been shaved clean, had on a clean collar and a white shirt, and they didn't know him at first. When they saw it was Ugly Sam they uttered a shout and leaped up.

"Cave in that hat!" cried one.

"Yank that collar off!" shouted another.

"Let's roll him on the floor!" screamed a third.

There was something in his look and bearing that made them hesitate. The whiskey-red had almost faded from his face, and he looked sober and dignified. His features expressed disgust and contempt as he looked around the room, and then revealed pity as his eye fell upon the red eyes and bloated faces of the crowd before him.

"Why, what ails ye, Sam?" inquired Tall Chicago, as they all stood there.

"I've come down to bid you good-by, boys!" he replied, removing his hat and drawing a clean handkerchief from his pocket.

"What! Hev ye turned preacher?" they shouted in chorus.

"Boys, ye know I can lick any two of ye, but I hain't on the fight any more, and I've put down the last drop of whiskey which is ever to go into my mouth! I've switched off. I've taken an oath. I'm going to be decent!"

"Sam, be you crazy?" asked Port Huron Bill, coming nearer to him.

"I've come down here to tell you all about it," answered Sam. "Move the cha'rs back a little and give me room.

Ye all know I've been rough and more too. I've been a drinker, a fighter, a gambler, and a loafer. I can't look back and remember when I've earned an honest dollar. The police hez chased me round like a wolf, and I've been in jail and the workhouse, and the papers hez said that that Ugly Sam was the terror of the Potomac. Ye all know this, boys, but ye didn't know that I had an old mother."

The faces of the crowd expressed amazement.

"I've never mentioned it to any of ye, for I was neglecting her," he went on. "She was a poor old body, living up here in the alley, and if the neighbors hadn't helped her to fuel and food she'd have been found dead long ago. I never helped her to a cent—didn't see her for weeks and weeks, and I used to feel mean about it. When a feller goes back on his old mother he's a-gittin' purty low, and I know it. Well, she's dead—buried yesterday! I was up there afore she died. She sent for me by Pete, and when I got there I seen it was all day with her."

"Did she say anything?" asked one of the boys, as Sam hesitated.

"That's what ails me now," he went on. "When I went in, she reached out her hand to me, and says she: 'Samuel, I'm going to die, and I know'd you'd want to see me afore I passed away.' I sat down, feeling queer-like. She didn't go on and say as how I was a loafer, and had neglected her, and all that, but says she: 'Samuel, you'll be all alone when I'm gone. I've tried to be a good mother to you, and have prayed for you hundreds o' nights, and cried for you till my old heart was sore!' Some of the neighbors had dropped in, and the women were crying, and I tell you boys, I felt weak."

He paused for a moment and then continued:

"And the old woman said she'd like to kiss me afore death came, and that broke me right down. She kept hold of my hand, and by-and-by she whispered: 'Samuel, you are throwing your life away. You've got it in you to be a man if you'll only make up your mind. I hate to die and to feel that my only son and the last of the family may go to the gallows. If I had your promise that you would turn over a new leaf, and try and be good, it seems as though I'd die easier. Won't you promise me, my son?' And I promised her, boys, and

that's what ails me! She died holding my hand, and I promised to quit this low business and to go to work. I came down to tell ye, and now you won't see me on the Potomac again. I've bought an axe, and am going up to Canada to winter."

There was a dead silence for a moment, and then he said:

"Well, boys, I'll shake hands with ye all around afore I go. Good-by Pete—good-by, Jack—Tom—Jim. I hope ye won't fling any bricks at me, and I shan't never fling any at ye. It's a dying promise, ye see, and I'll keep it if it takes a right arm!"

The men looked reflectively at one another after he had passed out, and it was a long time before any one spoke. Then Tall Chicago flung his clay pipe into a corner and said:

"I'll lick the man who says Ugly Sam's head isn't *level!*"

"So'll I!" replied all the others.

THE FATAL GLASS.—Laura U. Case.

He raised the cup to his pure, sweet lips—
  Lips fresh from a mother's kisses;
Merry the banquet hall that night,
For youth and beauty were there, and bright
  The glittering lamps shone o'er them;
And one had sung with a voice divine,
A song in praise of the ruby wine,
  That graced the feast before them.
Little he dreamed as he lightly quaffed
The sparkling wine, that the first rare draught
  Was a link in the chain to bind him,
And drag his soul, like a servile slave,
Down slippery steps to a shameful grave,
  From a throne where love enshrined him.

She raised the cup to her tainted lips—
  Lips foul with the vilest curses—
In a loathsome haunt of sin and shame,
Where Christian charity seldom came,
  With its holy words to teach them
Of the pastures green and waters sweet—
Of her who wept at the Master's feet,
  Whose boundless love could reach them.
Is love so dear, and life so cheap,
That one poor soul, like a wandering sheep,

Alone on the bleak, cold mountain,
Should gladly turn from a life accursed,
To drown the past and quench the thirst
In draughts from a poisonous fountain?

He raised the cup to his trembling lips—
Lips wrinkled by age and hunger;
The meagre pittance he'd begged for food,
Brightened the palm of the man who stood
At his bar with his wines around him.
He drank, and turned on tottering feet
To the bitter storm and the cold, dark street,
Where a corpse in the morn they found him.
And oh! could those speechless lips have told
Of the want and sorrow, hunger and cold
He had known, or the answer given,
When his trembling soul for entrance plead
At the crystal gates, where One has said:
"No drunkard shall enter Heaven!"

UNCLE SAM'S A HUNDRED.

AN ANTICIPATORY CENTENNIAL ODE.

Oh ye powers! what a roar,
Such was never heard before—
Thundering, from shore to shore,
"Uncle Sam's a hundred."

Cannon boom and trumpets bray,
Fiddles squeak and fountains play—
'Tis his great Centennial day—
Uncle Sam's a hundred.

Stalwart men and puny boys,
Maids and matrons swell the noise,
Every baby lifts its voice:
"Uncle Sam's a hundred."

Nervous folks, who dote on quiet,
Though they're half distracted by it,
Can't help mixing in the riot:
"Uncle Sam's a hundred."

Brutes that walk and birds that fly,
On the earth or in the sky,
Join the universal cry,
"Uncle Sam's a hundred."

Well suppose he is—what then?
Don't let's act like crazy men.
Must we take to fooling when
Uncle Sam's a hundred?

There he stands—our modern Saul—
Head and shoulders above all;
Yet, "*Pride goes before a fall*,"
E'en though one's a hundred.

"What's a hundred in our day?"
Foreign Uncle Sams will say;
"Let us sit and watch the play—
He is but a hundred.

"Granted he's a shapely youth—
Fair and ruddy—yet, forsooth!
He's *too young*—and that's the truth!
Only just a hundred.

"When he's twice as old, pard'e!
'Twill be easier to foresee
What will be his destiny,
Now he's but a hundred.

"When he's played his boyish pranks,
Should he seek to join our ranks
We'll reflect. But now—no thanks!
Why, he's but a hundred!"

Yes, our uncle's years are few;
He *is* young—the charge is true;
Let us keep that fact in view,
Though he counts a hundred.

Don't let's tempt him to ignore
Warnings that have gone before;
Perils both by sea and shore,
Now that he's a hundred.

Let us strive with earnest heart,
Each of us to do his part,
So that he may 'scape the smart,
Seeing he's a hundred.

And with solemn, grateful thought,
Of the deeds that he has wrought,
Guided, cherished, favored, taught,
Till he's reached a hundred.

Let us, as we vaunt his worth,
Mingle soberness with mirth,
While we shout to all the earth,
"Uncle Sam's a hundred."

—*New York Evening Post.*

INDEPENDENCE DAY.—Rev. L. Parmely.

AN ADDRESS TO AMERICAN YOUTH.

"The Fourth of July, 1776, will be the most remarkable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival."

John Adams, in a letter to his wife, July 7th, 1776.

Independence Day! The booming cannon and rattling fire-arms! It is not the wrath of battle; but only echo-thunders, rolling back upon us from the great war-tempest of '76. Nor are these sounds now mingled with the cries of the wounded and groans of the dying,—mournfully terrific, swelling up from the field of blood. The report of guns and voice of artillery that fall on our ears to-day are all mellowed down into notes of enchanting music, and sweetly chime in with the glorious, triumphal anthem of our national jubilee.

Upon the youth of America is conferred the noblest birthright in the whole world. The stars under which you were born beam with brightest promise, and kindle loftiest hope. The principles declared and defended by our forefathers, "amid the confused noise of warriors, and garments rolled in blood,"—the great principle, "*that all men were created equal*," is the broad and only foundation of true greatness. The war-guns of '76 exploded that long venerated theory, that royalty must flow alone through the veins of crowned lineage, and that princes could spring from the loins of kings. While in this land it is not possible for you to *inherit* a single drop of royal blood, yet in each of your bosoms is implanted the germ of a *self-born* sovereign. Before you all, without any miserable and silly distinction of ancestry or estate, is placed the brightest diadem of moral dignity, intellectual greatness, and civil honor. This country is, morally, a "*free soil*" empire. Here the young man—it matters not whether his nursery was in the gilded palace or in the "low thatched cottage"—has before him the same privileges and inducements, and as wide and free an avenue to glory; and his gray hairs may possess the fresh dew of his country's benediction, and his name be enrolled among earth's true nobility.

But while full and equal encouragement is before you all, without respect of rank or circumstance, still the prize is only

for such as are willing to gird themselves unto the race; and the diligent hand alone reaps the harvest-honor. In our land something more is requisite to constitute one a prince than being born under a palace roof. Honorable parentage or the tinsel of wealth, are not sufficient to place the royal crown upon a *brainless* head. It is only by fixed purpose, intense application, and invincible perseverance, that you can reach the heights of fame, and hang out your name to shine forever in the bright galaxy of national glory. Here we have no *heirs apparent* to the crown—the great men of America are *self-made*. You bring into the world no other nobility than that with which the God of nature has endowed you—sovereignty of mind—the sceptre of genius; and in this freest, broadest field of action, you must become the architect of your own fortune—the master-builder of your own destiny. And now, in the morning glory of your waking energies, what a full chorus of inducements is inviting you forth to toil with the sure promise of a rich reward. Oh, how many young men, in the old world, would this day leap for joy, to gain, even "with a great price," such privileges as belong to your birthright. With the halls of science, the council chambers of state, and the high places of empire all opening before you, let your motto be, "I WILL TRY"—the watchword that never lost a battle in the moral world—the true key-note to the great anthem of self-coronation.

And while true greatness is gained only by mighty effort and persevering toil, this very effort develops the intellectual powers—mind waxes stronger in the fight, and strengthens in every new struggle, establishing a firm independence of character, and bringing out the bold features of individuality; like the oak, whose roots struggle down under the dark earth, and the crevices of the everlasting rocks, gaining a foundation of power, upon which it lifts up its head in towering majesty, defying the wrath of the wildest tempest. In countries where rank is obtained on the easy terms of ancestry, and a man becomes a king simply because his father before him was one, nobility relaxes into indolence of spirit, and imbecility of intellect; and royalty, with all its imposing honors, degenerates into mental dwarfishness, and the king's *jester* is often, really, a greater man than the

crowned head. The great men of America are intrinsically great—independent of their civil honors, they possess the power of intellectual giants.

And above all, let us remember that religion was the early harbinger, and continues the guardian angel of the American's birthright. The note of religious freedom struck on the rock of Plymouth, and was the grand prelude to the swelling anthem of civil liberty. None surely can doubt that the voice of the Almighty moved on the dark waters of the revolutionary struggle, and that His hand was in that sublime destiny which brought out on the blackest night of oppression the brightest star of empire! And now, the war-storm over, and the battle-thunder ceased, the precious blood of our forefathers that was poured out as a free shower upon the earth—those peerless drops are gathered over us in a bright bow of promise, spanning a continent, and resting on two oceans, attracting a world to "the land of the free and the home of the brave." But the fear of God is the great keystone in this bow of national hope—take away this, and the sunlit arch will vanish into the blackness of a second moral deluge.

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS.—Francis Hopkinson.

In "Historical Collections of Pennsylvania" we find different accounts of this wonderful battle; one being an extract of a letter dated Philadelphia, Jan. 9, 1778, is as follows: "Sometime last week, a keg of singular construction was observed floating in the river. The crew of a barge attempting to take it up, it exploded, killed four of the hands, and wounded the rest. On Monday last, some kegs of a similar construction made their appearance. The alarm was immediately given. Various reports prevailed in the city, filling the royal troops with unspeakable consternation. Hostilities were commenced without much ceremony, and it was surprising to behold the incessant firing that was poured upon the enemy's kegs. Both officers and men exhibited unparalleled skill and prowess on the occasion; whilst the citizens stood gaping, as solemn witnesses of this dreadful scene. In truth, not a chip, stick, or drift-log passed by without experiencing the vigor of the British arms. The English commander was Sir William Howe.

Gallants, attend, and hear a friend
  Trill forth harmonious ditty:
Strange things I'll tell, which late befell
  In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
  Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood,
  And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
(The truth can't be denied, sir,)
He spied a score of kegs, or more,
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,
The strange appearance viewing,
First rubbed his eyes in great surprise,
Then said, "Some mischief's brewing.

"These kegs, I'm told, the rebels hold,
Packed up like pickled herring;
And they've come down t'attack the town,
In this new way of ferry'ng."

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And scared almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now, up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here, and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the streets half naked.

Sir William he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring;
Nor dreamed of harm, as he lay warm
The land of dreams exploring.

Now, in a fright, he starts upright,
Awaked by such a clatter;
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
"For God's sake, what's the matter?"

At his bedside he then espied
Sir Erskine, at command, sir;
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And t'other in his hand, sir.

"Arise, arise!" Sir Erskine cries;
"The rebels—more's the pity—
Without a boat are all afloat,
And ranged before the city.

"The motley crew in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir,
Packed up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir.

'Therefore prepare for bloody war—
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be,
And British courage doubted."

The royal band now ready stand,
All ranged in dread array, sir,
With stomachs stout to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore;
The small-arms loud did rattle:
Since wars began, I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded,
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attacked from every quarter:
Why, sure, thought they, the devil's to pay
'Mongst folks above the water.

The kegs, 'tis said, though strongly made
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conquering British troops, sir.

From morn till night, these men of might
Displayed amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down
Retired to sup their porridge.

A hundred men, with each a pen,
Or more, upon my word, sir,
It is most true, would be too few
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day,
Against these wicked kegs, sir,
That, years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

THE VICTIM.—Alfred Tennyson.

A plague upon the people fell,
A famine after laid them low,
Then thorpe and byre arose in fire,
For on them brake the sudden foe;

So thick they died the people cried
"The gods are moved against the land."
The Priest in horror about his altar
To Thor and Odin lifted a hand:
"Help us from famine
And plague and strife!
What would you have of us?
Human life?
Were it our nearest,
Were it our dearest,
(Answer, O answer)
We give you his life!"

But still the foeman spoiled and burned,
And cattle died, and deer in wood,
And bird in air, and fishes turned
And whitened all the rolling flood;
And dead men lay all over the way,
Or down in a furrow scathed with flame:
And ever and aye the Priesthood moaned
Till at last it seemed that an answer came.
"The King is happy
In child and wife:
Take you his dearest,
Give us a life!"

The Priest went out by heath and hill;
The King was hunting in the wild;
They found the mother sitting still;
She cast her arms about the child.
The child was only eight summers old,
His beauty still with his years increased,
His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,
He seemed a victim due to the priest.
The priest beheld him,
And cried with joy,
"The gods have answered:
We give them the boy!"

The King returned from out the wild,
He bore but little game in hand;
The mother said "They have taken the child
To spill his blood and heal the land:
The land is sick, the people diseased,
And blight and famine on all the lea:
The holy gods, they must be appeased,
So I pray you tell the truth to me.
They have taken our son,
They will have his life.
Is *he* your dearest?
Or I, the wife?"

The King bent low, with hand on brow,
He stayed his arms upon his knee:
"O wife, what use to answer now?
For now the Priest has judged for me."
The King was shaken with holy fear;
"The gods," he said, "would have chosen well;
Yet both are near, and both are dear,
And which the dearest I cannot tell!"
But the Priest was happy,
His victim won:
"We have his dearest,
His only son!"

The rites prepared, the victim bared,
The knife uprising toward the blow,
To the altar-stone she sprang alone,
"Me, not my darling, no!"
He caught her away with a sudden cry;
Suddenly from him brake his wife,
And shrieking "*I* am his dearest, I—
I am his dearest!" rushed on the knife.
And the Priest was happy,
"Oh, Father Odin,
We give you a life.
Which was his nearest?
Who was his dearest?
The gods have answered;
We give them the wife!"

MOTHER'S FOOL.

"'Tis plain to see," said a farmer's wife,
"These boys will make their mark in life;
They were never made to handle a hoe,
And at once to a college ought to go;
There's Fred, he's little better than a fool,
But John and Henry must go to school."

"Well, really, wife," quoth Farmer Brown,
As he sat his mug of cider down,
"Fred does more work in a day for me
Than both his brothers do in three.
Book larnin' will never plant one's corn,
Nor hoe potatoes, sure's you're born·
Nor mend a rod of broken fence—
For my part, give me common sense."

But his wife was bound the roast to rule,
And John and Henry were sent to school,

While Fred, of course, was left behind
Because his mother said he had no mind.

Five years at school the students spent;
Then into business each one went.
John learned to play the flute and fiddle,
And parted his hair, of course, in the middle;
While his brother looked rather higher than he,
And hung out a sign, "H. Brown, M. D."

Meanwhile, at home, their brother Fred
Had taken a notion into his head;
But he quietly trimmed his apple trees,
And weeded onions and planted peas,
While somehow or other, by hook or crook,
He managed to read full many a book.
Until at last his father said
He was getting "book larnin'" into his head;
"But for all that," added Farmer Brown,
"He's the smartest boy there is in town."

The war broke out, and Captain Fred
A hundred men to battle led,
And when the rebel flag came down,
Went marching home as General Brown.
But he went to work on the farm again,
And planted corn and sowed his grain;
He shingled the barn and mended the fence,
Till people declared he had common sense.

Now, common sense was very rare,
And the State House needed a portion there;
So the "family dunce" moved into town—
The people called him Governor Brown;
And his brothers, who went to the city school,
Came home to live with "mother's fool."

THE OLD WOMAN'S RAILWAY SIGNAL.

ELIHU BURRITT.

The most effective working-force in the world in which we live is the law of kindness; for it is the only moral force that operates with the same effect upon mankind, brute-kind, and bird-kind. From time immemorial, music has wonderfully affected all beings, reasoning or unreasoning, that have ears to hear. The prettiest idea and simile of ancient literature relates to Orpheus playing his lyre to ani-

mals listening in intoxicated silence to its strains. Well, kindness is the music of good-will to men and beasts; and both listen to it with their hearts, instead of their ears; and the hearts of both are affected by it in the same way, if not to the same degree. Volumes might be written, filled with beautiful illustrations of its effect upon both. The music of kindness has not only power to charm, but even to transform, both the savage breast of man and beast; and on this harp the smallest fingers in the world may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

Some time ago we read of an incident in America that will serve as a good illustration of this beautiful law. It was substantially to this effect: a poor, coarse-featured old woman lived on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, where it passed through a wild, unpeopled district in Western Virginia. She was a widow, with only one daughter living with her in a log-hut, near a deep, precipitous gorge crossed by the railway bridge. Here she contrived to support herself by raising and selling poultry and eggs, adding berries in their season, and other little articles for the market. She had to make a long, weary walk of many miles to a town where she could sell her basket of produce. The railway passed by her house to this town; but the ride would cost too much of the profit of her small sales: so she trudged on generally to the market on foot. The conductor, or guard, came finally to notice her traveling by the side of the line, or on the footpath between the rails; and being a good-natured, benevolent man, he would often give her a ride to and fro without charge. The engine-man and brakeman also were good to the old woman, and felt that they were not wronging the interests of the railway company by giving her these free rides.

And soon an accident occurred that proved they were quite right in this view of the matter. In the wild month of March the rain descended, and the mountains sent down their rolling, roaring torrents of melted snow and ice into this gorge, near the old woman's house. The flood arose with the darkness of the night, until she heard the crash of the railway bridge, as it was swept from its abutments, and dashed its broken timbers against the craggy sides of the

precipice on either side. It was nearly midnight. The rain fell in a flood; and the darkness was deep and howling. In another half-hour the train would be due. There was no telegraph on the line; and the stations were separated by great distances. What could she do to warn the train against the awful destruction it was approaching? She had hardly a tallow candle in her house; and no light she could make of tallow or oil, if she had it, would live a moment in that tempest of wind and rain. Not a moment was to be lost; and her thought was equal to the moment. She cut the cords of her only bedstead, and shouldered the dry posts, head-pieces, and side-pieces. Her daughter followed her with their two wooden chairs. Up the steep embankment they climbed, and piled their all of household furniture upon the line, a few rods beyond the black, awful gap, gurgling with the roaring flood. The distant rumbling of the train came upon them just as they had fired the well-dried combustibles. The pile blazed up into the night, throwing its red, swaling, booming light a long way up the line. In fifteen minutes it would begin to wane; and she could not revive it with green, wet wood. The thunder of the train grew louder. It was within five miles of the fire. Would they see it in time? They might not put on the brakes soon enough. Awful thought! She tore her red woollen gown from her in a moment, and tying it to the end of a stick, ran up the line, waving it in both hands, while her daughter swung around her head a blazing chair-post a little before. The lives of a hundred unconscious passengers hung on the issue of the next minute. The ground trembled at the old woman's feet. The great red eye of the engine showed itself coming round a curve. Like as a huge, sharp-sighted lion coming suddenly upon a fire, it sent forth a thrilling roar, that echoed through all the wild heights and ravines around. The train was at full speed; but the brakemen wrestled at their leverage with all the strength of desperation. The wheels ground along on the heated rails slower and slower, until the engine stopped at the roaring fire. It still blazed enough to show them the beetling edge of the black abyss into which the train and all its passengers would have plunged into a death and destruction too horrible to

think of, had it not been for the old woman's signal. They did not stop to thank her first for the deliverance. The conductor knelt down by the side of the engine; the engine-driver and the brakemen came and knelt down by him; all the passengers came and knelt down by them; and there, in the expiring light of the burnt-out pile, in the rain and the wind, they thanked God for the salvation of their lives. All in a line, the kneelers and prayers sent up into the dark heavens such a midnight prayer and voice of thanksgiving as seldom, if ever, ascended from the earth to Him who seeth in darkness as well as in secret.

Kindness is the music of good-will to men; and on this harp the smallest fingers in the world may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

A VEGETABLE CONVENTION.—George W. Bungay.

Once where our city farmers sat,
And listened to a long debate,
In their own club-room, this and that
Discussion kept them up so late,
They left their samples in the hall,
In heaps upon the dusty floor,
In packages against the wall,
In bundles down behind the door.

The vegetables, still till then,
Began to feel the pulsing flow,
That beats like blood in veins of men,
When feeling kindles thought aglow.
Then the full-orbed onion's sighs
Made a *sensation* in the heat,
It brought tears to potatoes' eyes
And color to the crimson beet.

First a potato rubbed its *eyes*,
It must have been an "early rose,"
Or it was first of all to *rise*,
And said: "Permit me to propose
A friendly meeting now and here;
We can be social until morn."
A stalk of maize then bowed its *ear*,
But spoke not, for 'twas full of *corn*.

"I second that," a parsnip said,
The timid thing turned deadly pale.
A jealous carrot, round and red,
Objected, for his friend so frail,
Though classical, could not endure
An argument that reached the *root;*
And should they quarrel, he was sure,
They had things all prepared to *shoot.*

But he was overruled, and they
Put the potato in the chair,
And then debated until day
Dawned in its glory on them there.
A ripe tomato, bright and red,
Wondered what city farmers knew
Of country crops, that nature fed
With sunshine, and with rain and dew.

They only plow with wheels the street,
And *greenbacks* are the only *greens*
That grow where corporations meet
In rings to raise the ways and means.
Oh! how the last remark did please,
Some noisy beans who made uproar,
While in wild ecstasy the peas
In raptures rolled upon the floor.

"This is no place for mirth—instead
Of jollity, we should be wise,"
Cried out in wrath a *cabbage-head;*
And the potato *winked his eyes.*
"That is a truthful word indeed
We must be sober and sedate,"
Exclaimed a turnip *run to seed,*
"Have dignity or stop debate."

A squash now thought that she should speak,
And soften with her language soft,
The quarrel, but her accents weak
Were lost in crashes from aloft.
A box of grapes came tumbling down,
From shelves no hand was there to touch,
With noise enough to wake the town,
Because they had *a drop too much.*

The grapes rolled out in merry glee,
And reeled in fun across the floor,
The crashing box awakened me,
Just as the last man left the door.
I wished to hear the speeches through,
Hear something about "*plowing deep.*"—
A work that speakers seldom do,
When their dull words put us to sleep.

THE PHANTOMS OF ST. SEPULCHRE.*

CHARLES MACKAY.

"Didst ever see a hanging?" "No, not one;
Nor ever wish to see such scandal done.
But once I saw a wretch condemned to die:
A lean-faced, bright-eyed youth; who made me sigh
At the recital of a dream he had.
He was not sane—and yet he was not mad;
Fit subject for a mesmerist he seemed;
For when he slept, he saw; and when he dreamed,
His visions were as palpable to him
As facts to us. My memory is dim
Upon his story, but I'll ne'er forget
The dream he told me, for it haunts me yet,
Impressed upon me by his earnest faith
That 'twas no vision, but a sight which death
Opened his eyes to see,—an actual glimpse
Into the world of spectres and of imps,
Vouchsafed to him on threshold of the grave;
List! and I'll give it, in the words he gave:—

'Ay, you may think that I am crazed,
But what I saw, that did I see.
These walls are thick, my brain was sick,
And yet mine eyes saw lucidly.
Through the joists and through the stones
I could look as through a glass;
And from this dungeon, damp and cold,
I watched the motley people pass.
All day long, rapid and strong,
Rolled to and fro the living stream;
But in the night, I saw a sight—
I cannot think it was a dream.

'Old St. Sepulchre's bell will toll
At eight to-morrow, for my soul;
And thousands, not much better than I,
Will throng around to see me die;
And many will bless their happy fate,
That they ne'er fell from their high estate,
Or did such deed as I have done;
Though, from the rise to the set of sun,
They cheat their neighbors all their days,
And gather gold in slimy ways.

* It may be necessary to inform the reader, unacquainted with London, that the church of St. Sepulchre is close to the jail of Newgate; and that its bell is tolled when a criminal is executed. FEW will need to be reminded that the three stories related are not fabulous.

But my soul feels strong, and my sight grows clear,
As my death-hour approaches near,
And in its presence I will tell
The very truth, as it befell.

'The snow lies on the house-tops cold,
Shrill, and keen the March winds blow;
The rank grass of the churchyard mold
Is covered o'er with drifted snow;
The graves in old St. Sepulchre's yard
Were white last night, when I looked forth,
And the sharp clear stars seemed to dance in the sky,
Rocked by the fierce winds of the north.
The houses dull seemed numb with frost,
The streets seemed wider than of yore,
And the straggling passengers trod, like ghosts,
Silently on the pathway frore,
When I looked through that churchyard rail,
And thought of the bell that should ring my doom,
And saw three women, sad and pale,
Sitting together on a tomb.

'A fearful sight it was to see,
As up they rose and looked at me:
Sunken were their cheeks and eyes,
Blue-cold were their feet, and bare;
Lean and yellow were their hands,
Long and scanty was their hair;
And round their necks I saw the ropes
Deftly knotted, tightly drawn:
And knew they were not things of earth,
Or creatures that could face the dawn.

'Seen dimly in th' uncertain light,
They multiplied upon my sight;
And things like men and women sprung—
Shapes of those who had been hung—
From the rank and clammy ground.
I counted them—I knew them all,
Each with its rope around its neck,
Marshaled by the churchyard wall.

'The stiff policeman passing along,
Saw them not, nor made delay;
A reeling bacchanal, shouting a song,
Looked at the clock, and went his way;
A troop of girls, with painted cheeks,
Laughing and yelling in drunken glee,
Passed like a gust, and never looked
At the sight so palpable to me.
I saw them—heard them—felt their breath
Musty and raw and damp as death.

'These women three, these fearful shapes,
Looked at me through Newgate stone,
And raised their fingers, skinny and lank,
Whispering low in under tone:—
"His hour draws near,—he's one of us,—
His gibbet is built,—his noose is tied;
They have put his name on his coffin lid:
The law of blood shall be satisfied.
He shall rest with us, and his name shall be
A by-word and a mockery."

'I whispered to one, "What hadst thou done?"
She answered, whispering, and I heard—
Although a chime rang at the time—
Every sentence, every word,
Clear, above the pealing bells:—
"I was mad, and slew my child;
Better than life God knows, I loved it;
But pain and hunger drove me wild,—
Scorn and hunger, and grief and care,
And I slew it in my despair.
And for this deed they raised the gibbet;
For this deed the noose they tied;
And I hung and swung in the sight of men,
And the law of blood was satisfied."

'I said to the second, "What didst thou?"
Her keen eyes flashed unearthly shine.
"I married a youth when I was young,
And thought all happiness was mine;
But they stole him from me to fight the French;
And I was left in the world alone,
To beg or steal—to live or die,
Robbed of my stay, my all, my own.
England stole my lord from me,—
I stole a ribbon, was caught and tried;
And I hung and swung in the sight of men,
And the law of blood was satisfied."

'I said to the third, "What crime was thine?"
"Crime!" she answered, in accents meek,
"The babe that sucks at its mother's breast,
And smiles with its little dimpled cheek,
Is not more innocent than I.
But truth was feeble,—error was strong;
And guiltless of a deed of shame,
Men's justice did me cruel wrong.
They would not hear my truthful words;
They thought me filled with stubborn pride;
And I hung and swung in the sight of men,
And the law of blood was satisfied."

'Then one and all, by that churchyard wall,
Raised their skinny hands at me;
Their voices mingling like the sound
Of rustling leaves in a withering tree:
"His hour has come, he's one of us;
His gibbet is built, his noose is tied;
His knell shall ring, and his corpse shall swing,
And the law of blood shall be satisfied."

'They vanished! I saw them one by one,
With their bare blue feet on the drifted snow,
Sink like a thaw, when the sun is up,
To their wormy solitudes below.
Though *you* may deem this was a dream,
My facts are tangible facts to me;
For the sight grows clear as death draws near,
And looks into futurity.'"

UNFINISHED STILL.

A baby's boot, and a skein of wool,
Faded, and soiled, and soft;
Odd things, you say, and no doubt you're right,
Round a seaman's neck this stormy night,
Up in the yards aloft.

Most like its folly, but, mate, look here:
When first I went to sea
A woman stood on the far-off strand,
With a wedding ring on the small soft hand,
Which clung so close to me.

My wife, God bless her! The day before,
She sat beside my foot;
And the sunlight kissed her yellow hair,
And the dainty fingers, deft and fair,
Knitted a baby's boot.

The voyage was over; I came ashore;
What, think you, found I there?
A grave the daisies had sprinkled white;
A cottage empty, and dark as night,
And this beside the chair.

The little boot, 'twas unfinished still,
The tangled skein lay near,
But the knitter had gone away to rest,
With the babe asleep on her quiet breast,
Down in the churchyard drear.

OUR CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

Extract of a speech delivered by the Hon. Orestes Cleveland, at the closing meeting of the preliminary session of the Centennial Commission.

Fellow-Commissioners:—When we were welcomed in Independence Hall, and again in visiting old Carpenters' Hall, I was impressed with the grand and glorious memories clustering round about Philadelphia, all pointing with solemn significance to the occasion we are preparing to celebrate. May we all have light and strength to appreciate that occasion as it approaches. No such family gathering has ever been known in the world's history, and we shall have passed away and been forgotten when the next one recurs. May we be permitted to rise up to the grandeur and importance of the work before us, so that the results and lessons of our labor may bless and last till our descendants shall celebrate in a similar manner the next centennial.

The vast and varied and marvelous results of inventive industry from all the world shall gather here; and it is fitting—for here, upon this continent, in this new country, under the fostering care of the wise and beneficent provisions of our patent laws, the inventive genius of the age finds her most congenial home. From the international exhibition of 1876 the education of skilled labor, in this country at least, is to take a new departure, and we hope the effect will be felt also, in some measure, by every civilized nation.

Here will be spread out before us the manufactures of Great Britain, the source of all her power. From France will come articles of taste and utility, exquisite in design and perfect in execution. From Russia, iron and leather no nation has yet learned to produce. From Berlin and Munich, artistic productions in iron and bronze. From Switzerland, her unequalled wood-carvings and delicate watch work. From Bohemia shall come the perfection of glass-blowing, and musical instruments from the Black Forest.

From the people of poor old Spain, to whose daring and public spirit nearly four centuries back we owe the possibilities of this hour, shall come the evidence of a foretime greatness, now unhappily faded away for want of education

amongst the mass of her people. From Nineveh and Pompeii the evidences of a buried past. The progress of the applied arts will be shown from all Europe. From China, her curious workmanship, the result of accumulated ingenuity reaching back beyond the time when history began. Matchless wood-work from Japan, and from far India her treasures rare and wonderful. Turkey and Persia shall bring their gorgeous fabrics to diversify and stimulate our taste. The Queen of the East, passing the Suez Canal, shall cross the great deep and bow her turbaned head to this young giant of the West, and he shall point her people to the source of his vast powers—the education of all the people.

One of our noted orators laid before us the other night such evidence as he could gather of the lost arts of the Ancients, and he demands to know what we have to compensate us for the loss. I claim that we have produced some things, even in this new country, worthy of that orator's notice. Instead of tearing open the bosom of mother earth with the root of a tree, that we may feed upon the bounties of nature, as the ancients did, the green covering rolls away with the perfection and grace of art itself from the polished moulding-board of the Pittsburgh steel plow. Machinery casts abroad the seed, and a reaping machine gathers the harvest. Whitney's cotton gin prepares the fiber; Lyall's positive motion loom takes the place of the old wheel; and a sewing machine fits the fabric for the use of man. What had the ancients, I demand to know, that could compensate them for the want of these American inventions? I do not speak of the American telegraph or steam power, that we have done more than all other nations put together in reaching its possibilities. The Magi of the East never dreamed, in the wildest frenzy of their beautiful imaginations of the wonders of these!

Next year it will become the duty of the general Government to make the International Exhibition known to other countries, to the end that all civilized people may meet with us in 1876 in friendly competition in the progress of the arts of peace. Be it our duty *now* to arouse our own people to a sense of its great value. I know that we go out with our hearts full—let our minds be determined and our hands ready for the labor.

THE ANNUITY.—George Outram.

I gaed to spend a week in Fife—
An unco week it proved to be—
For there I met a waesome wife
Lamentin' her viduity.
Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,
I thought her heart wad burst the shell;
And,—I was sae left to mysel',—
I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair eneugh—
She just was turned o' saxty-three—
I couldna guessed she'd prove sae teugh,
By human ingenuity.
But years have come, and years have gane,
And there she's yet as stieve as stane—
The limmers growin' young again,
Since she got her annuity.

She's crined' awa' to bane and skin,
But that, it seems, is nought to me;
She's like to live—although she's in
The last stage o' tenuity.
She munches wi' her wizen'd gums,
An' stumps about on legs o' thrums;
But comes—as sure as Christmas comes—
To ca' for her annuity.

I read the tables drawn wi' care
For an insurance company;
Her chance o' life was stated there,
Wi' perfect perspicuity.
But tables here or tables there,
She's lived ten years beyond her share,
An's like to live a dozen mair,
To ca' for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' host,
I thought a kink might set me free—
I led her out, 'mang snaw and frost,
Wi' constant assiduity.
But diel ma' care—the blast gaed by,
And miss'd the auld anatomy—
It just cost me a tooth, for bye
Discharging her annuity.

If there's a sough o' cholera,
Or typhus,—wha sae gleg as she?
She buys up baths, an' drugs, an' a',
In siccan superfluity!

She doesna need—she's fever proof—
The pest walked o'er her very roof—
She tauld me sae—an' then her loof
  Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell—her arm she brak—
  A compound fracture as could be—
Nae leech the cure wad undertak,
  Whate'er was the gratuity.
It's cured! She handles't like a flail—
It does as weel in bits as hale—
But I'm a broken man mysel'
  Wi' her and her annuity.

Her broozled flesh and broken banes
  Are weel as flesh and banes can be;
She beats the toads that live in stanes,
  An' fatten in vacuity!
They die when they're exposed to air—
They canna thole the atmosphere—
But her!—expose her onywhere—
  She lives for her annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread,
  Sma' crime it wad appear to me—
Ca't murder—or ca't homicide—
  I'd justify't—an' do it tae.
But how to fell a withered wife
That's carved out o' the tree of life—
The timmer limmer dares the knife
  To settle her annuity.

I'd try a shot—but whar's the mark?
  Her vital parts are hid frae me;
Her backbone wanders through her sark
  In an unkenn'd corkscrewity.
She's palsified—an' shakes her head
Sae fast about, ye scarce can see't,
It's past the power o' steel or lead
  To settle her annuity.

She might be drowned; but go she'll not
  Within a mile o' loch or sea;
Or hanged—if cord could grip a throat
  O' siccan exiguity.
It's fitter far to hang the rope—
It draws out like a telescope;
'Twad tak' a dreadfu' length o' drop
  To settle her annuity.

Will poison do it? It has been tried,
  But be't in hash or fricassee,

That's just the dish she can't abide,
Whatever kind o' gont it hae.
It's needless to assail her doubts,
She gangs by instinct—like the brutes,—
An' only eats an' drinks what suits
Hersel' and her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man
Threescore and ten, perchance, may be;
She's ninety-four. Let them who can,
Explain the incongruity.
She should hae lived afore the flood—
She's come o' patriarchal blood,
She's some auld Pagan mummified
Alive for her annuity.

She's been embalmed inside and oot—
She's sauted to the last degree—
There's pickle in her very snoot
Sae caper-like an' cruety.
Lot's wife was fresh compared to her—
They've kyanized the useless knir,
She canna decompose—nae mair
Than her accursed annuity.

The water-drop wears out the rock,
As this eternal jaud wears me;
I could withstand the single shock,
But not the continuity.
It's pay me here—an' pay me there—
An' pay me, pay me, evermair—
I'll gang demented wi' despair—
I'm charged for her annuity.

KNOCKING*.—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

"Behold! I stand at the door and knock!"

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking!
Who is there?
'Tis a pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before;
Ah, sweet soul, for such a wonder,
Undo the door!

No! that door is hard to open;
Hinges rusty, latch is broken;
Bid Him go.
Wherefore, with that knocking dreary,
Scare the sleep from one so weary?
Say Him, no.

*Suggested by Hunt's picture "Light of the World."

Knocking, knocking, ever knocking!
What! still there?
Oh, sweet soul, but once behold Him,
With the glory-crowned hair;
And those eyes, so true and tender,
Waiting there!
Open, open, once behold Him—
Him so fair!

Ah, that door! why wilt thou vex me—
Coming ever to perplex me?
For the key is stiffly rusty;
And the bolt is clogged and dusty;
Many fingered ivy vine
Seals it fast with twist and twine;
Weeds of years and years before,
Choke the passage of that door.

Knocking, knocking! What! still knocking?
He still there?
What's the hour? The night is waning;
In my heart a drear complaining,
And a chilly, sad interest.
Ah, this knocking! it disturbs me—
Scares my sleep with dreams unblest.
Give me rest—
Rest—ah, rest!

Rest, dear soul, He longs to give thee;
Thou hast only dreamed of pleasure—
Dreamed of gifts and golden treasure;
Dreamed of jewels in thy keeping,
Waked to weariness of weeping;
Open to thy soul's one Lover,
And thy night of dreams is over;
The true gifts He brings have seeming
More than all thy faded dreaming.

Did she open? Doth she—will she?
So, as wondering we behold,
Grows the picture to a sign,
Pressed upon your soul and mine;
For in every breast that liveth
Is that strange, mysterious door,—
The forsaken and betangled,
Ivy-gnarled and weed bejangled
Dusty, rusty, and forgotten;—
There the pierced hand still knocketh,
And with ever patient watching,
With the sad eyes true and tender,
With the glory-crowned hair,
Still a God is waiting there.

AN ODE TO INDEPENDENCE HALL.

J. Stevenson Mitchell.

No sculptured marble greets the pilgrim's view;
No gothic dome the ambient zephyrs fan;
No golden spires salute the ethereal blue—
Shrine of enfranchised man!

Thou Mecca of a freedom-loving land!
Voice to all nations struggling to be free!
May thy plain walls in after ages stand,
And tyrants bend to thee.

Ye who have wandered o'er historic climes,
Who've stood upon the seven hills of Rome,
And drank the music of St. Peter's chimes,
And trod beneath its dome;

Ye who have stood on Britain's royal isle,
And paused enraptured with some sacred hymn
Which echoed through St. Paul's aspiring pile,
Like answering cherubim;

Ye who have trod the imperial streets of Gaul—
Where waved of old the golden oriflamme—
And paused to catch the vespers as they fall
And float from Notre Dame;—

Forget not this memorial of our love—
This silent witness of a noble deed,—
Hallowed beyond all storied piles of yore,
By freedom's bond decreed!

Thy ancient bell, from out its brazen throat,
Still echoes music that it pealed of yore;
And through the listening ages it shall float,
A hope for evermore.

CENTENNIAL ORATION.—Henry Armitt Brown.

Peroration from the oration delivered upon the occasion of the Centennial Anniversary of the meeting of the first Colonial Congress in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia.

The conditions of life are always changing, and the experience of the fathers is rarely the experience of the sons. The temptations which are trying us are not the temptations which beset their footsteps, nor the dangers which threaten our pathway the dangers which surrounded them.

These men were few in number; we are many. They were poor, but we are rich. They were weak, but we are strong. What is it, countrymen, that we need to-day? Wealth? Behold it in your hands. Power? God hath given it you. Liberty? It is your birthright. Peace? It dwells amongst you. You have a Government founded in the hearts of men, built by the people for the common good. You have a land flowing with milk and honey; your homes are happy, your workshops busy, your barns are full. The school, the railway, the telegraph, the printing press, have welded you together into one. Descend those mines that honeycomb the hills! Behold that commerce whitening every sea! Stand by yon gates and see that multitude pour through them from the corners of the earth, grafting the qualities of older stocks upon one stem; mingling the blood of many races in a common stream, and swelling the rich volume of our English speech with varied music from an hundred tongues. You have a long and glorious history, a past glittering with heroic deeds, an ancestry full of lofty and unperishable examples. You have passed through danger, endured privation, been acquainted with sorrow, been tried by suffering. You have journeyed in safety through the wilderness and crossed in triumph the Red Sea of civil strife, and the foot of Him who led you hath not faltered nor the light of His countenance been turned away.

It is a question for us now, not of the founding of a new government, but of the preservation of one already old; not of the formation of an independent power, but of the purification of a nation's life; not of the conquest of a foreign foe, but of the subjection of ourselves. The capacity of man to rule himself is to be proven in the days to come, not by the greatness of his wealth; not by his valor in the field; not by the extent of his dominion, nor by the splendor of his genius. The dangers of to-day come from within. The worship of self, the love of power, the lust for gold, the weakening of faith, the decay of public virtue, the lack of private worth—these are the perils which threaten our future; these are the enemies we have to fear; these are the traitors which infest the camp; and the danger was far less when Cataline knocked with his army at the gates of Rome,

than when he sat smiling in the Senate House. We see them daily face to face; in the walk of virtue; in the road to wealth; in the path to honor; on the way to happiness. There is no peace between them and our safety. Nor can we avoid them and turn back. It is not enough to rest upon the past. No man or nation can stand still. We must mount upward or go down. We must grow worse or better. It is the Eternal law—we cannot change it.

* * * * *

The century that is opening is all our own. The years that lie before us are a virgin page. We can inscribe them as we will. The future of our country rests upon us; the happiness of posterity depends upon us. The fate of humanity may be in our hands. That pleading voice, choked with the sobs of ages, which has so often spoken to deaf ears, is lifted up to us. It asks us to be brave, benevolent, consistent, true to the teachings of our history, proving "divine descent by worth divine." It asks us to be virtuous—building up public virtue by private worth; seeking that righteousness which exalteth nations. It asks us to be patriotic—loving our country before all other things; her happiness our happiness, her honor ours, her fame our own. It asks us, in the name of justice, in the name of charity, in the name of freedom, in the name of God.

My countrymen, this anniversary has gone by forever, and my task is done. While I have spoken, the hour has passed from us: the hand has moved upon the dial, and the old century is dead. The American Union hath endured an hundred years! Here, on this threshold of the future, the voice of humanity shall not plead to us in vain. There shall be darkness in the days to come; danger for our courage; temptation for our virtue; doubt for our faith; suffering for our fortitude. A thousand shall fall before us, and tens of thousands at our right hand. The years shall pass beneath our feet, and century follow century in quick succession. The generations of men shall come and go; the greatness of yesterday shall be forgotten; to-day and the glories of this noon shall vanish before to-morrow's sun; but America shall not perish, but endure while the spirit of our fathers animates their sons.

SNEEZING.

AFTER TAKING A PINCH OF SNUFF.

What a moment, what a doubt!
All my nose is inside out,—
All my thrilling, tickling caustic,
Pyramid rhinocerostic,
  Wants to sneeze and cannot do it!
How it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,
How with rapturous torment fills me!
  Now says, "Sneeze, you fool,—get through it."
Shee—shee—oh! 'tis most del-ishi—
Ishi—ishi—most del-ishi!
(Hang it, I shall sneeze till spring!)
Snuff is a delicious thing.

COLUMBIA.—Timothy Dwight.

Columbia, Columbia to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time;
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name;
Be freedom and science and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire;
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire;
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm; for a world be thy laws;
Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause;
On freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main and dissolve with the skies.

Fair science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star;
New bards and new sages unrivaled shall soar
To fame unextinguished when time is no more;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
Here, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire:

Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image enstamped on the mind,
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile on the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold
As the day-spring unbounded thy splendor shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of Union, in triumph unfurled,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively strayed,—
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired,
The winds ceased to murmur, the thunders expired,
Perfumes as of Eden flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung:
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies."

THE SONG OF 1876.—Bayard Taylor.

Waken, voice of the land's devotion!
Spirit of freedom, awaken all!
Ring, ye shores, to the song of ocean,
Rivers answer and mountains call!
The golden day has come;
Let every tongue be dumb
That sounded its malice or murmured its fears;
She hath won her story,
She wears her glory;
We crown her the land of a hundred years!

Out of darkness and toil and danger
Into the light of victory's day.
Help to the weak and home to the stranger,
Freedom to all, she hath held her way.
Now Europe's orphans rest
Upon her mother-breast;
The voices of nations are heard in the cheers
That shall cast upon her
New love and honor,
And crown her the queen of a hundred years!

North and South, we are met as brothers;
East and West, we are wedded as one!

Right of each shall secure our mother's;
Child of each is her faithful son!
We give thee heart and hand,
Our glorious native land,
For battle has tried thee and time endears;
We will write thy story,
And keep thy glory
As pure as of old for a thousand years!

THE DAWN OF THE CENTENNIAL.

MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.

The dawn of peace is breaking! breaking!
See the lights and hear the heralds of the century to be!
While the whole united people, with a bending heart and knee,
Crave a blessing of the Father, and thank Him that they are free.
The dawn of peace is breaking! breaking!

The nation unto joy is waking!
Note the throbbings of its full heart as they daily stronger grow;
Forgotten are the old discomforts, and the petty feuds I know
Vanish, as we group together of our proudest life-blood flow.
The dawn of peace is breaking! breaking!

The nation unto joy is waking!
A joy that will be pure, absorbing, untempered by the grief
That comes with victories of war, and brings of sorrow with relief,
A great outburst of gladness, a country's fully ripened sheaf.
The dawn of peace is breaking! breaking!

The nation unto joy is waking!
Its first hundred years are passing, and to celebrate its birth
We extend free invitation all about the lovely earth,
That our friends in lavish numbers sit at our Centennial hearth.
The dawn of peace is breaking! breaking!

The dawn of peace is breaking! breaking!
See the lights and hear the heralds of the century to be!
While the whole united people, with a bending heart and knee,
Crave a blessing of the Father, and thank Him that they are free.
The dawn of peace is breaking! breaking!

UNCLE REUBEN'S BAPTISM.

He is an industrious colored man, living in a small cabin down the river; and his wife is a corpulent, good-natured woman, but very deaf.

Some weeks ago, Reuben began to ponder. He had never been a bad darkey; but he had never embraced Christianity, much to the sorrow of Aunt Susan, his wife, who has been prepared for heaven, lo, these many years past. The more he pondered, the more he became convinced that he ought to become a Christian; and Aunt Susan encouraged him with tender words and tearful eyes.

The old man came to town several days ago to see about joining a church, and was informed that he would have to be baptized before he could become a member. He didn't relish the idea much; but he informed his wife that he would consent; and she clasped her hands, and replied,—

"Glory to Richmond! De angels am a-comin'!"

Uncle Reuben got the idea, the other day, that he'd like to try the water alone, before being publicly baptized; and while his wife was getting breakfast ready, he slipped down to the river-bank to take a preparatory dip. He removed his coat, hat, and boots, placed them on a log; and as he descended the bank, his broad feet slipped, and the convert came down on the back of his neck.

"What de debbil!"—he commenced, as he picked himself up; but suddenly remembering that he was soon to join the church, he checked himself, and remarked,—

"I'm ashamed of dat; and I hope de angels will 'scuse me."

He put one foot into the water, and drew back with a shiver; put in the other, and looked longingly toward the house. At that moment Aunt Susan began singing,—

"We's gwine up to glory:
We's gwine on de cars."

And old Reuben braced up, and entered the water.

"Yes; we's gwine up to glory!" he remarked as he waded along,—"gwine on de fast express."

At the next step, his foot struck a sunken log: and he pitched over it, under water, head first. As soon as he came

to the surface, and blew the water from his mouth, he yelled,—

"Woosh! What in blazes is dis yere performance?"

In raising up, his foot slid over the log, and under a limb, in such a manner, that the old darkey was caught fast. He could hang to a stub of a limb, but he could not put himself forward enough to slip his foot out of the trap.

"Whar de angels now?" he yelled out, as he kicked the water higher than his head.

Aunt Susan answered with,—

"De angels are a-comin':
I hear de music play."

When the old man realized that he was fast, and must have help from the shore, he yelled out,—

"Ho, dare, old woman! Hi!"

She couldn't have heard a cannon fire on the bank of the river, and went on singing,—

"Dare's a seat for me in heaven:
I's gwine to jine de band."

"Hi, dare! I'll jine your old black head off, if ye don't hear me!" yelled old Reuben.

He struggled and kicked, got his head under water, and out, and yelled,—

"Cuss dat old woman! Why don't she hear me?"

"Uncle Reuben's a-gwine
To be an angel sho',"

came the song.

"It' a lie, a big debbil lie!" he yelled, pulling his head under water again.

"And he'll fly among de angels,
And play upon a harp,"

continued the old woman, as she turned over the bacon.

"Hi, dare! woosh, whoop!" he yelled, floundering around, pulling at his leg.

"De Lawd has got his name,
And dare is a place for him!"

howled the old woman.

"Whoa, dare, you old black villum!" yelled Uncle Reuben.

"Dey'll dress him up in white,
Wid a crown upon his brow,"

wailed Aunt Susan, as she poured the water off the potatoes.

"If I ebber git out o' dis ribber alive, I'll break her old deaf head, I will!" growled the victim; and then, raising his voice, he shouted,—

"You dare, old Satan, hi, hi!" As if in direct answer, came the song,—

"He struggles wid de evil one;
But he gained de vict'ry, shore!"

"Susan, Susan! if I had ye by de wool, I'd barry dat old deaf head agin de cabin till yer eyes couldn't see!" he screamed; and he made another tremendous effort to get loose. It was successful; and just then she sang,—

"Oh! whar's de angel now?
Send him 'long; send him 'long!"

"De angel am a-comin'!" growled Uncle Reuben as he waded ashore; "and he'll turn dat cabin inside out!"

He limped up to the house. She was placing the meal on the table, and singing,—

"He's gwine to be baptized;
He's gwine—"

when he entered the house, and gave her a cuff on the ear which nearly loosened the roots of her hair.

"Oh, yes! I'ze an angel wid wings on, I is!" he yelled, as he brought her another cuff; "and I'ze gwine to glory, —and I'll knock yer old head off!—and I'ze gwine to jine de band—and you deaf old alligator!—and I'ze gwine up to heaven—and blame yer old deaf ears!—and de glory am a-comin'!"

People who know Uncle Reuben say that he swears again with great relish; and it is certain that he hasn't been up to Vicksburg to be baptized, and become a church-member.

Appendix.

NS.

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Swain.

rive a nail
Geo. Eliot.

NOTE.

The following pages cont
Supplements to the four N
of "100 Choice Selections" en
in this volume, which, for g
convenience in arranging, a
grouped together instead of appear-
ing at the end of the Numbers to
which they respectively belong.

Milton.

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SUPPLEMENT TO

:dred Choice Selections, No. 9

CONTAINING

...TS For Public Occasions;

Wl...ICISMS For Home Enjoyment;

...FE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;

FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c

---

not that friendship's but a name,
ere we none can find;
mpty bubble in the air,
iantom of the mind.
't is this life without a friend?
dreary race to run,
desert where no water is,
world without a sun. *Alfred.*

If you ... be well without health, you can be happy without virtue. *Burke.*

An honorable death is better than an inglorious life. *Socrates.*

Mere empty-headed conceit excites our pity, but ostentatious hypocrisy awakens our disgust. *Dickens*

The Sabbath is the golden clasp which binds together the volume of the week. *Longfellow.*

The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No t... veler ever reached that blest abode
Who found not thorns and briers in the road. *Cowper.*

Oh, happy you, who, blest with present bliss,
See nc ...ith fatal prescience future tears,
Nor th... ar moment of enjoyment miss
Through gloomy discontent, or sullen fears
Foreboding many a storm for coming years. *Mrs. Tighe.*

The modest water saw its God, and blushed. *Crashaw.*

Knowledge may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in its home in the old ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but wakes with the warm breath of spring.

The base wretch who hoards up all he can
Is praised and called a careful, thrifty man. *Dryden.*

Extreme vanity sometimes hides under the garb of ultra modesty. *Mrs. Jameson.*

It needs not great wealth a kind heart to display,—
If the hand be but willing, it soon finds a way;
And the poorest one yet in the humblest abode
May help a poor brother a step on the road.

I wouldn't give a penny for a man as would d[illegible] in slack because he didn't get extra pay for it.

For who would lose,
Though full of pain this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternit[illegible]
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide tomb of uncreated night?

Misfortune does not always wait on vice; nor is [illegible] the constant guest of virtue. *Ha[illegible]*

Unblemished let me live, or die unknown;
Oh grant an honest fame, or grant me none. *Pope.*

Happy the man who can endure the highest and the lowest fortune. He who has endured such vicissitudes with equanimity has deprived misfortune of its power. *Seneca.*

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines! *Horace Smith.*

It is one of the sad conditions of life, that experience is not transmissible. No man will learn from the sufferings of another; he must suffer himself.

I feel no care of coin;
Well-doing is my wealth;
My mind to me an empire is,
While grace affordeth health. *Southwell.*

Words are things; and a small drop of ink, falling like dew upon a thought, produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think. *Byron.*

Objects close to the eye shut out much larger objects on the horizon; and splendors born only of the earth eclipse the stars. So a man sometimes covers up the entire disc of eternity with a dollar, and quenches transcendent glories with a little shining dust. *Chapin.*

Who's in or out, who moves the grand machine,
Nor stirs my curiosity or spleen;
Secrets of state I no more wish to know
Than secret movements of a puppet-show. *Churchill.*

When there is love in the heart, there are rainbows in the eyes, which cover every black cloud with gorgeous hues. *Beecher.*

Knowledge roams creation o'er,
Telling what the ages say;
Silent Wisdom evermore
Holds the lamp to light the way. *Annie E. Cole.*

The Bible contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they have been written. *Sir William Jones.*

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one:
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the ling'ring dewdrop from the sun.
Wordsworth.

It must be confessed that the believer in Christianity has this great advantage over the infidel—that the worst that can happen to the former, if his belief be false, is the best that can happen to the latter if his belief be true; they can but lie down together in an eternal sleep. *Byron.*

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things:
Humble voyagers are we
O'er life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime:
Touch us gently, gentle Time! *Barry Cornwall.*

He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man. *Lavater.*

A good thought is a great boon, for which God is to be first thanked, then he who is the first to utter it, and then, in a lesser but still in a considerable degree, the man who is the first to quote it to us. *Bovee.*

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world has nothing to bestow:
From our own selves our joy must flow,
And that dear hut, our home. *Cotton.*

The evening of life brings with it its lamps. *Joubert.*

Virtue is the beauty, and vice the deformity of the soul. *Socrates.*

Take joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her;
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrows.

Onward and upward our motto shall be,
Earth has no home for the pilgrim and stranger,
Lured by temptation, encompassed by danger,
Home of the blest, we are passing to thee.

Nothing is more natural, nothing more admirable, than the aspiration of good and capable men to lead men and to govern great states. *G. W. Curtis.*

Anger and jealousy can no more bear to lose sight of their objects than love. *Geo. Eliot.*

There's music in Nature, like deeper revealings
Of memories passed which her voice would recall,
There are tones that like angels may visit our feelings,
But love's whispered word is the sweetest of all.
Charles Swain.

The world is full of music,
Then let our voices ring;
The "morning stars" together sang,
Then why should not we sing?
The "sons of God" once joined the spheres
In loudest shouts of joy;
Then why should not our Maker's praise,
Our highest notes employ.

He that is not open to conviction is not qualified for discussion. *Bishop Whately.*

For e ery bad there might be a worse; and when a man breaks his leg let him be thankful it was not his neck.

Bishop Hall.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. *Shakspeare.*

Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach. *Thomson.*

There is something thrilling and exalting in the thought that we are drifting forward into a splendid mystery,—into something that no mortal eye has yet seen, no intelligence has yet declared. *Chapin.*

Many a man full of good qualities lacks the only one which would make them of use.

Satire should, like a polished razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.

Lady Montague.

The imprudent man reflects on what he has said; the wise man on what he is going to say.

None are so tiresome as they who always agree with us: we might as well talk with echoes.

Man yields to custom as he bows to fate,
In all things ruled,—mind, body, and estate;
In pain, in sickness, we for cure apply
To them we know not, and we know not why. *Crabbe.*

The first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office; and his tongue
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
Remembered knolling a departed friend. *Shakspeare.*

Man in society is like a flower
Blown in his native bed; 'tis there alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only reach their proper use. *Cowper.*

Wisdom does not show itself so much in precept as in life,—in a firmness of mind and a mastery of appetite. It teaches us to do, as well as to talk; and to make our words and actions all of a color. *Seneca.*

Books should to one of these four ends conduce:
For wisdom, piety, delight, or use. *Denham.*

History is the great looking-glass through which we may behold with ancestral eyes, not only the various deeds of past ages and the odd accidents that attend time, but also discern the different humors of men. *Howell.*

Government

We hold to be the creature of our need,
Having no power but where necessity
Still, under guidance of the charter, gives it. *Simms.*

He who freely praises what he means to purchase, and he who enumerates the faults of what he means to sell, may set up a partnership with honesty. *Lavater.*

Books we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow. *Wordsworth.*

Some murmur, when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night. *R. C. Trench.*

We are come too late, by several thousand years, to say anything new in morality. The finest and most beautiful thoughts concerning manners have been carried away before our times, and nothing is left for us but to glean after the ancients, and the most ingenious of the moderns. *Bruyere.*

Some there are whose names will live
Not in the memories, but the hearts of men,
Because those hearts they comforted and raised,
And where they saw God's images cast down,
Lifted them up again, and blew the dust
From the worn features and disfigured limb. *Landor.*

Time's gradual touch has moulded into beauty many a tower, which when it frowned with all its battlements was only terrible. *Mason.*

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home. *Waller.*

A Yankee who had settled in the West having told an Englishman that he had shot on one particular occasion 999 pigeons, his interlocutor asked why he did not make it a thousand at once. "No," said he, "not likely I'm going to tell a lie for one pigeon." Whereupon the Englishman, determined not to be outdone, began to tell a long story of a man having swam from Liverpool to Boston. "Did you see him?" asked the Yankee. "Of course I did; I was coming across and our vessel passed him a mile out of Boston harbor." "Well, I'm glad ye saw him stranger, 'cos yer a witness that I did it. That was me!"

A gentleman having played an April fool trick on a witty belle, she sent him the following lines:

I pardon, sir, the trick you played me,
When an April fool you made me;
Since one day only I appear
What you, alas! do all the year.

Practical young belle to utterly utter young man: "Algernon!" "What is it, my pensive lily?" "You ought to study up the theory of ensilage, Algernon." "And what is ensilage, my languid one?" "Oh, it shows how to keep green things green till the winter's gone, Algernon, and don't you wish to live till spring, Algy?"

"I cannot conceive," said a lady one day,
"Why my hair all at once should be growing so gray;
Perhaps," she continued, "the change may be due
To my daily cosmetic, the essence of rue."
"That may be," said a wag, "but I really protest
The essence of Time (thyme) will account for it best."

"My son," said the legislator, "why do you go about dragging those old hoopskirts?" "Why, pa, I want to get into the Legislature, too." "Great Scott! boy, what do you mean?" "Why, Deacon Jones said you got into the Legislature by pulling wires." If Deacon Jones' dog gets poisoned, you can guess who did it.

In certain districts, as we note,
Our women claim the right to vote!
Grant them the boon, O legislators,
And "save the Union" from its traitors;
For women, whatsoe'er their traits,
Will never vote for separate states.

Mr. Bellows, in finishing his song, had been vociferously encored. "Bill, what's that chap brought back for?" "Why, he sung his song so badly, that they are going to make him do it all *over again*," replied Harry.

An Irishman expressing how cheerful roads were made by milestones, suggested that it would be an improvement if they were nearer together.

Curran was one day engaged in a case in which he had for a colleague a remarkably tall and slender gentleman, who had originally intended to take orders. The Judge observing that the case under discussion involved a question of ecclesiastical law, Curran interposed with, "I can refer your lordship to a high authority behind me, who was once intended for the church, though in my opinion he is fitter for the steeple."

The Doctor says if Mr. Jones lives until the morning, he shall have some hopes of him, but if he don't, he must give him up.

In Wales a sign board reads: "Take notice, that when this board is under water, the road is impassable."

Three men swore before a justice that they saw the accused steal a pig. Ten men were produced who swore that they had not seen the theft. The magistrate was puzzled, but said: "In this country the majority rule. I discharge the defendant."

A countryman examining a cane-seat chair, said: "I wonder what chap took the trouble to find all them holes and put that straw around them."

Monsieur Vaugelas having obtained a pension from the French king, on the interest of Cardinal Richelieu, the cardinal told him he hoped he would not forget the word pension in his dictionary. "No, my lord," said Vaugelas, "nor the word gratitude."

Two countrymen, who had never seen a play in their lives, nor had any notion of it, went to the theatre in Drury Lane, where they placed themselves snug in the corner of the middle gallery; the first music played, which they liked well enough; then the second and third, to their great satisfaction: at length the curtain drew up, and three or four actors entered to begin the play; upon which one of the countrymen cried to the other, "Come Jamie, let's be going, mayhap the gentlemen are talking about business."

What word by changing one letter becomes its opposite? United—Untied.

Why did Adam bite the apple Eve gave him? Because he had no knife.

When is a lawyer like a beast of burden? When drawing a conveyance.

What is that which you can keep, after giving to some one else? Your word.

Was mother Eve high or low church? Adam thought her Evangelical.

Why is a lucky gambler an agreeable fellow? Because he has such *winning* ways.

What tree bears the most fruit to market? The axle-tree.

What great Scotchman would you name if a footman knocked at the door? John *Knox*.

Why is a pretty girl like an excellent mirror? She's a good looking lass.

What affection do landlords most appreciate? Parental. (pay-rental.)

Why is a pig with a curly continuation, like the ghost of Hamlet's father? Because he could a tale unfold.

Why are the nose and chin at continual variance? Because words are always passing between them.

Why is a person with his eyes closed like a defective school-master? He keeps his pupils in darkness.

Who dares sit before the Queen with his hat on? The coachman.

When are two apples alike? When pared.

Why is a bad epigram like a useless pencil? Because it has no point.

Why is a bed cover like a blister? Because it is a counter-*pane*.

Why was Adam the happiest of husbands? Because he had no mother-in-law.

Why does tying a slow horse to a post improve his pace? It makes him *fast*.

Why are gloves unsalable articles? Because they are made to be kept on hand.

"Yes, madame, I was only twenty years old when my father determined to make me leave Paris and return to the country, cut off my supplies and left me only fifty francs a month."

"And did you manage to live on that?"

"Yes, madame; not only did I manage to live on that paltry sum, but to get into debt as well."

A Galveston school teacher asked a new boy: "If a carpenter wants to cover a roof fifteen feet wide by thirty broad, with shingles five feet broad by twelve long, how many shingles will he need?"

The boy took up his hat and slid for the door.

"Where are you going?" asked the teacher.

"To find a carpenter. He ought to know that better than any of we fellers."

This is the last rose of summer, as the man said when he got out of bed on the morning of Aug. 31.

A precocious boy asked, the other day, "Mamma, if I eat dates enough will I grow up to be an almanac?"

An English turfman visiting Mount Vernon engaged in conversation with a native and after a few preliminary remarks observed: "I dare say Mr. Washington didn't care much for 'orses. You cawn't tell me, I suppose, if he was hever a 'orse breaker?" The Virginian eyed him a few seconds doubtfully and then answered: "I ain't much on history, but to the best of my recollection the General was a lion tamer."

A gentleman, who had no umbrella and who had just come into town on a local train, perceived before him as he stepped into the street a person whom he took to be an acquaintance and who had a fine new umbrella hoisted over his head. Running up to him, therefore, he clapped him on the shoulder, saying, as he did so, by way of a joke: "I'll take that umbrella, if you please." The individual thus addressed looked around and disclosed a perfect stranger, but before the other could apologize he said, hurriedly: "Oh, it's yours, is it? Well I didn't know that. Here, you can have it," and broke away, leaving the utensil in the hands of the first party to the conversation.

"Put no fulsome compliments on my tombstone," said a wag. "Don't give me any epitaffy."

A certain individual being somewhat short and somewhat dry, walked into a store and purchased three biscuits. Before paying, seeing that the worthy shopkeeper had cider, he came to the conclusion that he was more dry than hungry, and asked permission to swap the biscuits for the cider. Finishing the cider with an appreciatory smack of the lips, he turned on his heel to go out, when the shopkeeper said: "Come, pay me for the cider." "Didn't I swap the biscuits for the cider?" said the other. "Well, then, pay me for the biscuits," said the puzzled trader. "Haven't you got them on the shelf? What are you hindering me for? My time's valuable." And off he went.

A young man, with an umbrella, overtook an unprotected lady acquaintance in a rain-storm recently, and extending his umbrella over her, requested the pleasure of acting as her rain-beau. "Oh," exclaimed the young lady, taking his arm, "you wish me to be your rain-dear!"

A lady, engaged to be married, and getting sick of her bargain, applied to a friend to help her untie the knot before it was too late. "Oh, certainly," she replied; "it is very easy to untie it now while it is only a beau knot."

"Heroine" is, perhaps, as peculiar a word as any in our language: the first two letters of it are male, the first three are female, the first four are a brave man, and the whole word makes a brave woman.

A politician who had suddenly become very wealthy, recently attended a dinner-party at which there was the usual fillet of beef with mushrooms. While engaged upon the beef he whispered to his neighbor, "Do you eat the clothespin heads too?"

"Oh, Franky," exclaimed a mother who was taking dinner at a neighbor's, "I never knew you to ask for a second piece of pie at home!" "'Cause I knew 'twas no use," mumbled Franky as he filled his mouth.

"Have you any butter, pure butter, upon your honor?" "Well, as you put it to me that way, mem, I'm afraid I must say I haven't. The butter's adulterated with oleomargarine, I'm told." "Then I'll try the oleomargarine alone. They say in the house it's perfectly wholesome." "Well, mem, there you have me again. The oleomargarine would be wholesome, only it's adulterated with butter, you know."

"The baby has got a new tooth, but the old lady is laid up with a cold in the head," remarked a gentleman to a defeated candidate. "What do I care?" was the reply. "Well," said the gentleman, "before the election you used to take me aside and ask me how my family was coming on, and I've been hunting you all over town to tell you, and that's the way you talk to me. But it don't make any difference. I voted for the other candidate, anyhow."

Columbus made the egg stand, but Italians of less renown have made the peanut stand.

Noah Webster was a celebrated author. He was a quick and ready writer, and in one of his inspired moments he dashed off a dictionary. He took it to several publishers, but they shied at it, saying the style was dull, turgid, dry, hard and uninteresting, and besides, that he used too many big words. But at last Noah succeeded, and the immortal work is in daily use, propping up babies at the dinner table.

An old lady who had been reading the health-officer's weekly reports thought that "Total" must be an awfully malignant disease, since as many die of it as all the rest put together.

"There are too many women in the world; sixty thousand more women than men in Massachusetts," growled the husband. "That is the 'survival of the fittest,' my dear," replied the wife.

Some one asked Lord Bacon what he thought of poets?" "Why," said he, "I think them the very best writers next to those who write prose."

SUPPLEMENT TO

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 10

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;
WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;
LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;
FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

Divines but peep on undiscovered worlds,
And draw the distant landscape as they please;
But who has e'er returned from those bright regions,
To tell their manners, and relate their laws? *Dryden.*

The man who can be nothing but serious, or nothing but merry, is but half a man. *Leigh Hunt.*

Weary, so weary; oh weary of tears;
Weary of heart-aches, and weary of fears;
Weary of moaning and weary of pain;
Weary, so weary of hoping in vain.
Weary, so weary— but sometime I'll rest,
Dreamlessly sleeping, hands crossed on my breast,
No more to sorrow, no more to weep,
Only to lie down and quietly sleep.

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge and the cement of all societies. *Dryden*

Music! oh, how faint, how weak,
Language fails before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,—
Love's are e'en more false than they:—
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe, and not betray. *Moore.*

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures, consists in promoting the pleasure of others. *La Bruyere.*

If the true spark of religious liberty be kindled, it will burn. Human agency cannot extinguish it. Like the earth's central fire, it may be smothered for a time; the ocean may overwhelm it; mountains may press it down; but its inherent and unconquerable force will heave both the ocean and the land, and at some time or another, in some place or another, the volcano will break out and flame to heaven. *Webster.*

Let all your precepts be succinct and clear,
That ready wits may comprehend them soon.
Roscommon.

Politeness is like great thoughts; it comes from the heart.

I would not enter on my list of friends,
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm. *Cowper.*

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me. *Pope.*

Heroism is simple, and yet it is rare. Every one who does the best he can is a hero. *Josh Billings.*

Take heed lest passion sway
Thy judgment to do aught which else free will
Would not admit. *Milton.*

He that thinks he can afford to be negligent is not far from being poor. *Johnson.*

But flattery never seems absurd:
The flattered always take your word;
Impossibilities seem just,
They take the strongest praise on trust;
Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit. *Gay.*

The reason why men act in masses as they would not act in units is, that they are not chivalric enough to stand by their own souls. *Chapin.*

O nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due! *Beattie.*

Of all the cants in this canting world, deliver me from the cant of criticism. *Sterne.*

Music, in the best sense, does not require novelty; nay the older it is, and the more we are accustomed to it, the greater its effect. *Goethe.*

But pleasures are like poppies spread,—
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-fall in the river,—
A moment white, then melts forever. *Burns.*

Virtue consists in doing our duty in the several relations we sustain, in respect to ourselves, to our fellow-men, and to God, as known from reason, conscience, and revelation.
Alexander.

Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound;
And at her work the village maiden sings,
Nor, as she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitude of things. *Gifford.*

The strength of a nation, especially of a republican nation, is in the intelligent and well-ordered homes of the people.
Mrs. Sigourney.

The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life be done;
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows,
A harvest of barren regrets. *Owen Meredith.*

Solitude is the audience chamber of God. *Landon.*

Time, the prime minister of death,
There's naught can bribe his honest will;
He stops the richest tyrant's breath,
And lays his mischief still. *Marvell.*

Honor is like the eye, which cannot suffer the least injury without damage; it is a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by the least flaw. *Bossuet.*

In every work regard the writer's end;
For none can compass more than they intend:
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due. *Pope.*

It is not death that makes the martyr, but the cause.
Canon Dale.

My mother! at that holy name
Within my bosom there's a gush
Of feeling, which no time can tame,—
A feeling, which for years of fame
I would not, could not crush. *Geo. P. Morris.*

Want sense and the world will o'erlook it;
Want feeling,--'twill find some excuse;
But if the world knows you want money,
You'll be certain to get its abuse. *Charles Swain.*

I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things. *Tennyson.*

Let each man think himself an act of God,
His mind a thought, his life a breath of God;
And let each try, by great thoughts and good deeds,
To show the most of Heaven he hath in him. *Bailey.*

'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse
How grows in Paradise our store. *Keble.*

The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor overpowered with arms, deserts his cause:
Unshamed, though foiled, he does the best he can;
Force is of brutes, but honor is of man. *Dryden.*

Whoe'er amidst the sons
Of reason, valor, liberty, and virtue,
Displays distinguished merit, is a noble
Of nature's own creating. *Thomson.*

Within the brain's most secret cells
A certain lord chief-justice dwells,
Of sovereign power, whom one and all
With common voice we Reason call. *Churchill.*

O grant me Heaven a middle state,
Neither too humble nor too great;
More than enough for nature's ends,
With something left to treat my friends. *Mallet*

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low,— an excellent thing in woman.
Shakspeare.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear. *Cowper.*

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly,
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud,
A brittle glass that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour. *Shakspeare.*

All private virtue is the public fund:
As that abounds, the state decays or thrives:
Each should contribute to the general stock,
And who lends most is most his country's friend.
Jephson.

The most miserable pettifogging in the world is that of a man in the court of his own conscience. *Beecher.*

Philosophy consists not
In airy schemes, or idle speculations:
The rule and conduct of all social life
Is her great province. *Thomson.*

Wrong is but falsehood put in practice. *Landor.*

There is no future pang
Can deal that justice on the self-condemned
He deals on his own soul. *Byron.*

Profanity never did any man the least good. No man is richer, happier, or wiser for it. It recommends no one to society; it is disgusting to refined people and abominable to the good.

We rise by things that are 'neath our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet. *Holland.*

Zeal without humility is like a ship without a rudder, liable to be stranded at any moment. *Feltham.*

A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burdened with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.
Shakspeare.

Virtue is the politeness of the soul. *Balzac.*

To follow foolish precedents, and wink
With both our eyes is easier than to think. *Cowper.*

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day of the year. *Emerson.*

Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So generous is fate. *Lowell.*

It should be remembered that it is only great souls that know how much glory there is in doing good.

Your plain-spoken man who will give you, as the phrase goes, a piece of his mind, who tells you of your faults to your face, in what he thinks a candid sort of fashion, who blurts out his opinion on this or that subject without the slightest regard for your feelings—such a friend as this may be the very soul of sincerity, but a very disagreeable companion. *Eastlake.*

No life is complete that knoweth not pain,
No sorrow that bears seed was e'er sowed in vain,
Our lives would be failures, if along with the sweet
No bitter were mingled to make them complete.

I never yet heard man or woman much abused, that I was not inclined to think the better of them; and to transfer any suspicion or dislike to the person who appeared to take delight in pointing out the defects of a fellow-creature.
Jane Porter.

Nothing with God can be accidental. *Longfellow.*

There is no death—the thing that we call death
Is but another, sadder name for life,
Which is itself an insufficient name,
Faint recognition of that unknown life—
That Power whose shadow is the universe.
R. H. Stoddard.

The world is a lively place enough, in which we must accomodate ourselves to circumstances, sail with the stream as glibly as we can, be content to take froth for substance, the surface for the depth, the counterfeit for the real coin.
Dickens.

Let argument bear no unmusical sound,
Nor jars interpose, sacred friendship to grieve. *Jonson.*

Heaven never helps the men who will not act. *Sophocles.*

There is a power
And magic in the ruined battlement,
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages
Are its dower. *Byron.*

A Bible and a newspaper in every house, a good school in every district—all studied and appreciated as they merit—are the principal support of virtue, morality, and civil liberty.
Franklin.

Gold is worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world
Than any mortal drug. *Shakspeare.*

Dreadful old man (who only believes in professional music): —"I hope you amateur gentlemen take a real pleasure in performing." Chorus—"Certainly we do!" Dreadful old man: —"Then, at least, there is some compensation for the torture you inflict."

Said the master to Mary, sweet lipped lass,
As she stood in her place at the head of her class:
"You can, my dear girl, *decline* a kiss without doubt."
"I can," she replied, with a blush and a pout,—
And a glance to the master's heart deeply there shot,
"But sir, if you please, I would much *rather not*."

"He is a man after my own heart, pa," said Julia, reverting to Charles Augustus. "Nonsense," replied old practical, "he is a man after the money your uncle left you." And then all was quiet.

I cannot praise the preacher's eyes,
I never saw his glance divine;
For when he prays, he shuts his eyes,
And when he preaches, he *shuts mine*.

"Amelia for thee—yes, at thy command, I'd pick the stars from the firmament—I'd pluck the sun, that oriental god of day that traverses the blue arch of heaven in such majestic splendor—I'd tear him from the sky and—" "Don't Henry! It would be so very dark!"

"Come wife," said Will, "I pray you devote
Just half a minute to mend this coat,
Which a nail has chanced to rend."
"'Tis ten o'clock," said the drowsy mate;
"I know," said Will, "it is rather late,
But it's never *too late to mend*."

Court (to prosecutor): "Then you recognize this handkerchief as the one which was stolen from you?" Prosecutor: "Yes, your Honor." Court: "And yet it isn't the only handkerchief of the sort in the world. See, this one I have in my pocket is exactly like it." Prosecutor: "Very likely, your Honor; I had two stolen."

By one decisive argument,
Giles gained his lovely Kate's consent,
To fix the bridal day;
"Why in such haste, dear Giles, to wed?
I shall not change my mind," she said.
"But then," said he, "*I may*."

She laid her pretty hand upon her husband's shoulder. "Henry, love, there's something the matter with the clock; will you see to it?" So he took off his coat, removed the face and hands, examined the interior parts with a large magnifying glass, blew into them with the bellows, oiled them thoroughly, and did all that mortal ingenuity could devise. But it was of no avail; and so despairing, at a late hour of the night he went to bed. Next morning at breakfast quoth she: "Henry dear, I know what was the matter with the clock." "Well?" "It only wanted winding."

Said a guest to a gentleman with whom he was dining, and who was a temperance man: "I always think a certain quantity of wine does no harm after a good dinner." "Oh, no sir," replied mine host; "it is the uncertain quantity that does the mischief."

"I suppose," (said an arrant quack, while feeling the pulse of his patient,) "that you think me a fool." "Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

A fashionable young lady at a social gathering remarked jestingly to her companion: "I wonder how much I would bring if I was put up at auction, and sold to the highest bidder?" "Just about $3,000." "Why, my jewelry alone is worth that!" "Yes, that's what I put it down at in my estimate."

On a recent declamation day in a New Jersey school, a promising young idea shot off the subjoined: "Our yaller hen has broke her leg, Oh, never more she'll lay an egg; the brindle cow has gone plump dry, and sister Sal has eat a pie; this earth is full of sin and sorrow, we're born to-day and die to-morrow."

"Amanda, I wish you to put the large Bible in a prominent place on the center-table, and place three or four hymn books carelessly round on the sofa. I have advertised for a young man to board in a cheerful Christian family, and I tell you what, if you girls don't manage, either one of you, to rake him in, why I'll never try anything again, for I'm tired out."

"Come, Bridget, how much longer are you going to be filling that pepper box?" "Shure, ma'am, and it's meself can't say how long it'll be takin me to get all this stuff in the thing through the little holes in the top."

When are roads like corpses? When they are men-ded.

Why is a drunken Irishman like a sentinel going his rounds? He is pat-rolling.

What key in music will make a good officer? A sharp major.

Why was Moses the most wicked man that ever lived? Because he broke all the commandments at once.

Why is a banker's clerk necessarily well informed? Because he is continually taking notes.

What bridge creates the most anxiety? A suspension bridge.

What motive had the inventor of railroads in view? A loco-motive.

Why would a compliment from a chicken be an insult? Because it would be *fowl* language.

What insect does a blacksmith manufacture? He makes the fire-fly.

How many of your relations live on your property? Ten-aunts. (tenants.)

When does a regiment undergo an operation? When deprived of its arms.

What is that which is sometimes with a head, without a head, with a tail, and without a tail? A wig.

Why are young ladies' affections always doubted? Because they are mis-givings.

When are tailors and house agents both in the same business? When they gather the rents.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter "P"? It's the first in pity and the last in help.

When are weeds not weeds? When they *become* widows.

Why is an amateur artist dangerous? Because his *designs* are generally bad.

Why are old bachelors bad grammarians? Because when asked to conjugate, they invariably decline.

What prescription is the best for a poet? A *composing* draught.

What part of a fish is like the end of a book? The fin-is.

What is that which nobody wishes to have and nobody likes to lose? A lawsuit.

What fish is most valued by a lady happily married? Her-ring.

At a recent trial of a liquor case the witness on the stand was under examination as to what he had seen in the defendant's domicile, which he said he had visited "a number of times." "Did you ever see any spirits there, or anything you regarded as spirits?" asked the presiding justice. "Why, yes—I don't know but I have," was the reply of the witness. "Do you know what kind of spirits?" "Yes." "How do you know?" "I kinder smelt it." "Well, now," said the judge, straightening himself for the convicting answer which he supposed would be given, "will you please tell me what kind of spirits it was?" "Spirits o' turpentine!"

"Jones, how did you like my discourse last Sunday?" asked the parson. "To tell you the truth," replied Jones, "I was not altogether pleased with your premises, but I was delighted beyond measure at your conclusion." The parson would give something to know just what Jones meant.

If you don't want to be robbed of your good name, do not have it printed on your umbrella.

One of the old blue laws of Connecticut said, "No one shall run on the Sabbath day, except reverently." Imagine a man just out of church pursuing a flying hat reverently before a high wind, and in the presence of an interested congregation!

A young man from the country was in town and entered a photograph gallery to have his picture taken. After seating him, the operator told him to assume a pleasant expression. "Think of something cheerful," he said; "think of your girl." A terrible scowl took possession of the young man's face, and jumping up, he exclaimed: "Think of the deuce! She went home with another fellow last night, and she can go to thunder, for me!" He evidently thought of her, but the pleased expression was not forthcoming.

He opened the door cautiously and poking in his head in a suggestive sort of way as if there was more to follow, inquired, "Is this the editorial rinktum?"

"The what, my friend?"

"Is this the rinktum—sinktum—sanctum or some such place where the editors live?"

"This is the editorial room, yes, sir. Come in."

"No, I guess I won't come in. I wanted to see what a rinktum was like, that's all. Looks like our garret, only wuss. Good day."

A young man who thought he had won the heart, and now asked the hand in marriage of a certain young widow, was asked by her, "What is the difference between myself and Mr. Smith's Durham cow?" He naturally replied, 'Well I don't know." "Then," said the widow, "you had better marry the cow."

George the First, on a journey to Hanover, stopped at a village in Holland, and while the horses were getting ready, he asked for two or three eggs, which were brought to him, and charged at two hundred florins. "How is this," said his majesty, "eggs must be very scarce in this place." "Pardon me," said the host, "eggs are plenty enough, but kings are scarce." The king smiled, and ordered the money to be paid.

A gentleman who was muffled up to his ears in furs, one cold day met a beggar in his shirt sleeves and asked him how he could endure to go so thinly clad. The man of many wants replied: "Why, sir, you go with your face bare; I am all face."

In a company, the conversation having fallen on the subject of phrenology, and the organ of drunkenness being alluded to, a lady present suggested that this must be the barrel-organ.

When Cortez returned to Spain, he was coolly received by the emperor, Charles the Fifth. One day he suddenly presented himself to the monarch. "Who are you?" said the emperor, haughtily. "The man," said Cortez, as haughtily, "who has given you more provinces than your ancestors left you cities."

A lady, who made pretensions to the most refined feelings, went to her butcher to remonstrate with him on his cruel practices. "How," said she, "can you be so barbarous as to put innocent little lambs to death?" "Why not, madam," said the butcher; "you would not eat them alive, would you?"

A surgeon on board a ship of war used to prescribe salt water for his patients in all disorders. Having sailed one evening, on a party of pleasure, he happened, by some mischance, to be drowned. The captain, who had not heard of the disaster, asked one of the tars next day if he had heard anything of the doctor. "Yes," answered Jack, after a turn of his quid, "he was drowned last night in his medicine chest."

An Irishman was eating an apple-pie with some quinces in it; "Arrah, now, honey," said he, "if a few quinces give such a flavor, how would an apple-pie taste made all of quinces?"

A clergyman was reproving a married couple for their frequent dissensions, which were very unbecoming both in the eye of God and man, seeing, as he observed, that they were both one. "Both one!" cried the husband. "Was your reverence to come by our door sometimes, you would swear we were twenty."

A dancer said to another person, "You cannot stand upon one leg as long as I can." "True," answered the other, "but a goose can."

It was well answered by Archbishop Tillotson to King William, when he complained of the shortness of his sermon: "Sir," said the bishop, "could I have bestowed more time upon it, it would have been even shorter."

A Hibernian schoolmaster, in a village near London, advertised that he intended to keep a Sunday-school twice a week, on Tuesdays and Thursdays.

A lecturer on the history of chemistry, in describing the celebrated Mr. Boyle said: "He was a great man, a very great man; he was father of modern chemistry, and brother of the Earl of Cork."

Some one being asked the reason why his head was so intermixed with gray hairs, and that not one could be seen in his beard, answered, "It is no wonder; the hair of my head is older than that of my beard by twenty years."

SUPPLEMENT TO

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 11

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;
WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;
LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;
FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime;
MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES, Etc.

A strict adherence to truth is not only an essential duty in a religious point of view, but it is indispensably necessary to preserve the morals of any community.

When streaming from the eastern skies
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of righteousness Divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine:
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day. *Shrubsole.*

All minds are influenced every moment; and there is a providence in every feeling, thought and word.

Good humor only teaches charms to last,
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past.
Pope.

Opportunities are very sensitive; if you slight their first visit you seldom see them again.

Real glory
Springs from the quiet conquest of ourselves
And without that the conqueror is nought
But the first slave. *Thomson.*

Words are women, deeds are men. *Italian Proverb.*

Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,
But leave—oh! leave the light of Hope behind!
What though my winged hours of bliss have been,
Like angel-visits, few and far between. *Campbell.*

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you as they please. *Pythagoras.*

Alas! when all our lamps are burned,
Our bodies wasted, and our spirits spent,
When we have all the learned volumes turned,
Which yield men's wits both help and ornament,
What can we know, or what can we discern? *Davies.*

There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day; the reason is, that people can commend it without envy. *Shenstone.*

Of fools the world has such a store,
That he who would not see an ass,
Must bide at home, and bolt his door,
And break his looking-glass. *Boileau.*

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do hurt. *Lord Clarendon.*

Sleep! to the homeless thou art home:
The friendless find in thee a friend;
And well is, wheresoe'er he roam,
Who meets thee at his journey's end. *Ebenezer Elliot.*

True gold fears not the fire.

I stood upon the hills when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales. *Longfellow.*

Education commences at the mother's knee, and every word spoken within the hearsay of little children tends towards the formation of character. *Hosea Ballou.*

Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to the fight have gone;
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The past and the future are nothing,
In the face of the stern To-day. *A. A. Proctor.*

The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough. *Carlyle.*

Heaven's gates are not so highly arched
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. *John Webster.*

The two great movers of the human mind are the desire of good and the fear of evil. *Johnson.*

Cheerful looks make every dish a feast,
And 'tis that crowns a welcome. *Massinger.*

Man is the jewel of God, who has created this material world to keep his treasure in. *Theodore Parker.*

If affliction grasps thee rudely
And presents the rack and cup,
Drink the draught and brave the torture—
Even in despair,—look up.
Still look up! For one there liveth
With the will and power to save—
One who knows each human sorrow,
From the cradle to the grave. *J. L. Chester.*

We find ourselves less witty in remembering what we have said than in dreaming of what we might have said. *Petet.*

Calmness is great advantage: he that lets
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire,
Mark all his wand'rings, and enjoy his frets;
As cunning fencers suffer heat to tire. *Herbert.*

Absence lessens small passions and increases great ones as the wind extinguishes the taper and kindles the burning dwelling.

How sour sweet music is
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So it is in the music of men's lives. *Shakspeare.*

Educate men without religion, and you make them but clever devils. *Duke of Wellington.*

Youth, with swift feet, walks onward in the way,
The land of joy lies all before his eyes;
Age, stumbling, lingers slower day by day,
Still looking back, for it behind him lies.
Frances Anne Kemble.

No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or lived for any length of time with pleasant people, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure. *Sidney Smith.*

Immodest words admit of no defense,
For want of decency is want of sense. *Roscommon.*

When a man's desires are boundless, his labor is endless; they will set him a task he can never go through, and cut him out work he can never finish. *Balguy.*

A fool, indeed, has great need of a title;
It teaches men to call him count or duke,
And thus forget his proper name of fool. *Crown.*

If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue. *Quarles.*

Silence is vocal if we listen well;
And Life and Being sing in dullest ears
From morn till night, from night till morn again,
With fine articulations. *J. G. Holland.*

To be good and disagreeable is high treason against the royalty of virtue. *Hannah More.*

Sing, pray, and swerve not from His ways,
But do thine own part faithfully:
Trust His rich promises of grace;
So shall it be fulfilled in thee;
God never yet forsook in need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile produces a sensible change: no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character. *Jeremy Taylor.*

The primal duties shine aloft like stars;
The charities that soothe and heal and bless
Are scattered at the feet of man like flowers.
Wordsworth.

Some men make you feel as though the warm sun had just broken through the clouds, while others make you feel as though a sudden east wind, with its arms full of cold fog, had caught you with too thin clothing.

Full many mischiefs follow cruel wrath,
Abhorred bloodshed and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath. *Spenser.*

He only is great who has the habits of greatness; who, after performing what none in ten thousand could accomplish, passes on like Samson, and "tells neither father nor mother of it." *Lavater.*

Whatever you dislike in another person, take care to correct in yourself by the gentle reproof. *Sprat.*

Beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subject all
To envious and calumniating time. *Shakspeare.*

Mature affection, homage, devotion, does not easily express itself. Its voice is low. It is modest and retiring; it lies in ambush, waits and waits. Such is the mature fruit. Sometimes a life glides away, and finds it still ripening in the shade. *Dickens.*

The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns. *Moore.*

The Christian graces are like perfumes, the more they are pressed, the sweeter they smell; like stars that shine brightest in the dark; like trees which, the more they are shaken, the deeper root they take, and the more fruit they bear.

And shall we all condemn, and all distrust,
Because some men are false, and some unjust?
Mrs. Norton

Gratitude is the memory of the heart.

It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned, 'twill fall
Like choicest music. *Talfourd.*

Mirth is like the flash of lightning that breaks through the gloom of the clouds and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a daylight in the soul, filling it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Virtue, on herself relying,
Every passion hushed to rest,
Loses every pain of dying,
In the hope of being blest.
Every added pang she suffers
Some increasing good bestows,
Every shock that malice offers,
Only rocks her to repose. *Goldsmith.*

"It is a great blessing to possess what one wishes," said some one to an ancient philosopher, who replied, "It is a greater blessing still, not to desire what one does not possess."

It is a shame when the church itself is a cemetery, where the living sleep above ground, as the dead do beneath. *Fuller.*

Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won. *Byron.*

A blithe heart makes a blooming visage.

The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord—is cable—to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze. *Young.*

A cat in gloves is of no use to catch mice.

They who reach Parnassus' lofty crown
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And, while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools. *Pope.*

Hurry and cunning are the two apprentices of dispatch and skill; but neither of them ever learn their master's trade. *Colton.*

My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence round me—the perpetual work
Of Thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. *Bryant.*

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver or gold. *Bible.*

Be not too ready to condemn
The wrong thy brothers may have done;
Ere ye too harshly censure them
For human faults, ask, "Have I none?" *Eliza Cook.*

The Bible is a window in this prison of hope, through which we look into eternity. *Dwight.*

When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones' are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone? *Moore.*

Books are company; and the company of bad books is as dangerous as the company of bad associates, while that of good books is like that of good men.

A merry heart goes all the day,
A sad tires in a mile. *Shakspeare.*

A very modest young gentleman, of the county of Tipperary, having attempted many ways in vain to acquire the affections of a lady of great fortune, at last was resolved to try what could be done by the help of music, and therefore entertained her with a serenade under her windows at midnight; but she ordered her servant to drive him hence, by throwing stones at him. "Your music, my friend," said one of his companions, "is as powerful as that of Orpheus, for it draws the very stones about you."

I was sitting beside my destined bride,
One still, sentimental day;
"How I long," said I, "but to make you cry,
And I'd kiss the bright tears away."

Fair Cecily blushed, her voice grew hushed,
I thought she would cry to be sure,
But she lisped to me, pouting prettily,
"*Prevention is better than cure.*"

A sweet little creature was present at the recital of Chopin's music given by a famous prima donna. During the pathetic "Marche Funebre" from the sonata, opus 35, her attention was fixed, as if the music had entranced her very soul. Her eyes glistened with emotion, and her whole face was expressive of admiration and excitement. When the pianist had finished, the gentleman who was with this sweet little creature turned to her and said: "How beautiful!" To which she replied, "Yes, indeed; doesn't it fit her exquisitely in the back? How much do you suppose it cost a yard?"

Determined beforehand we gravely pretend
To ask the opinion and advice of a friend;
Should his differ from ours on any pretense,
We pity his want both of judgment and sense,
But if he falls into and agrees with our plan,
Why, really we think him a sensible man.

A poor dirty shoe-boy going into a church, one Sunday evening, and seeing the parish boys standing in a row upon a bench to be catechized, he gets up himself, and stands in the very first place; so the parson, of course beginning with him, asked him, "What is your name?" "Rugged and Tough," answered he; "Who gave you that name?" said Domine: "Why the boys in our alley," replied poor Rugged and Tough.

A devout gentleman being very earnest in his prayers in the church, it happened that a pickpocket, being near him, stole away his watch. Having ended his prayers, he missed the watch, and complained to his friend that it was lost while he was at prayers; to which his friend replied, "Had you watched as well as prayed, your watch had not been stolen," adding these following lines:

"He that a watch will wear, this must he do,
Pocket his watch, and watch his pocket too."

"I do so like to talk to you," she says softly, in a pause of the conversation, beaming on him and sighing. "Why?" asks the unsuspecting youth. "Because," she answers gently—"Because you are all ears!"

When a man goes on a journey there are two things which he ought always to take with him,—a full purse and no bundles.

Two little girls aged four and six years, had just had new dresses, and were on their way to Sunday-school. Said Etta, the elder, "Oh, I have forgotten my verse!" "I haven't forgotten mine," replied the other; "it is, 'Blessed are the dressmakers.'"

A skeptical hearer recently said to a minister: "How do you reconcile the teachings of the Bible with the latest conclusions of science?" "I haven't seen this morning's papers," naively replied the minister. "What are the latest conclusions of modern science?"

A negro once prayed in meeting, that he and his brethren might be preserved from their upsettin' sins. "Brudder," said one of his friends at the close of the meeting, "you ain't got de right word. It's besettin' not upsettin'." "Brudder," replied the other, "if dat's so it's so. But I was prayin' de Lord to save us from de sin ob 'toxication, an' ef dat ain't an' upsettin' sin I dunno what am."

"Pa," said a little fellow to his unshaven father, "your chin looks like the wheel in the music box."

"If there's no moonlight, will you meet me by gaslight, dearest Katie?" "No, Augustus, I won't; I am no gas meter."

When George Colman the younger was asked if he knew Theodore Hook, he said, "Oh, yes; Hook and eye are often together."

When is a horse like a victim of the inquisition? When he is fastened to the rack.

Why are printers liable to bad colds? Because they always use damp sheets.

What disease do reapers often get on hot days? A dropsickle affection.

When may two people be said to be half witted? When they have an understanding between them.

Why is an empty discourse like a solid one? Because it is all *sound.*

How did the whale that swallowed Jonah obey the divine law? Jonah was a stranger, and he took him in.

Why is a clock the most persevering thing in creation? Because it is never more inclined to go on with its business, than when it is completely wound up.

Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard? Because neither of them is satisfied with a moderate use of the glass.

Why are crockery-ware dealers unlike all other shop keepers? Because it won't do for them to *crack* up their goods.

Why is a good actor like a good architect? Because they both *draw* good houses.

Why is wit like a Chinese lady's foot? Because brevity's the *sole* of it.

Why is a blacksmith like a safe steed? Because one is a horse-shoer and the other is a sure horse.

Why is an eclipse like a man whipping his boy? It's a *hiding* of the *sun.*

Why are policemen like the days of man? Because they are numbered.

Why is a poor singer like a counterfeiter? Because he is an utterer of bad notes.

What is it that a gentleman has not, never can have, and yet can give to a lady? A husband.

Why didn't the last dove return to the ark? Because she had sufficient *ground* for remaining.

Why is a book binder like charity? Because he often covers a multitude of faults.

Why is a runaway horse like a sorrow stricken mortal? Because it is subject to many *woes.*

New settlers in Texas will find plenty of elbow room if nothing else. One of them writes that he has "the Rio Grande for a bath tub and all Mexico for a back-yard."

Speaking of one of his works to a critic a dramatic author said with the consciousness of modest worth: "It has had many imitators." "Yes," replied the critic, "especially beforehand."

A poor man who had a termagant wife, after a long dispute, in which she was resolved to have the last word, told her, that if she spoke one more crooked word, he'd beat her brains out. "Why then, ram's horns, you rogue," said she, "if I die for it."

An impertinent young fellow, sitting at a table opposite the learned John Scott asked him, "What difference there was between Scott and sot?" "Just the breadth of the table," answered the other.

An Irishman with a heavy bundle on his shoulder, was riding on a street car platform. He refused to put it down, saying: "The horses have enough to do to drag me, I'll carry the bundle."

"I am at your service," said a young clerk the other evening to a handsome young lady, in answer to her inquiry for a bow. "I am," replied she, "much obliged to you, but I want a buff and not a green one." He sank into his shoes and she went out.

A man who had brutally assaulted his wife was brought before Justice Cole, of New York, and had a good deal to say about "getting justice." "Justice!" replied Cole: "you can't get it here: this court has no power to hang you!"

SUPPLEMENT TO

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 12

CONTAINING

SENTIMENTS For Public Occasions;
WITTICISMS For Home Enjoyment;
LIFE THOUGHTS For Private Reflection;
FUNNY SAYINGS For Social Pastime, &c.

As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind, without cultivation, can never produce good fruit. *Seneca.*

They serve God well
Who serve His creatures. *Mrs Norton.*

Character, like porcelain ware, must be painted before it is glazed. There can be no change after it is burned in. *Beecher.*

Oh swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable. *Shakspeare.*

Next in importance to freedom and justice is popular education, without which neither justice nor freedom can be permanently maintained. *Garfield.*

Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
The men who labor and digest things most
Will be much apter to despond than boast. *Roscommon.*

As a countenance is made beautiful by the soul's shining through it, so the world is beautiful by the shining through it of God. *Jacobi.*

When gratitude o'erflows the swelling heart,
And breathes in free and uncorrupted praise
For benefits received: propitious Heaven
Takes such acknowledgment as fragrant incense,
And doubles all its blessings. *Lillo.*

Next to love, sympathy is the divinest passion of the human heart. *Burke.*

Take the world as it is! there are good and bad in it—
And good and bad will be from now to the end;
And they, who expect to make saints in a minute,
Are in danger of marring more hearts than they'll mend.
Charles Swain.

To forgive our enemies, is a charming way of revenge, and a short Cæsarean conquest, overcoming without a blow, laying our enemies at our feet, under sorrow, shame and repentance; leaving our foes our friends, and solicitously inclined to grateful relations. *Sir Thomas Browne.*

Had he thought it fit
That wealth should be the appanage of wit,
The God of light could ne'er have been so blind,
To deal it to the worst of human kind. *Swift.*

That flower that follows the sun does so even in cloudy days. *Leighton.*

All mankind
Is one of these two cowards;
Either to wish to die
When he should live, or live when he should die.
George Herbert.

Nothing is politically right that is morally wrong.
O'Connell.

Books are yours,
Within whose silent chambers treasure lies
Preserved from age to age; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems which, for a day of need,
The sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs.
These hoards of truth you can unlock at will.
Wordsworth.

There is nothing useless to men of sense; clever people turn everything to account. *Fontaine.*

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
Shakspeare.

Good nature is of daily use; but courage is at best but a kind of holiday virtue, to be seldom exercised and never but in cases of necessity.

In real life the peculiarities and oddities of a man who has anything whimsical about him, generally impress us first, and it is not until we are better acquainted with him that we usually begin to look below these superficial traits, and to know the better part of him. *Dickens.*

Minds
By nature great are conscious of their greatness,
And hold it mean to borrow aught from flattery. *Rowe.*

There are times when these souls of ours get right under the shadow of the throne, when we can almost hear the angels sing, and there comes down on the soul a quiet like the echo of the angel's song. *Bishop Simpson.*

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh infolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide;
And of its bliss is nought more wondrous told us,
Than these few words: "I shall be satisfied."

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. *Bacon.*

A gentle word is never lost,
Oh, never then refuse one;
It cheers the heart when sorrow tossed,
And lulls the cares that bruise one.
It scatters sunshine o'er our way,
And turns our thorns to roses,
It changes weary night to day,
And hope and love discloses.

If a man has a right to be proud of anything, it is of a good action done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it. *Sterne.*

'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man. *Addison.*

Be always employed about some rational thing, that the devil find thee not idle. *Jerome.*

Self-ease is pain—the only rest
Is labor for a worthy end;
A toil that gains with what it yields,
And scatters to its own increase,
And hears, while sowing outward fields,
The harvest song of inward peace. *Whittier.*

Temperate anger well becomes the wise. *Philemon.*

There is a certain noble pride through which merits shine brighter than through modesty. *Richter.*

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought. *Shakspeare.*

It is as easy to draw back a stone thrown with force from the hand as to recall a word once spoken. *Alexander.*

How shocking must thy summons be, O death,
To him who is at ease in his possessions!
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnished for that world to come. *Blair.*

There is no society, however free and democratic, where wealth will not create an aristocracy. *Bulwer.*

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper life above;
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love.

That is a treacherous friend against whom you must be always on your guard. Such a friend is wine. *Bovee.*

Step by step we gain the heights,
Onward striving side by side;
Oh, the sweet and rare delights
Where proud learning's paths abide.
Still we labor in the field,
Prouder steps before us rise,
Patient toil at last will yield
Unto every one the prize.

Envy shoots at others and wounds herself.

Frost went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things: there were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen. *Hannah F. Gould.*

There is no despair so absolute as that which comes with the first moments of our first great sorrow, when we have not yet known what it is to have suffered and be healed, to have despaired and to have recovered hope. *George Eliot.*

He is richest who is content with least; for content is the wealth of nature. *Socrates.*

The kernel of a grape, the fig's small grain,
Can clothe a mountain, and o'ershade a plain. *Denham.*

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,
Is such a friend that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it. *Cowper.*

Humility is the eldest born of virtue,
And claims the birthright at the throne of heaven.
Murphy.

Our life is nothing but a winter's day;
Some only break their fast, and then away;
Others stay dinner, and depart full-fed.
The deepest age but sups, and goes to bed.
He's most in debt that lingers out the day,
And who betimes has less and less to pay. *Quarles.*

He is idle that might be better employed.

Words are the soul's embassadors, who go
Abroad upon her errands to and fro;
They are the sole expounders of the mind,
And correspondence keep 'twixt all mankind. *Howell.*

In a calm sea every man is a pilot.

From every piercing sorrow
That heaves our breast to-day,
Or threatens us to-morrow,
Hope turns our eyes away;
On wings of faith ascending,
We see the land of light,
And feel our sorrows ending
In infinite delight. *Cottle.*

Mean men admire wealth, great men glory.

No adulation; 'tis the death of virtue!
Who flatters is of all mankind the lowest,
Save he who courts the flatterer. *Hannah More.*

Old fools are more foolish than young ones.

'Tis remarkable, that they
Talk most who have the least to say. *Prior*

We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
Owen Meredith.

Speak well of your friend, of your enemy say nothing.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger. *Shakspeare.*

Vain glory blossoms but never bears.

Well may dreams present us fictions,
Since our waking moments teem
With such fanciful convictions
As make life itself a dream. *Campbell.*

He that is a wise man by day is no fool by night.

Your love in a cottage is hungry,
Your vine is a nest for flies;
Your milkmaid shocks the graces,
And simplicity talks of pies!
You lie down to your shady slumber,
And wake with a bug in your ear;
And your damsel that walks in the morning
Is shod like a mountaineer. *N. P. Willis.*

Words are leaves; deeds are fruit.

Not from gray hairs authority doth flow,
Not from bald heads, nor from a wrinkled brow;
But our past life, when virtuously spent,
Must to our age those happy fruits present. *Denham.*

There would not be so many open mouths if there were not so many open ears. *Bishop Hall.*

Burns o'er the plough sung sweet his wood-notes wild,
And richest Shakspeare was a poor man's child.
Ebenezer Elliott.

Praise no man too liberally before his face, nor censure him too lavishly behind his back; the one savors of flattery, the other of malice—and both are reprehensible; the true way to advance another's virtue is to follow it; and the best means to cry down another's vice is to decline it. *Quarles.*

Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt;
And every grin so merry, draws one out. *Wolcott.*

King Charles II on a certain occasion paid a visit to Dr. Busby. The Doctor is said to have strutted through his school with his hat on his head, while his majesty walked complaisantly behind him, with his hat under his arm; but, when he was taking his leave at the door, the Doctor, with great humility, addressed him thus: "Sire, your majesty will, I hope, excuse my apparent want of respect; but if my boys were to imagine there was a greater man in the kingdom than myself, I should never be able to rule them."

A certain editor was taking a walk one evening with his wife, when she, who was somewhat romantic, and an admirer of nature, said: "Oh, Augustus, just notice the moon." "Can't think of it, my dear, for less than twenty cents a line."

"But why did you leave your last place?" asked Mrs. Brown. "Och, mum," replied the young person, with a toss of her shapeless head, "they was that mean that there was no livin' wid em. If you'll belave it, mum, 'twas only yisterday that I wint intil the parlor and there was two of the gurruls a-playin' on one peeany and their father rich enough to buy a dozen and niver fale it!"

Jones (accompanied by his dog Snap) meets Brown, who accosts him with "Good morning, Jones; how's your dog Snap?' Jones—"Pretty well, I thank you; how are you?"

"Well, my little man, aren't you barefoot rather early this season?" said a benevolent gentleman to a youngster one morning. "Guess not. Wuz born barefoot, I wuz." "I declare, so you was, so you was. What a pity; what a pity. Well, Nature is unkind to the poor, really," and he gave the youngster a dime to atone for the neglect of the "mother of us all."

"Edward," said a mother to her son, a boy of eight, who was trundling a hoop in the front yard, "Edward you must not go out of that gate into the street." "No, ma, I won't," was the reply. A few minutes afterwards his mother saw him in the street manufacturing dirt pies. "Didn't I tell you," she said angrily, "not to go through the gate?" "Well, I didn't mother," was the reply, "I climbed over the fence."

A philosopher carrying something hidden under his cloak, an impertinent person asked him what he had under his cloak. The philosopher answered:—"I carry it there that you might not know."

Three young conceited wits, as they thought themsel passing along the road, met a grave old gentleman, wi whom they had a mind to be rudely merry. "Good mo Father Abraham," said one; "Good morrow, Father Is said the next; "Good morrow, Father Jacob," cried the la "I am neither Abraham, Isaac, nor Jacob," replied the gentleman, "but Saul, the son of Kish, who went out to se his father's asses, and lo! here I have found them."

One Irishman meeting another asked what had bec of their old acquaintance Patrick Murphy. "Arrah, n honey," answered the other, "poor Pat was condemned t hanged; but he saved his life by dying in prison."

A tailor sent his bill to a lawyer for money. The lawy bade the boy tell his master that he was not running aw but was very busy at the time. The boy came again a told him he must have the money. "Did you tell your ma ter," said the lawyer, "that I was not running away?" "Y sir," answered the boy, "but he told me to tell you that h was."

Student (not very clear as to his lesson)—"That's wh the author says, anyway." Professor—"I don't want t author; I want you!" Student (despairingly)—"Well, you'v got me."

An Irish captain being on the ocean, many leagues fr the most remote part of land, beheld at a short distance f sail of ships, and in the joy of his heart exclaimed, "Ari my lads, pipe all hands on deck to behold this rich land scape."

A gentleman having a servant with a very thick sku used often to call him the king of fools. "I wish," said th fellow one day, "you could make your words good, for I should then be the greatest monarch in the world."

A painter turned physician and a friend applauding him upon the change, said: "You have done well, for before, your faults could be discovered by the naked eye, but now they are all hid."

An author, who had given a comedy into the hands of a manager for his perusal, called on him for his opinion of the piece. The poor author, in trembling anxiety, awaited the fate of his performance. The manager returned the play with a grave face saying:—"Sir, depend upon it, this is a thing not to be laughed at."

When is a chair like a lady's dress? When it's sat-in.

Why is a widow like a gardener? Because she tries to get rid of her weeds.

Why are blind persons compassionate? Because they feel for other persons.

When is a pretty girl like a ship? When she is attached to a buoy.

Why should a man never marry a woman named Ellen? Because he rings his own (*K*) Nell.

Why is an interesting book like a toper's nose? Because it is red (read) to the very end.

When is a bill like a gun? When it is presented and discharged.

Why was the sculptor "Powers" a great swindler? Because he chiseled the Greek slave out of a piece of marble.

Why is a cigar-loving man like a tallow candle? Because he will smoke when he is going out.

Why are teeth like verbs? They are regular, irregular and defective.

What is that which never flies, but when its wings are broken? An army.

Why is good cabbage the most amiable of vegetables? Because it's all heart.

Why is Queen Victoria like a hat? Because they both have crowns.

When is a man not a man? When he's a shaving.

Why are pretty girls like fire-works? Because they soon go off.

Why is it absurd to ask a pretty girl to be candid? Because she cannot be *plain.*

What is that which never asks questions, yet requires many answers? The door bell.

Why is a neglected damsel like a fire which has gone out? Because she has not a *spark* left.

Who may marry many a wife, and yet live single all his life? A clergyman.

Why does a coat get larger when taken out of a carpet bag? Because you find it in-creases.

What is the most engaging work of art? A fashionable young lady.

Which is the favorite word with women? The last one.

Shuter, the celebrated English comedian, was once in disgrace with the audience, in consequence of some irregularities, and an apology was demanded. Shuter was somewhat tardy, and a lady was going on with her part, when the audience called out, "Shuter! Shuter!" The arch comedian peeped from behind the curtain, and said, "Pray do not shoot her; the lady is innocent, the fault is entirely my own." This put the house in good humor, and Shuter was received with applause.

Charles XII of Sweden was told, just before the battle of Narva, that the enemy was three to one. "I am glad to hear it," answered the king, "for then there will be enough to kill, enough to take prisoners, and enough to run away."

A man dying greatly in debt and the news coming to his creditors' ears, "Farewell," said one, "there is so much of mine gone with him." "And he carried off so much of mine," said another. Some one hearing them make their several complaints, said: "Well, I see now, that though a man can carry nothing of his own out of the world, yet he may carry a great deal of other men's."

During a visit which Queen Elizabeth made to the famous Lord Chancellor Bacon, at a small country house which he had built for himself before his preferment, she asked him why he had made for himself so small a house. "It is not I, madam," answered he, "who have made my house too small for myself, but your majesty who has made me too big for my house."

An English gentleman asked Sir Richard Steele, who was an Irishman, "What was the reason that his countrymen were so remarkable for blundering and making bulls?" "Faith," said the knight, "I believe there is something in the air of Ireland, and I dare say, if an Englishman were born there he would do the same."

At a house where they do a great deal of fancy work and keep a white poodle, an innocent gentleman asked: "Who knit the dog?"

"What is the feminine of tailor?" asked a teacher of a class in grammar. "Dressmaker," was the prompt reply of a bright-eyed little boy.

A conceited coxcomb once said to a barber's boy, "Did you ever shave a donkey?" "Why, no sir," replied the boy, "but if you will please to sit down I will try."

In the grammar department of one of our public schools, the teacher, after talking with her class on the subject of mythology, read to them as follows: "Vulcan, smith, architect, and chariot-builder for the gods of Mount Olympus built their houses, constructed their furniture," etc. The following day the subject of the preceding day was given as a language lesson, and as no mention was made of Vulcan, the teacher asked the class who built the houses for the gods on Mount Olympus? For a while the children seemed lost in profound thought, when suddenly a gleam of intelligence illuminated the face of one little girl, and she replied, "I can't think of his first name, but his last name is Smith!"

A soldier was bragging before Julius Cæsar of the wounds he had received in his face. Cæsar, knowing him to be a coward, told him he had best take heed the next time he ran away, how he looked back.

A man who won't take off his hat to himself once in a while in summer must be a cold-blooded wretch.

A young lady has written to know what is a sure cure for love-sickness. As other eminent physicians have previously prescribed, we suggest the same old time-tried, fire-tested remedy—marriage. It has never been known to fail.

Just before the public schools in New Haven closed for the vacation, a lady teacher in one of the departments gave out the word "fob" for her class to spell. After it was spelled, as was her custom, she asked the meaning of it. No one knew. The teacher then told the class she had one, and was the only person in the room that had. After a little while a hand went hesitatingly up. Teacher—"Well, what is it?" "Please, ma'am, it's a beau."

"Why do guns burst?" asks a contemporary, and then devotes nearly a column to answering the question. Guns burst because powder is put into them. You might use a gun seven hundred years and it wouldn't burst if you kept powder out of it.

A young and learned gentleman who was to preach a probation sermon for a very good lectureship, had a very bad voice though otherwise an excellent preacher. A friend, when he came out of the pulpit, wished him joy, and said he would certainly carry the election, for he had nobody's voice against him but his own.

An inquisitive man said to Dumas: "You are a quadroon?" "I believe I am, sir," said Dumas. "And your father?" "Was a mulatto." "And your grandfather?" "Negro," hastily answered the dramatist. "And may I inquire what your great-grandfather was?" "An ape, sir," thundered Dumas; "yes sir, an ape; my pedigree commences where yours terminates."

A gentleman who was an indifferent penman, sent a letter to a friend: "Out of respect, sir, I write to you with my own hand, but to facilitate the reading, I send you a copy which I have caused my amanuensis to make."

Colley Cibber's son one day begged his father to give him one hundred pounds. "It is very strange," said Colley, "that you can't live upon your salary. When I was your age, I never spent any of my father's money." "Perhaps not," answered the son, "but I am sure you have spent many hundred pounds of *my father's money*."

Fox, struck by the solemnity of Lord Thurlow's appearance at the trial of Hastings, said: "I wonder whether any one was ever so wise as Thurlow looks."

Walter Scott said to his wife: "'Tis no wonder that poets have made the lamb the emblem of peace and innocence." "They are, indeed, delightful animals," said she; "especially with mint sauce."

Some one met an undertaker at the office of a physician in Philadelphia, and asked him if he was in partnership with the doctor. He replied: "Yes, we've been together for some time, I always *carry the doctor's work home*, when it's done."

DRAMATIC SUPPLEMENT

—TO—

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 9

CASSIUS' WHISTLE.*—Robert C. V. Meyers.

A Farce in One Act.

CHARACTERS.

Benjamin Fothergill, K. D., Ph. D., Q. R. S., an Antiquarian
Mr. Octavus Allen, a historical positivist.
Mrs. Octavus Allen, negatively positive.
Miss Arsinoe Allen, positively negative.
Horace Templeton, whose position is a negation.
Tom, Mr. Allen's butler, who poses positively.
Dan, a servant, who is deposed *in posito*.

SCENE—*Hall and drawing-room in the house of Mr. Allen. In the centre a large arch-way hung with double crimson curtains, which are drawn close. At rising of drop-curtain a loud noise is heard, as of the falling of a heavy body, and then as of a person jumping from an elevation. Enter from side, and in great agitation, his riding-whip in his hand, his hat off, Mr. Fothergill, speaking as he looks back of him.*

Mr. F. There! I've lost my hat getting in, and I've broken the pulleys of the window and can't get out. But (*looks about him on the floor*) I saw it shining here. Ah! (*Pounces upon an article on the floor of the hall near the red curtains, looks closely at it, clasps it to his forehead, then to his heart, and staggers to one side. He gulps several times, becomes calmer, and looks furtively around. A man's voice groaning is heard be*

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yond the curtains.) What's that? (*Listens. The groan is not repeated.*) Merely imagination. And why should I not imagine everything! What an adventure! Outside of the Dark Ages has anything similar to this leap of mine from the window into this hall ever occurred? I feel like Curtius, who stopped the gap in the earth. Nay, I feel like Amadis de Gaul, like Saint George and the Dragon, like Ramises the First, like (*vehemently and raising his head*), like Alexander, who conquered all the *known* worlds, and wept because he could not conquer the unknown. Now, I don't know precisely why I should feel like all these benighted heroes, and yet the interesting fact remains that I do. And I am in another man's house without his invitation; that's the way those old heroes always acted. Yet this is a modern man's house, and as he is not acquainted with me, he might illogically see on my face the expression of a burglar. In a word, I am in the peculiar position of a trespasser, a house-breaker, a (*looking at the article which he has picked up, and which he still clutches*) thief—I, Benjamin Fothergill, K. D., Ph. D., Q. R. S., a numismatist, an authority on antiques, a searcher for the phœnix, a magistrate, the owner of the present Mrs. Fothergill and the finest collection of keramics in the country. But will the master or mistress of this house credit me if I should tell this to him or her?—I, the one-time possessor of the mummied Egyptian Princess Arsinoe, whose loss is irreparable. I ride too close to a huge hall window, look up when the wall opposes me, see something glittering on the floor inside, leap in upon the sill, the ropes of that enormous window immediately breaking and the sash shaving off my hat like a guillotine before it falls with its dreadful thud, imprisoning me, who knows not the bearings of the house nor where its front door may be. Let me think. (*Clasps his head. One of the crimson curtains is drawn a little way aside, and Horace Templeton puts out his head.*)

H. T. So he has broken the pulleys of that hall window, has he? and the door is locked, and the only way for me to leave the house is by that window by which I effected my entrance. And that sash has a spring catch, whose combination I do not know. This isn't her father, for *his* picture

is on the wall inside. Who is it, then? Why don't he go out of the hall so that I can get away? Halloa! (*Mr. Fothergill is looking up. Horace Templeton disappears behind the curtains, in one of which he has wrapped himself and stands in an attitude of one who listens to proceedings in the hall.*)

Mr. F. My brain is clearing! I trust that my unvarnished tale will satisfy the inhabitants of this dwelling, of whom I must go in search. "Honesty is the best policy," as the copy-books say with all the sordidness of a man who is honest through compulsion. Thus I shall inform the owner of this house, that I was riding home and expecting to get there in time for dinner, which the present Mrs. Fothergill said should not be delayed a minute; how I had been to that sale where for two weeks I had watched an old battered silver whistle which I had set my heart upon, and which I was determined to have, and which, when it was put up for a bid, my spectacles went astray, and while I was looking for them—and they were all the time comfortably reposing upon the top of my head—another man —a mere man, and not a connoisseur, made a trifling offer for, and obtained it and was gone, and I was left there sick and faint. I shall tell him that riding homeward I dispiritedly allowed my nag to choose his own paths, and he brought me through the flower-beds of the garden surrounding this house, and seemed to think he was Pegasus and meant to fly over the roof; that opposite the great hall window I glanced in and saw upon the floor a sparkle which had for two weeks been familiar to me; the next instant I was on the sill, the window fell, I had jumped to the floor and possessed myself of the identical whistle which I had lost at the sale. I shall say all this to him, and if he has the heart of a newt he will appreciate the situation. Jupiter Tonans (*lovingly regarding the whistle*)! O thou delectable possession! Thou acme of Cellini's art! Ah, if I had only learned to sing in my youth, how I should warble at this moment! Yet, yet, yet—*would* the owner of this mansion appreciate the situation? He is the bidder for the whistle! (*He droops. There is a movement behind the curtains, which are drawn aside and Horace Templeton enters unobserved.*)

H. T. This is surely some old retainer in the family. I could only catch certain words about a whistle which he apparently covets and has purloined. The front door locked, the hall window unraisable, what am I to do? I must devise some means of having him show me a mode of exit. (*Assumes a woe-begone air, and saunters near to Mr. F., who notices him for the first time.*)

Mr. F. Here he is—and unhappily thinking he has lost the whistle on the way home; an inspiration tells me so. He will *not* appreciate the situation. His reason is threatened; I can restore it by restoring the whistle! Shall I do it? He is young, the whistle is old; we are told to respect age! I will close my eyes till he goes away unnoticing me. That's the artistic mode of getting rid of a moral responsibility. (*Throws his whip aside, and holds the whistle in both hands before his eyes. Horace Templeton has been slowly nearing him.*)

H. T. He is shamming; he wants to wait for a chance to nab me from the back. What explanation can we offer a man for forcible entrance to his house? Love? Love laughs at locksmiths, but prejudice is in favor of guests entering by way of doors and with permission.

Mr. F. The artistic method of shirking a moral responsibility is a fizzle.

H. T. I will try to throw him off his guard. (*Aloud.*) Another of them! Another old rascal who dotes on defunct abstractions, and allows living issues to go to the wall. (*Aside.*) That sounds pretty well. (*Aloud.*) You would rather purchase a mummied heart with your entire fortunes than to ease an agonized beating one by the expenditure of a single kindly thought. Oh, I know you. Ha! Why do I live, and hope forever flown? Why do I breathe, when what made breath is gone? Why should I speak, when easier 'tis to moan? Why should I—I—Oh, if there was only a side door!

Mr. F. (*positively.*) The owner of this whistle would never make an original rhyme! I am not a thief thus far! He speaks of mummied hearts! If he only knew of my Egyptain Princess, guaranteed to be five thousand years old, and who was my boon companion till the rain leaked

through the roof and soaked and ruined her. Ah, then, for consolation, I married the present Mrs. Fothergill, and she declared the princess to be stuffy, and stuffed her into the ash barrel.

H. T. (*who has been wandering up and down, aside.*) Maybe I can frighten him and he'll run for assistance, and I can find an open door or even window. (*Aloud and sternly.*) Old man, do you know what love is?

Mr. F. (*smilingly regarding the whistle.*) I do! I do!

H. T. Is there a man with soul so dead? (*Bursts into tears and leans upon Mr. F.'s neck. Mr. F. is symphetically overcome.*)

Mr. F. (*brokenly.*) He is the owner of the whistle after all. I remember how I felt when the Egyptian Princess became wet.

H. T. (*sobbing.*) So young and fair.

Mr. F. So she was—some five thousand years ago.

H. T. With such a flush of blooming health.

Mr. F. So she had—although five thousand years has a natural tendency to make even a Princess a trifle mouse-colored, and even snuffy.

H. T. "Age cannot wither, nor custom stale her infinite variety," as was said of her sister Cleopatra.

Mr. F. Full of variety—a little withery, perhaps, because of her five thousand years, until the rain came and left her pulpy.

H. T. "A front like Mars," or—or—

Mr. F. Any deceased heathen god will do, my friend.

H. T. "The look which stamps the cast of Vere de Vere."

Mr. F. Don't! Don't!

H. T. Arsinoe, O Arsinoe!

Mr. F. (*throwing Templeton aside.*) What! How did you ever discover her name, when even herself and her epitaphs only partially divulged it?

H. T. Let me put an end to this nonsense. The truth is, the lady has been my fiancée for a long while in the city where she stopped with her aunt while she completed her musical education; her father has abruptly stopped our correspondence and three days ago bore her home; I followed after and to-day saw her at the hall window, the doors of

the house locked on her; I clambered in to see her, but she had left the window. Her father has never laid eyes on me and knows me only from hearsay, and objects to my youth. If he finds me here he will object to more than that. You have made me a prisoner by closing that window. Show me the way out—think of your own youthful days and pity me and give me a chance to adopt less compromising means of entering Arsinoe's house.

Mr. F. Stop! Stop! You confuse me! Completing her musical education at her aunt's—her father—your love —what is your age?

H. T. I shall be twenty-one in eleven months and twenty-nine days. But what has that to do with it? Arsinoe—her father insists upon a diæresis over the e—

Mr. F. And quite properly. So you are not the owner of the whistle after all? You could not be so filled with levity if you were. And you do not refer to an Egyptian Princess Arsinoe?

H. T. I see you are trying to draw me out. I refer to an American queen whose father ——

Mr. F. The king?

H. T. Of unreasonableness. He has given her a preposterous name, said to have been borne by the mythical sister of mythical Cleopatra, and—oh, see here; what's the use of keeping it up? Show me the way out. You've got a whistle which does not belong to you, and I'll inform on you if you do not. Is there any way I can get out without encountering any one and making it harder for my poor little girl?

Mr. F. has sunk into a reverie, as Templeton paces the hall, looking for possible doors and windows.

Mr. F. This whistle! How the horsemen must have galloped after the fox on hearing its rattling voice at the lips of the leader! And how the hounds yelped, and the brush-cry arose! Or, suppose a Scandinavian Edda-man, an old Celt in the fastness of a dense forest, hunting the boar—or some dull-cheeked Asiatic chieftain in his boat of skins, governing his navy with this whistle—or suppose it has been used by a Tribune in Rome! Aye, it may have

been at Cassius' lips as a signal for Brutus to strike the Judas-blow at Cæsar—for have I not discovered that Cassius must have whistled for Brutus? Now, is it not strange?

H. T. Why should it be strange? Are we not both young and loving? Oh, and isn't there a little door somewhere?

Mr. F. Is it not strange how of old a trifling blast blown on this battered silver bauble should have brought about a captain his trusty merry-men bold in the gay green wood, and—Thus! (*Places the whistle to his mouth and blows long and shrilly. Enter Dan, a servant, who appears to have eyes for Templeton alone, and struggling with him, bears him off to side. Mr. F. rubs his eyes, and looks after the two.*) Of all remarkable proceedings! Am I in a lunatic asylum? Where is the front door? I forget, though; I came in at the window, which I cannot raise again. I don't know where the door is, and if I go to look for it I may share the fate of the young man! And yet this whistle is responsible for the treatment of that young man at the hands of that brutal-looking keeper or servant! I blew the whistle—I am the cause of the young man's treatment. I am no coward; I am a magistrate, a doctor of philosophy—I am called upon to care little for my personal safety, and to protect that young man, and I will do it, I will do it. Alexander the Less, do your duty as a magistrate and a philosopher! (*Goes off to side in direction taken by the two men. Enter from between the red curtains, Mr. Octavus Allen.*)

Mr. A. Bring him this way, Dan; I'll see him here in the hall. (*Enter Dan, whose clothing is torn, face scratched and eye blackened. He is holding at arm's length Templeton, whose hands are tied together with a coarse handkerchief, and who is in a very angry mood. Mr. Allen, turning affably to Templeton.*) I am most happy to make your acquaintance, sir (*noticing the handkerchief, he turns to Dan*). How dare you? Did I say there should be violence?

Dan. I was kimpelled, sor. He licked me, sor (*holds his eye*).

Mr. A. And served you right, you numskull (*untying handkerchief*). I have respect for a gentleman who resists unlawful authority. (*To Templeton.*) I must beg your par-

don, sir; I am a positivist in all things—salad requires nine times as much oil as vinegar, and—ah—ah—I presume that you have learned the conditions?

H. T. (*amazedly.*) The conditions regulating salad-dressing, Mr. Allen?

Mr. A. No, no; nobody rightly knows those. I suppose, of course, that you met my butler, Tom, before this rascal came upon you.

H. T. (*helplessly.*) I met a man whom I thought to get the better of, but who acted his part very well, and beguiled me into telling him everything about myself.

Mr. A. (*laughing.*) Just like old Tom; always has my interests at heart. There is scarcely historical precedent for such a servant. He asked about the state of your affections, eh? Had you to speak unguardedly? Seemed to lead you on, did he? Bless old Tom's heart!

H. T. (*aside.*) I am not so piously inclined toward old Tom. And what is this lively gentleman going to do with me?

Mr. A. Once again must I ask your indulgence. And yet I ought scarcely to ask the pardon of a man upon whom I design to confer riches and favor. I sincerely trust that you are not offended; I gave old Tom orders to whistle, and Dan, here—go at once, Dan, unlock Miss Arsinoe's room door and tell her to come with her mother to the drawing-room. (*Exit Dan.*) Dan was to run, at the sound of the whistle, and bring to me the gentleman whom he found in the hall, Tom immediately going for a clergyman as soon as he had deposited the gentleman in Dan's care. I trust that after Tom's explanation to you I may be able to satisfy you as to the sanity of the proceeding. Let me, before we join the ladies, tell you in a few words what Tom has in a measure, already imparted to you. I am a positivist in all things—salad requires nine times as much oil—but to my story! My daughter, Miss Arsinoe Allen, while being musically educated in the city, formed a most preposterous attachment for an idiotic young man. The vague tone of her letters to her mother, in which she once or twice said that she was learning to play nothing but wedding-marches, led me into the secret. Three days ago I went to the city

found her practising the overture to the Marriage of Figaro. I immediately brought her home with me, roundly taxed her with loving an idiot, and informed her that if I knew the young man's name, I should proceed to trounce him at once. Indeed I was inclined to trounce all the young men I met, so as to be sure of the right one; only that prudence whispered to me that I might thereby damage my reputation somewhat.

H. T. Or your countenance.

Mr. A. Precisely. I see that you are in sympathy with me. Under the circumstances, my daughter declined to confess even so much as her boyish lover's name, becoming obstinate and impertinent to such a degree that I am resolved upon heroic measures. I knew not what to do, and have had her under lock and key since her return, and last night discovered that she had picked the lock of her room door with a hair-pin. Being a positivist, I had the front and rear doors of the ground-floor locked and the keys given to the care of old Tom. And I firmly determined to have my way. But how? Last evening, after the hair-pin interlude, I retired to my library to think the matter over. To give my mind a little rest from the harrowing thought that my daughter would probably escape from the house, join the idiot in the city, and make a clandestine marriage (I was equally determined that her husband should be no one but a man whom I should select), I looked over a Papyrus scroll which had just reached me from Ephesus, and I there read the marriage contract of a young woman of the First Century, and how her father, having wearied of providing her with husbands of her own choice—she having already jilted four whom she had passionately adored—had stood in the highway, his slaves concealed hard by, and seeing a likely stranger come up, engaged him in conversation, learned that his antecedents were such as were requisite for the husband of such a wife, and that he was not indisposed to form an alliance with a wealthy lady of acknowledged charms, whose age was nearly his own. Then the father blew upon the slave-whistle dangling at his girdle, the slaves ran, captured the willing captive, took him to the lady, who enjoying the novelty of it all, immediately

admired him and married him and never separated from him until he was embalmed, when she had him nicely dried and spiced and placed in the vestibule of her mansion in company with her other bric-a-brac. With this historical precedent, and being a positivist, I at once made up my mind to test the feasibility in the Nineteenth Century of an incident which had proven efficacious in the First. I will take old Tom's opinion as my own; his questioning of you will prove sufficient for me. You have the appearance of a gentleman. If my daughter, to whom I have sent my wife to impart my determination in this matter—if my daughter should very strenuously object to the suddenness of the ceremony, we will allow her an hour or two for deliberation. Come! Control yourself, sir; I see that you are in sympathy with me, and I am anxious to prove that happiness may result from a wedding for which I have historical precedent. To the ladies!

H. T. Shades of Hymen! (*Mr. A. pushes aside the curtains to the end of the arch, showing a drawing-room, in which, upon a couch Arsinoe and her mother are seated, both, apparently, in the depth of wretchedness. Templeton, seeing Arsinoe, pauses on the threshold.*) Wait a moment, Mr. Allen. I—ah—ah—

Mr. A. If you hesitate I certainly shall not accept you for my daughter's husband, sir, any more than I would accept that idiot who is so anxious to wed her.

H. T. I am better now. Lead on! (*They enter the drawing-room, and Mrs. A. looks up and sees them, and then clasps her hands over her daughter's eyes.*)

Arsinoe. Mamma, mamma, surely he cannot be in earnest?

Mrs. A. Don't look, darling. Your father is here with the strange gentleman.

Arsin. I will refuse. I will appeal to the gentleman; the man who would make me his wife under these circumstances must be as base as man can be, and as cruel as my father is—my father, who was before this so tender and loving, and was teaching me to make salad-dressing after his own formula. Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do? (*Throws her arms about her mother.*)

Mrs. A. (*to Mr. A.*) Octavus, are you mad? What do you mean by this outrageous proceeding?

MR. A. Let her tell me the idiot's name, and I will even now stop.

ARSIN. Never, never! You would do him an injury.

MR. A. I certainly should not do him a favor.

ARSIN. You shall never know who he is so long as you feel toward him as you do.

MR. A. Then this marriage goes on.

MRS. A. How dare you bring into the presence of your daughter the vile being who would accept your proposition, and who hears all that you now say? If he has no sense of decency left, and persists in joining with you against two defenceless women, let him beware—for I shall make it the business of my life to be to him a mother-in-law in the strictest sense of the word.

MR. A. (*coldly.*) I know that you uphold Arsinoe, wife, and that only makes me more of a positivist than ever. I have historical precedent for all that I am doing; a happy marriage once came from just such a unique ceremony. As Arsinoe refuses to allow me to wreak my vengeance upon an idiot, she shall be compelled to join her lot in life with a ——

MRS. A. Villain, instead.

H. T. (*aside.*) I'm being hit hard all around.

MR. A. (*turning to Templeton.*) Let him speak for himself.

H. T. (*going over to the couch.*) Yes, madam, your husband has declared that his daughter shall obey him. But he has also said that if I object to being a principal in the marriage ceremony with your daughter, that I am then ineligible in all particulars. Therefore, if the lady refuses to accept me for her husband, let her say so to me, face to face. (*All the time he has been speaking Arsinoe has been trying to tear from before her eyes her mother's hands.*)

MRS. A. That is right, my darling; arise and demand your release. The man is a gentleman, after all. (*Arsinoe rises to her feet, looks at Templeton, laughs hysterically, and falls back into her mother's arms.*) She has fainted! she has fainted! Octavus, see to what you have brought your child! And she already suffering from a cold which you gave her by dragging her all the way from the city in the thinnest of slippers! There is a draught here, too. Draw those cur-

tains, you wicked husband and father, and then leave the room till the victim of your fury revives!

Great confusion. Templeton kneels before Arsinoe; Mr. Allen upsetting chairs, runs to the curtains and draws them close. Enter the hall at one side, Tom, the butler, searching the floor. Enter at other side, Mr. Fothergill.

Mr. F. Where in the world is the poor young man? (*Seeing Tom.*) Halloa!

Tom (*looking around the floor*). It must have dropped here on my way out. I can't find it nowhere else, and I *will* have it; I *must* have it!

Mr. F. Then this is the owner of Cassius' whistle! Care as I may for the young man's safety, the whistle is of invaluable importance to me. I have examined it carefully; it is ancient, and if not the same, then identical with the one I lost at the sale.

Tom (*discovering Mr. F. as he is placing the whistle up his sleeve*). Who are you, and how did you get in this house?

Mr. F. I strolled in.

Tom. But not by way of a door; they're locked, and I hold the keys. Are you a friend of my master?

Mr. F. A friend of humanity.

Tom. Oh, you are, are you? I'm very much afraid you're a book agent; I've heard that if you lock the doors against 'em they'll very likely pop down the chimbley. I'll attend to that part of it later. Friend of humanity, did you come across anything like a little old whistle in this hall? It's important, that whistle is, almost a matter of life and death to me.

Mr. F. (*aside.*) I should say it *is* important—to me. Already I am beginning to love it next to the Egyptain Princess. But I really must not neglect the fate of that young man. (*Aloud.*) How could it be a matter of life and death to you, friend?

Tom. It's yes or no; did you find it? But I needn't ask you; of course you didn't, or you wouldn't stand there asking questions. And what'll master say if I don't give the signal when the right time comes? And master in one of his tantrums, too! The nonsense of the whole thing! Why couldn't he let the young woman be!

MR. F. You mean young *man*, don't you?

TOM. I mean what I says. When I says young woman, I don't think it sounds like old man, young man, or any other kind of man, does it?

MR. F. Very properly, no. I only thought ——

TOM. Bah! for your thought. I says young woman, and I mean it. Poor young thing to have such a father! Now *my* darter might marry whoever she pleased, so it wasn't a chap full o' dead beetles and alleyblasted images like master.

MR. F. Alabaster, perhaps.

TOM. You'll get your head punched, perhaps. I'll attend to you after a bit, friend o' humanity, that don't come into people's houses by way of doors. But mark me! if they treat the young woman bad ——

MR. F. I really fear you mean young *man*.

TOM (*desisting from his search, and going to Mr. F. and assuming a threatening attitude*). Now look here. Twice't you've throwed your young man in my teeth. Do I look like a man that goes through the world calling the female sect male, and the male, female, and vicer vercer?

MR. F. (*also assuming a threatening attitude.*) I had lessons in boxing in my younger days, and I have not forgotten my feints. I do not know who you are, nor do I care. I also say what I mean, and mean what I say and I say young *man*. If your ruffian calibre can understand unadulterated Latinisms, allow me to insist that it was a young *man*, *homo*, *man*. I saw *him;* I conversed with the young *man*, and while so engaged a scoundrel as much like you as ill nature could make him, came here and grappled with the young *man*, and bore the young *man* away, just so sure as I am a K. D., Ph. D., Q. R. S.

TOM (*failing back in terror*). It must have been Dan that hit him! Then *you* have got the whistle, and the man is took!

MR. F. (*aside—turning away and shrugging his shoulders.*) I fear I have been needlessly premature. This comes of being indignant on a *young* man's account. Now I might have said anything I pleased about Methuselah, and the whistle in all probabilities might never have been thought of.

TOM (*following after Mr. F., and now facing him, they regard each other in silent consternation*). And the man's took! Was he of respectable parentage?—without ties of a matrimonial nature?—and—and—what was his name?

MR. F. I know nothing of his qualifications one way or another. But he was a young *man*.

TOM (*tearing his hair*). You never mean that you've sent to my master a man without a name?

MR. F. In that part of the earth which he dignifies with the name of "home," he is doubtlessly known by some other term than "man" alone. What I desire to know, and which I have been searching the corridors of this house to find out, is the evidence of his immunity from danger.

TOM (*rushing at him and grabbing him*). You've got to go to my master. No good denyin' it, you've found the whistle I lost and you've blowed it! And blow me if you shan't be responsible! Come along! You've got to get me out of a scrape, whoever you are. Come along!

MR. F. (*searching for and bringing out his pocket-book.*) I will give you whatever price you ask for this whistle.

TOM. Blow the whistle!

MR. F. I did.

TOM. Who's thinking of whistles! It's master's—he chucked it to me as I came out into the hall.

MR. F. Your master's! Then it belongs to neither you nor the young man! *Chucked* it to you! Unhand me! I will go to your master. The man who would *chuck* this whistle will readily part with it.

Tom and Mr. F. reach the curtains, when Tom puts out a detaining hand, preventing further progress.

TOM. What's your name?—don't tell me you're a book agent and got invaluable books for next to nothing, but tell me who you are; for master must think you've explained everything away to me.

MR. F. I fear that you are not going to be perfectly honest, friend. Honest! Ahem! Honesty is a relative term! My name? I am Benjamin Fothergill, K. D., Ph. D., Q. R. S.

TOM. Bah! Give it American. Master has letters after his name too. What do yours mean?

Mr. F. So your master has letters after his name, eh?

Tom. They gave him letters because he's full of dead languidges, and such truck, and has invented a way to make salad not taste like salad.

Mr. F. Jupiter Tonans! If that is the sort of man he is, the whistle may not be mine after all.

Tom (*rattling the curtains*). Come, what do your letters mean? Are you a hoss doctor? Then I'll tell him our mare's gone lame, and there's a strange hoss out in the garden eating up all the fish-geraniums.

Mr. F. That strange horse is mine, friend. The letters to my name signify, firstly, that I am a Knight of the order of Demagogues, a Doctor of Philosophy, a Questioner of the Rights of Sentiment; besides which I am a magistrate ——

Tom (*shrieking*). You're never a magistrate? Something like a parson? Come on! Come on! I can get out of the scrape after all, and nobody needn't know I never blowed the whistle. One man's as good as another, after all, and you sent one in. And, magistrate, you can marry people, can't you?

Mr. F. It is probable—if you give me sufficient time. There was the Egyptian Princess—there is the present Mrs. Fothergill—

Tom. Bother the present Mrs. Fothergill! What's she got to do with it? Now look here! my young missus is got to be married to-day. You shall marry her.

Mr. F. (*wiping his face with his handkerchief.*) Is she the daughter of your master—the owner of the whistle?

Tom. Do you think young missus stands for master's grandmother? I never did see such an old file.

Mr. F. And your master is the putative owner of the whistle! Humph! Aristotle holds that divorce—Friend, did it ever strike you that there may be nations in the world where divorce on account of disparity in intellectual pursuits might very properly be brought about? When your Egyptian Princesses are called damp and messy and put into ash barrels—Ah, me! I fear that the possession of this whistle is forming my mind to accord with the codes of the time in which it was made. Yet I can *not* give it up—I love it *more* than I love the Princess! And yet

what will the present Mrs. Fothergill say! I shall be late to dinner at any rate.

Tom. If you say "present Mrs. Fothergill" once't more, I'll not be responsible for what I do. Come!

Tom draws aside the curtains, and he and Mr. F. stand in the hall and look inside, where Mrs. Allen, Arsinoe, and Templeton are seated close together.

Mrs. A. I understand you both perfectly, and the story is very pretty. (*Rising.*) And now we have banished your father long enough; he thinks I am still reviving you, darling. I shall call him now. You are sure of each other and yourselves!

Arsin. Sure, oh!

H. T. Sure, oh!

Mrs. A. Then your father may come in.

Mrs. A. rings the bell on the table, and Mr. A. enters from back. He sees Tom and Mr. F. in the hall, and rushes out to them, while Mrs. A., Arsinoe, and Templeton seeing the three there, put their heads together.

Tom. Master, master; here's a minister—a magistrate; it's all the same. He seen the young man took.

Mr. A. (*clapping Tom on the back.*) Tom, you're a jewel; you shall not go unrewarded. (*To Mr. F., who has been visibly shrinking and gazing at Templeton inside.*) I desire that you shall marry my daughter, sir. Everything, so far as I see, has arranged itself according to my wishes, and my wife, apparently, has begun to see as I see—in a word, it is as though all oil and no vinegar were used in dressing a salad. Ah—I mean that my daughter awaits you. Come!

Mr F. (*pressing the whistle to his heart.*) The whistle! the whistle! "*Et tu Brute*" indeed! And what *will* the present Mrs. Fothergill say! Oh, me! Oh, me! My wits are deserting me!

Tom (*pushing him at the back*). Why don't you go in? For mercy's sake don't say *you* blowed it, and I won't tell how I found you in the house.

Mr. A. Come! Why do you hesitate, sir? You have my full consent to proceed.

Mr. F. (*suddenly.*) I see my way! It is a flash of inspiration! (*To Tom.*) The truth is I want to keep the whistle.

Swear that you'll never tell that I found it. I will make it good to your master.

Tom. Hurry! Hurry! I'll swear to anything.

Mr. F. Then the present Mrs. Fothergill shall remain in that tense till death parses her otherwise than in the possessive case. I shall remonstrate with this young woman, and tell her to bear in mind how long the people in Scriptural times were kept waiting for their wives; I shall appeal to her womanly instincts and—and the whistle shall be made safe by honest means after all. But that young man—and his cheerfulness! And the cheerfulness of the ladies! I can not understand it. Is it a lunatic hospital after all?

They are now inside the drawing-room.

Mr. A. This is a magistrate, Arsinoe.

Mr. F. Arsinoe!—that name! I am giddy already. But then there is a present Mrs. Fothergill!

Mr. A. (*to Mr. F.*) Are you quite ready, sir?

Mr. F. (*dashing forward.*) I cannot do it. Much as I prized a certain lady who reposed under my roof until the rain came and spoiled her—no, I am a magistrate, a philosopher, and I forbid the banns. I know the heroism of self-restraint to be nobler than that of impulsive action. Not for all the silver whistles on the face of the globe shall the position of the present Mrs. Fothergill be imperilled! Never! Never!

H. T. (*to the ladies.*) I thought he was a little light-headed when I met him some time ago. I concluded that he was an indulged old family-retainer. But a magistrate!

Arsin. Would his light-headedness make less legal a ceremony of marriage?

H. T. Light-headedness is a requisite in certain affairs of life. Let me speak with him. (*Crosses over to Mr. F.*) Don't say that *you* blew the whistle. I'll explain all after awhile. Come! my bride is waiting!

Mr. F. *Your* bride!

H. T. (*aloud.*) You will think this proceeding a little irregular perhaps, sir, but Mr. Allen will explain all.

Mr. A. Certainly. I forgot all about the magistrate—or clergyman; I have historical precedent for neglecting the clergyman. But the affairs of the past three days have so

confounded me that I have not been so bewildered since the time I discovered that nine parts of oil to one of vinegar—

MRS. A. (*going to her husband.*) This farce shall never go to the length of a needless ceremony.

MR. A. Needless! I insist upon it—I have vowed that my daughter shall be a married woman this day.

MRS. A. Very well, but I have an explanation to make.

MR. F. (*on the other side of Mr. A.*) And so have I. You have a whistle which in all probability centuries ago aroused the *Quirites* to revolt against the distributive laws of the *Agger* lands—the sound of which bade Brutus do his dastard deed ——

MRS. A. My explanation first (*pulling at her husband's sleeve*)! my explanation first!

MR. F. Mine first (*pulling at Mr. A.'s other sleeve*).

Arsinoe and Templeton, back, run from one side to the other of the trio, arm in arm; Tom rubbing his hands, goes from one to the other in front.

MRS. A. My explanation is ——

MR. F. (*loudly, each pulling at Mr. A.*) Mine is that the whistle which you purchased at the sale ——

MR. A. (*confusedly.*) I purchased no whistle at any sale.

MRS. A. (*loudly.*) My explanation is, that Arsinoe has known this young gentleman ever since ——

ARSIN. I went to town to study music, for he ——

H. T. Met her the first day she came.

MRS. A. And four days ago, the day before you brought Arsinoe home, they made up their minds and ——

MR. A. I don't care! I don't care what they made up their minds about. I have made up *my* mind that Arsinoe shall be a married woman this day.

ARSIN. And so I am. I was married ——

H. T. Four days ago to me.

MR. A. What! Are you the idiot? Is it possible that a positivist as I am should be mulcted of my rights!

MRS. A. (*putting her hand over her husband's mouth.*) Not a word, Octavus, not a word. Turn your attention to this old gentleman whose occupation seems gone, for there is no speculation in those eyes.

MR. A. I am boiling over. (*To Mr. F.*) As for you, you troublesome old fossil, let me tell you that if old Tom has lost that whistle, it is none of your affair, and you need not try to make mischief between me and a faithful friend and servant. Besides, it is of no account; for when I was looking about me for something which might make me precisely like the father in the Ephesian scroll of the First Century, I happened to remember that I had by me an old policeman's whistle ——

MR. F. (*yelling.*) A policeman's whistle! Have I been led into all this wretchedness by a policeman's whistle!—even into thinking that I was expected to act the role of a bridegroom! (*The others are laughing.*) And I have been rendered late to dinner (*dashing the whistle to the floor*)!

Arsinoe and Templeton are holding to each other, and laughing, while Mr. Allen is supporting his wife, who is laughing. Tom is roaring. Dan has run in and is holding his sides.

MRS. A. I forgive Arsinoe and her husband, if only for the rich joke! Ho! ho! ho!

MR. F. (*shaking his fists at one after the other.*) You are a pack of swindlers, and I hope my horse has eaten every one of your fish-geraniums! Jupiter Tonans! I'll buy a new mummy to-morrow! In the meanwhile let me go to the present Mrs. Fothergill. (*Exit.*)

[*Curtain falls.*

THE MATRIMONIAL ADVERTISEMENT.*

CHARACTERS.

MARY COLE. GRANDMOTHER COLE, who is very deaf.
JACK COLE. AUNT MARTHA GORDON. CYRUS GORDON.

SCENE I.—*The sitting-room of the Cole family. Mary reading a newspaper; Grandmother Cole knitting; Aunt Martha crocheting; Jack playing with the balls in Aunt Martha's work-basket.*

MARY COLE. Oh, Aunt Martha! only hear this! it's in the *Chronicle*. What a splendid chance! I declare, I've a great mind to answer it myself!

*From "Schoolday Dialogues," which contains, in addition to its other varied attractions, quite a number of Dialogues, Speeches, and Recitations for the very little folks. 382 pages, bound in cloth, price $1.00.

AUNT M. What have you got hold of now? You're al'ays a-makin' some powerful diskivery somewheres. What now? Something to turn gray eyes black, and blue eyes gray?

MARY. No; it's a matrimonial advertisement. What a splendid fellow this "C. G." must be!

AUNT M. Oh, pshaw! A body must be dreadfully put to it, to advertise for a pardner in the newspapers. Thank goodness! I never got in such a strait as that 'ere. The Lord hez marcyfully kept me thus fur from havin' any dealin's with the male sect, and I trust I will be presarved to the end.

JACK. Didn't you ever have an offer, Aunt Mattie?

AUNT M. (*indignantly.*) Why, Jack Cole! What an idee! I've had more chances to change my condition than you've got fingers and toes. But I refused 'em all. A single life is the only way to be happy. But it did kinder hurt my feelin's to send some of my sparks adrift,—they took it so hard. There was Colonel Turner, he lost his wife in June, and the last of August he come over to our 'ouse, and I give him to understand that he needn't trouble hisself, and he felt so mad that he went rite off and married the Widder Hopkins.

JACK. Poor fellow! How he must have felt! And Aunt Mattie, I notice that Deacon Goodrich looks at you a great deal in meeting, since you've got that pink feather. What if he should want you to be a mother to his ten little ones?

AUNT M. (*simpering.*) Law, Jack Cole! What a dreadful boy you be! (*Pinches his ear.*) The deacon never thought of such a thing! But if it should please Providence to appoint to me such a fate, I should try and be resigned.

GRANNY C. Resigned! Who's resigned? Not the President, has he? Well, I don't blame him. I'd resign, too, if I was into his place. Nothin' spiles a man's character so quick as bein' President or Congress. Yer gran'father got in justice of the peace once, and he resigned afore he was elected. Sed he didn't want his repetition spiled.

JACK. Three cheers for Gran'father Cole!

GRANNY C. Cheers? What's the matter with the cheers now? Yer father had them bottomed last year, and this year they were new painted. What's to pay with 'em now?

MARY (*impatiently*). Do listen to this advertisement!

AUNT M. Mary Cole, I'm sorry your head is so turned

with the vanities of this world. Advertisin' for a pardner in that way is wicked. I hadn't orter listen to it.

MARY. Oh, it won't hurt you a bit, auntie. (*Reads.*) "A gentleman of about forty, very fine looking; tall, slender, and fair-haired, with very expressive eyes, and side whiskers, and some property, wishes to make the acquaintance of a young lady with similar qualifications ——"

JACK. A lady with expressive eyes and side whiskers ——

MARY. Do keep quiet, Jack Cole! (*Reads.*) "With similar qualifications as to good looks and amiable temper, with a view to matrimony. Address, with stamp to pay return postage, C. G., *Scrubtown;* stating when and where an interview may be had." There! what do you think of that?

JACK. Deacon Goodrich to a T. "C. G." stands for Calvin Goodrich.

AUNT M. The land of goodness! Deacon Goodrich, indeed! a pillar of the church! advertisin' for a wife! No, no, Jack; it can't be him! He'd never stoop so low!

JACK. But if all the women are as hard-hearted as you are, and the poor man needs a wife. Think of his ten little olive plants!

GRANNY C. Plants? Cabbage plants? 'Taint time to set 'em out yet. Fust of August is plenty airly enuff for winter. Cabbages never begin to head till the nights come cold.

JACK. Poor Mr. C. G.! Why don't you answer it, Aunt Mattie; and tell him you'll darn his stockings for him, and comb that fair hair of his?

AUNT M. Jack Cole! if you don't hold your tongue, I'll comb your hair for you in a way you won't like. Me answerin' one of them low advertisements! *Me*, indeed! I haint so eager to get married as some folks I know. Brother Cryus and I have lived all our lives in maiden meditation, fancy free,—the only sensible ones of the family of twelve children; and it's my idee we will continner on in that way.

MARY. Why, don't you believe that Uncle Cyrus would get married if he could?

AUNT M. Your Uncle Cyrus! I tell you, Mary Cole, he wouldn't marry the best woman that ever trod! I've heern him say so a hundred times.

MARY. Won't you answer this advertisement, auntie? I'll give you a sheet of my best gilt-edged note-paper if you will.

AUNT M. (*furiously.*) If you weren't so big, Mary Jane Cole, I'd spank you soundly! I vow I would! Me answer it, indeed! (*Leaves the room in great indignation.*)

MARY. Look here, Jack; what'll you bet she won't answer that notice?

JACK. Nonsense! Wouldn't she blaze if she heard you?

MARY. I'll wager my new curled waterfall against your ruby pin that Aunt Mattie replies to Mr. "C. G." to-night.

JACK. Done! I'll wear a curled waterfall to-morrow.

MARY. No, sir! But I shall wear a ruby pin. Jack, who do you think "C. G." is?

JACK. Really, I do not know; do you? Ah! I know you do, by that look in your eyes. Tell me, that's a darling.

MARY. Not I. I don't expose secrets to a fellow who tells them all over town. Besides, it would spoil the fun.

JACK. Mary, you are the dearest little sister in the world! Tell me, please (*taking her hand*)?

MARY. No, sir! You don't get that out of me. Take care, now. Let go of my hands. I'm going up stairs to keep an eye on Aunt Mattie. She's gone up now to write an answer to "C. G." And if there's any fun by-and-by, Jack, if you're a good boy you shall be there to see.

GRANNY C. To sea? Going to sea? Why Jack Cole! you haint twenty-one yet and the sea's a dreadful place! There's a sarpint lives in it as big as the Scrubtown meeting-'us', and whales that swaller folks alive, clothes and all! I read about one in a book a great while ago that swallered a man of the name of Jonah, and he didn't set well on the critter's stummuck, and up he come, lively as ever! [*Curtain falls.*

SCENE II.—*The garden of a deserted house in the vicinity of Mr. Cole's. Mary leading Jack cautiously along a shaded path.*

MARY. There; we'll squat down behind this lilac bush. It's nearly the appointed hour. I heard Aunt Mattie soliloquizing in her room this morning, after this manner: "At eight o'clock this night I go to meet my destiny! In the deserted garden, under the old pear-tree. How very romantic!" Hark! there she comes!

JACK. Well, of all the absurd things that ever I heard tell of! Who would have believed that our staid old maid aunt would have answered a matrimonial advertisement?

MARY. Hush! Jack, if you make a noise and spoil the fun, I'll never forgive you. Keep still, and don't fidget so.

AUNT M. (*slowly walking down the path, soliloquizing.*) Eight o'clock! It struck just as I started out. He ought to be here. Why does he tarry? If he aint punctual I'll give him the mitten; I swow I will! Dear gracious! what a sitivation to be in! Me, at my time of life! though, to be sure, I haint so old as—as I might be. The dew's a-fallin', and I shall get the rheumatiz in these thin shoes, if he don't come quick. What if Jack and Mary should git hold of this? I never should hear the last of it! never! I wouldn't have 'em know it for a thousand dollars! Goodness me! What if it *should* be the deacon? Them children of his'n is dreadful youngsters; but, the Lord helpin' me, I'd try to train 'em up in the way they should go. Hark! is that him a-comin'? No; it's a toad hoppin' through the carrot bed. My soul and body! what if he should want to kiss me? I'll chew a clove for fear he should. I wonder if it would be properous to let him? But then, I s'pose if it's the deacon I couldn't help myself. He's an awful *dee*tarmined man; and if I couldn't help it I shouldn't be to blame. Deary me; how I trimble! There he comes; I hear his step! What a tall man! 'Taint the deacon! He's got a shawl on! Must be the new schoolmaster; he wears a shawl! (*A man approaches. Miss Mattie goes up to him cautiously.*) Is this Mr. C. G.?

C. G. Yes; it is. Is this Miss M. G.?

AUNT M. It is. Dear sir, I hope you won't think me bold and unmaidenly in coming out here all alone in the dark to meet you?

C. G. Never! Ah, the happiness of this moment! For forty years I have been looking for thee! (*Puts his arm around her.*)

AUNT M. Oh, dear me; don't, don't! my dear sir! I aint used to it! and it aint exactly proper out here in this old garden! It's a dreadful lonely spot, and if people should see us they might talk!

C. G. Let 'em talk! They'll talk still more when you and I are married, I reckon. Lift your veil and let me see your sweet face.

AUNT M. Yes, if you'll remove that hat and let me behold your countenance.

C. G. Oh, certainly. Now, then; both together.

Miss Mattie throws back her veil. C. G. removes his hat. They gaze at each other a moment in utter silence.

AUNT M. Good gracious airth! 'tis Brother Cyrus!

C. G. Jupiter Ammon! 'tis Sister Martha!

AUNT M. Oh, my soul and body, Cyrus Gordon! Who'd ever a-thought of you, at your time of life, cuttin' up such a caper as this? You old, bald-headed, gray-whiskered man! *Forty years old?* My gracious! You were fifty-nine last July!

C. G. Well, if I am, you're two year older.

AUNT M. Why I thought sure it was Deacon Goodrich that advertised. C. G. stands for Calvin Goodrich.

C. G. Yes; and it stands for Cyrus Gordon, too. And Deacon Goodrich was married last night to Peggy Jones.

AUNT M. That snub-nosed, red-haired Peggy Jones! He'd ort to be flayed alive! Married agin! and his wife not hardly cold! Oh, the deceitfulness of men! Thank Providence! I haint tied to one of the abominable sect!

C. G. Well, Martha, we're both in the same boat. If you won't tell of me, I won't of you. But it's a terrible disappointment to me, for I sarting thought M. G. meant Marion Giles, the pretty milliner.

AUNT M. Humph! What an old goose! She wouldn't look at you! I heerd her laffin' at your swaller-tailed coat, when you come out of meetin' last Sunday. But I'm ready to keep silence if you will. Gracious! if Jack and Mary should get wind of this, shouldn't we have to take it?

C. G. Hark! what's that?

Voice behind the lilac bush sings:

"Oh, there's many a bud the cold frost will nip,
And there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

AUNT M. That's Jack's voice! Goodness me! Let us scoot for home! [*They start off.*

JACK (*laughing*). Did he kiss you, Aunt Mattie?

MARY. Did you see her sweet face, Uncle Cyrus?

C. G. Confound you both! If I had hold of ye I'd let ye know —— [*Curtain falls.*

DRAMATIC SUPPLEMENT

—TO—

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 10

"TEACHER WANTED."*—Frank Crosby, A. M.

CHARACTERS.

'Squire Magnus, Examiner appointed by "The Board."
Caius Crispin, Dr. Justice, } Members of "The Board."
Charles Rugby, Matthew Button, Francis Frink, William Dent, James Brown, Thomas High, Ralph Watson, Nicholas Narr, } Applicants for a School.
Spectators *ad lib.*

'Squire Magnus. I am glad to see so many canderdates here to-day. It shows that you know how to appreciate the advantages of an edecation, which, we all know, is one of the greatest things in this world. For what is a man or a woman without edecation? I don't mean a college edecation—but some kind of a edecation—some kind of—of—of—of somethin' which helps him to git on in the world. I myself never went to school but six months; but for all that I may say that edecation is of the paramountest importance—and I say agin that I am glad to see that you all think so. You are here to try to git our school. Our Board has appinted me to examine

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you; and I want to tell you at the fust go-off that we intend to be pûtty partic'lar. We have a good right to be. The pay is fust-rate,—thirty dollars a month and no school Saturday arternoons. Hands in this neighborhood are gittin' by the year only ten dollars a month and board. Of course we want our teacher to have book-larnin'. We can't git on without consid'rable of that. But he must have somethin' more to keep a good school. He must have good gumption; and we're a goin' to make up our minds by lookin' at you and a-hearin' on you and any way we can whether or no you come up to our mark. And if you do, we're a goin' to take the one that comes up the nearist and stands the stiddyist. Now you all understand how the land lays. I speak right out just how 'tis without any beatin' round the bush. I think that's the only man-fashion way of dealin' atwixt man and man. Some on you's got to be disappinted, in course, as there ain't no more than one school; but those of you who do very well and don't git the school, we'll testify to in our own hand-writin'—and it may help you to git some other school. Now jest write down on the paper afore you your names and ages—where you were born—how long you've teached—and where you've teached —whether you're married, and if you are, how large a family—and whether you're goin' to teach all your lives—and if you flog in school—and—that'll be enough. We want to know these facts, and have specimens of your hand-writin'. When you git through you may leave the papers where they are, and we'll perceed with the examernation. (*Candidates engage in writing.*)

[*Enter Mr. Rugby.*]

Rugby. I hope I am not too late, gentlemen, to be considered an applicant for your school. I was unexpectedly detained by the condition of the roads.

Dr. Justice. Certainly not. Please take a seat.

'Squire M. It ain't too late, young man; but I'll tell you open and above board, I don't believe there's a bit of use in your bein' examined. You see the Board don't altogether like the way you kep' the school in Egypt last season. You didn't use no books, did you, but jist taught right out of your head?

RUGBY. I certainly did instruct orally so far as I could; as I consider—

'SQUIRE. Oh, we wont argufy that pint, if you please. The majority of this Board's (*looking significantly at Dr. J.*) mind's made up about that. If a master don't know enough to use a book, he don't know any too much—that's certain. And what are books made for, I should like to know, if they ain't to be used? Then, young man, over and above that, you didn't flog any at all. We (*looking at Dr. J.*) don't believe in coaxin' and moralizin' and sech. So, as a friend, young man, who wishes you well, I wouldn't, if I were you, be examined here to-day.

DR. J. 'Squire, you can speak for yourself, but not yet for the Board. Under our advertisement Mr. Rugby is entitled to a fair and impartial examination.

'SQUIRE. Let him take it, if he wants it—and much good may it do him. We'll see by'n by, Dr. Justice, whether I speak for the Board, or who does.

RUGBY. I thank you, Dr., for your kindness, but I will, under the circumstances, remain as a looker-on. (*Seats himself.*)

'SQUIRE. I see the canderdates have got done with their writin' the answers to them questions, so we'll now begin the examernation. Firstly, I shall ask you some questions about jography. The one who sets there (*pointing to his extreme right*) will answer fust, and the next the next, and so on. We can git on more harmoniously that way; and there's nothin' like system in any business, as I used to tell my scholars—for I've teached some too, I tell you (*looking at Dr. J.*)—but that's neither here nor there. What's your name (*pointing as before*)?

BUTTON. Matthew Button, sir.

'SQUIRE. Mr. Button, what's the highest mountains in the earth?

BUTTON. The Himalaya.

'SQUIRE (*taking up a well worn book*). The what?

BUTTON. The Himalaya.

'SQUIRE. Do you mean the Himmerler? No—that wont do. Mr. Narr—the Board (*looking at Dr. J.*) knows your name—Mr. Narr, what do you say—which is the highest?

NARR. The Andes.

'SQUIRE. That's right—well done, Mr. Narr.

FRINK. I agree, sir, with Mr. Button. I think all the authorities put the Himalayas down as the highest.

'SQUIRE. What may your name be, sir?

FRINK. Frink, sir, Francis Frink.

'SQUIRE. Well, Mr. Frink, old Malté Brown, sir, which I hold here in my hand, sir, and which was a good jography for us, sir, says the Andes, sir, and so I say, sir, and so I decide.

DR. J. Allow me to look at the geography, 'Squire.

'SQUIRE (*handing*). There 'tis, Dr.—you don't ketch me nappin' often—there 'tis (*pointing*).

DR. J. (*reading the title-page and returning book.*) I see this edition was printed in 1815.

'SQUIRE. What if it was? You don't suppose the Himmerlers have grown ahead of the Andes sence, do you? He—he—he! (*laughs, in which Crispin and Narr and several spectators join.*) Now the next to Mr. Narr—what's the name?

DENT. William Dent, sir.

'SQUIRE. Mr. Dent, which is the longest river in the earth?

DENT. The Mississippi.

'SQUIRE. No—the next—what name?

BROWN. James Brown.

'SQUIRE. Mr. Brown, what's your answer?

BROWN. The same—the Mississippi.

'SQUIRE. Do you all say so? (*All except Narr say "Yes."*) What do you say, Mr. Narr?

NARR. I say the Amazon.

'SQUIRE. Right agin, Mr. Narr—right agin. Do you want to look agin, Doctor? (*offering the book to Dr., with finger on the place—Dr. shakes his head.*) Mebbe you spose the Misersip has stretched out some sence this book was writ. He—he—he! (*laughter as before.*) Next canderdate—what name?

HIGH. Thomas High.

'SQUIRE. Mr. High, how many States is there among the United States?

HIGH. Thirty-seven.

'SQUIRE. Give us the names of all of 'em. Show us how fast you can say 'em. (*High repeats till he comes to West Vir-*

ginia.) Hold on a bit—hold on! You don't call that a State, do you? Why, 'taint no more a State than our town of Joppy is a State. Virginny—old Virginny—is the name.

HIGH. All of our latest geographies, sir, class it as a State, sir; and it has been recognized as a State by Congress and by the Supreme Court of the United States.

'SQUIRE (*excitedly*). Who cares if it has? Who cares what Congress does, or the Supreme Court—that is, a part on it? I tell you, old Virginny don't recognize it—and that's enough for anybody. Don't bring in any of your blasted politics into school matters, Mr. High, that's the curse of teachin' and preachin'.

DR. J. How many States does your geography give, 'Squire?

'SQUIRE. That *is* a small question. Jest as if we couldn't make as many States as we please—we, the sovereign, independent people!

DR. J. Oh, I thought you didn't call West Virginia a State, although she was made such by the people and accepted by the people's representatives.

'SQUIRE. No more I don't, I say. 'Taint a State more'n I am. But I shan't talk politics with you now—the Board (*looking significantly at Dr. J.*) are examinin' now. That's enough for jography. The Board can tell well enough by this time who knows most about that. Now we'll examine in 'rethmetic—and if any canderdate don't know a good deal about that, I can tell him it'll be a poor show for him. 'Rethmetic is the most importance to us next to the Bible and the Constertution. What's your name, sir (*to the next in order*)?

WATSON. Ralph Watson, sir.

'SQUIRE. How fur have you ciphered in 'rethmetic, Mr. Watson?

WATSON. I have used different text-books, sir; and believe that I understand the principles involved in all the processes contained in them.

'SQUIRE. That don't answer the question. How fur have you ciphered, sir?

WATSON (*looking at the others significantly*). I have been through the book, sir.

'Squire. That's the way I like to hear you talk. You've been clear through the book—in course, then, you've ciphered in Dabollses, and Adamses, and Pikeses. Now, Mr. Watson, what do you consider the most important rule in 'rethmetic—the rule, I mean, that'll show you how to do most any sum in the book?

Watson (*hesitating*). Why—why, sir——

'Squire. Don't you know that, and ben clear through? Why I knew it afore we got half way to it.

Watson. I think addition and subtraction involve every principle in arithmetic.

'Squire. What! Them easy things? (*looking derisively, in which Crispin joins.*) Way back to the beginning of the book! I'm afraid Mr.—Mr. Watson, you didn't learn every thing, if you did go clear through. What is your rule, Mr. Narr, wherever you can work it in—fust, last, and all the time?

Narr. The Rule of Three, sir. That'll git us out of about anything we ought to git out of—and when with that afore us we can't, we may be tol'ble sure we hadn't oughter.

'Squire. That's so, Mr. Narr—every word is true. Why, gen'l'men, I can show you my sum book if you come to the house now, more'n two hundred sums, gen'l'men—more'n two hundred—and there ain't one in the whole kerboodle but what's did—and did all straight, gittin' the answer jest as 'tis in the book—did by the Rule of Three. Mr. Bottom—that's your name, I b'lieve (*pointing to Button*).

Button. Button, sir—Matthew Button.

'Squire. Beg your pardon—Mr. Button—you know all about fractions, don't you? How do you divide one fraction by another fraction? (*Setting himself back in his chair and eying the candidate as if he had given him a "poser."*)

Button. I add, subtract, and divide fractions by bringing them to a common denominator and adding, subtracting, and dividing their numerators as if they were whole numbers.

'Squire. Whew! Say that over agin! (*Button repeats more deliberately than before.*) Mr. Bottom—beg your pardon—Mr. Bottle—

Button. Button, sir.

'SQUIRE. Beg your pardon heartily—Mr. Button—what book tells you to do all that?

BUTTON. I don't bear in mind any particular text-book that gives such a direction; but I think it results naturally from an analysis of principles.

'SQUIRE. "From an alosis of principles!" Now what 'rethmetic under the sun and heavens gives you any rule for doin' that? I should like to have you tell me one—and I've seen and handled putty consid'ble of 'rethmetics in my day.

BUTTON. I know of no text-book worthy of a place in the school-room which does not deal largely in the analytic method.

'SQUIRE. You don't! Well, young man, when you've lived longer in this 'ere world and learned a few more things, mebby you'll find out there is a few of them that don't dabble in your what-d'ye-call-it method. Hain't any of you canderdates been cipherin' in anything but this new-fangled alosis? You hain't, Mr. Narr, I know. How do *you* divide one fraction by another?

NARR. I turn the fust fraction bottom side up and then multiply the two upper figgers together and put 'em above a line; and then I multiply the two lower figgers together and put 'em under the same line—and that allers gives me the answer, ef I do the multiplyin' right.

'SQUIRE. And that's the way to do it, too—the only way. Who ever heerd of 'tother?

DR. J. 'Squire, may I ask you *why* you perform the operation in that way?

'SQUIRE. "Perform the operation!" Don't hev any of your doctor stuff in along 'rethmetic. 'Twont work. I do em so—and allers did, ever sence I began cipherin' in fractions—'cause it gins the answer. And I s'pose that's why Mr. Narr does so. Ain't that reason enough? Or perhaps *you* think you can't fetch it 'cept by alosis! (*laughter as before.*) And I may as well say right here that, from what Board (*looking at Dr. J.*) has seen so fur, 'taint worth while to bother the canderdates any more 'bout 'rethmetic. The Board thinks the Board knows what's wanted here in Joppy—and 'taint any of your alosis, I can tell ye! (*looking at*

Crispin, who nods assent.) Perhaps some of you canderdates have ben goin' to these Mormon schools, hain't you?

DR. J. You mean Normal schools, I presume, 'Squire.

SQUIRE. Don't make no difference—Mormon or Norval—it's all the same—them things wont go down yet a while in this 'ere neighborhood. We'll try a little spellin' now, gen'l'men. How many of you can spell the first part of my name? Hold up your hands all who can! (*Narr raises his hand.*) Is that all?

DR. J. Perhaps the gentlemen are not acquainted with your first name, 'Squire.

'SQUIRE. I should think they might, bein' as I've lived here in Joppy, man and boy, goin' on now hard on to sixty year—and been Justice of the Peace for more'n eleven on 'em. I think it's a fair question; but I wont stick about that. My full name is Square Jotham Magnus. Now—hands up—who can spell my fust name? (*all hands up.*) Now, that's somethin' like. We'll hear you, sir! (*pointing to Dent.*)

DENT. J-o (jo)—t-h-a-m (tham)—Jotham. (*Hands down except Narr's.*)

'SQUIRE. I do declare—if that don't beat all! Mr. Narr, you'll hev to show 'em how agin!

NARR. S-q-u-a-r-e—Square.

'SQUIRE. In coorse 'tis—the world over! Who ever heerd of a Justice of the Peace's fust name bein' anything but Square in the whole United States!

DENT. I thought 'Squire a mere title, and as such an abbreviation of e-s-q-u-i-r-e—esquire, and added to a person's name.

'SQUIRE. If that's all the good your schoolin' hez done you, you might ez well have let it all go. Who ever heerd me called anything but Square—S-q-u-a-r-e—more'n 'leven year now? Don't my own wife call me so—and all the children? And I should like to know what's a man's fust name if 'tisn't the name folks fust use—the handle they take hold on. Young man, if you ain't any better booked up in the constertutional law than not to know that a Square's fust name is Square all over the inhabited earth, you're got a good deal to learn yit—I can tell you that

(*Laughter as before.*) Mr. Narr, I'll give you another. How do you spell *beefsteak?*

NARR. B-e-a-f (beef)--s-t-a-k-e (steak)—beefsteak.

'SQUIRE. Right—all right—and that's one of the hardest words in the whole English language, I can tell you. A man who can spell that without missin' a bit, as you did, can spell any thing he can lay his jaws to.

DR. J. I may have misunderstood Mr. Narr; but I certainly thought he didn't spell the word correctly.

'SQUIRE. Spell it agin, Mr. Narr—spell it agin—for the Doctor's benefit. But the Board is satisfied.

NARR. (*Spelling as before.*)

DR. J. So I understood. Do you mean to say that is the correct spelling of that word, 'Squire?

'SQUIRE. To be sure I do. What does it spell, ef it don't spell *beefsteak,* I should like to know. Come, now—tell me that. I hain't the dictionary book here, but I looked at it jest afore I left the house, and I tell you that that spellin's right! (*Bringing his fist down with emphasis upon the table.*) B-e-a-f-s-t-a-k-e!

DR. J. Here is Webster's Dictionary, 'Squire (*handing it*), and it gives a different spelling.

'SQUIRE (*examining*). I tell you that's wrong—I know it is! B-double e-f-s-t-e-a-k! Who ever heerd of sech spellin' afore? 'Taint right, I tell ye. (*Looking at title-page.*) Oh, I might er knowed. It's one of them Yankee school books; and everybody knows they never did spell right nohow.

DR. J. (*handing.*) Here is Worcester's, with the word spelled in the same way as Webster gives it.

'SQUIRE. 'Taint right, I say (*excitedly*), 'taint right, I tell you—and I don't care who says 'tis (*looking at title-page*), Jest ez I s'posed—another Yankee book.

DR. J. But you know, 'Squire, the only dictionaries published in this country and recognized as authorities are published in New England.

'SQUIRE. 'Taint so. Let's see an English dictionary—we don't want a New-English dictionary—the old will do well enough for us.

DR. J. Here are Walker's, and Johnson's, and Todd's (*handing them*), and they agree with the others.

'Squire (*rising and gesticulating violently*). 'Taint so, I tell ye—and that ends the matter—and if you (*to Dr. J.*) can't find any better business than interferin' with this 'ere examernation arter the Board's appinted me to 'tend to it, you'd better go somewhere else.

Dr. J. No offence was intended, 'Squire. I merely thought you, in common with other men, might sometimes be mistaken.

'Squire (*seating himself*). When I know a thing, I know it—and that's the whole on it. The Board appinted this examernation fairly—I was fairly appinted to take charge on't—and I mean to do it as fairly as I know how, and ef any man can do more'n that, I should like to see him—that's all. Comin' round to business agin—I don't know's there's much more to be done. We've examined the canderdates in jography, 'rethmetic, and spellin', and we can look at their writin' any time. What do you say, Mr. Crispin?

Crispin. Oh—me! Anything you say, Square, I'm agreed to.

Dr. J. Don't you propose any examination in grammar?

'Squire. What's the use of grammar, I'd like to know? I never heerd on't when I was a boy, and I never teached it when I kep' school.

Dr. J. But, surely, 'Squire, you must regard it as an important qualification in a teacher, to be able to instruct others how to write and speak our language correctly.

'Squire. That's jest the pint. Perhaps you don't know my idees on that subjick. My notion is that the Almighty starts us all off in this world when we're old enough knowin' what to say and how to say it. For my part I think it's flyin' in the face and eyes of Proverdence meddlin' with grammar and sech things.

Dr. J. Why don't you use the same argument—if I may call it so—concerning any branch of education? Arithmetic, for example, of which you spoke so highly a short time ago?

'Squire. You don't see the pint, Doctor. Figgers is a consekence of the fall of our first parents. In the garden of Edin when they was good they didn't need it—but they could talk their language right—whatever it was, mebbe

ours and mebbe not—for they were made to; but 'rethmetic came in, arter they sinned and were druv out of the garden. God didn't teach 'em that, and so they have to learn it. Don't you understand now? Them's my views.

DR. J. Yes—I comprehend you, 'Squire—but about reading.

'SQUIRE. Wall, about readin' 's about this—'taint much nohow. We can pick that up any time we choose. My 'pinion is there's too much on't done by some folks. Ef they'd do less on't and use their head-pieces more, I think they'd be a mighty sight better off. I don't s'pose anybody would offer to take our school who couldn't read; and I wouldn't—appinted by this Board to examine canderdates—I wouldn't insult any one by askin' 'em to read. Read! In course they can read, all on 'em! What are they here for if they can't? Aint that so, Mr. Crispin?

CRISPIN. Sartin, Square, sartin—anything you say I'm agreed to.

'SQUIRE. Then we might as well as not call this examernation adjourned *sign dy*. And as I said when we fust started off, some of the canderdates will have to be disappinted. The Board has thought this matter over carefully and has decided that Mr. Nicholas Narr is entitled to have our school—fustly, because the Board knows him—and nextly, because he has showed more good horse-sense, by and round, durin' the whole examernation than any other canderdate—meanin' by what I say no disrespec' to any of the rest, who can, I reelly b'lieve, pass a better examernation when they're older and have studied harder and thought longer. The meeting is closed, gen'l'men. (*Rising.*)

DR. J. Do I understand, 'Squire, that this is a meeting of the Board?

'SQUIRE. What else would you call it? Haint the Board met—and haint the Board examined—and haint the Board gin out the school to Nicholas Narr—and haint the Board adjourned? What more'd you have?

DR. J. Then, here and now I wash my hands of the whole proceeding. (*Handing a paper.*) Here, 'Squire, is my resignation as a member of this Board. I had some faint hope, I confess, when I was appointed to the position, that

I might be of some service in advancing the cause of thorough common school education; but if anything were needed, this day's proceedings have convinced me that my further connection with your Board can only be maintained at the expense of my self-respect and can in no wise advance those interests which I have so much at heart.

'Squire. Jest as you please, Doctor—you must act accordin' to your own light, whether it's big or little. The Board accepts your resignin', and Joppy will try and survive till she can git somebody in your place.

Dr. J. To my young friends who have been, individually and collectively, so grossly insulted here to-day by what you are pleased to call the Board, I would simply say in leaving them that the day's annoyances may not prove utterly without profit to them, if they have learned—as I doubt not they have by this time—never to visit Joppa, at least, until civilization shall have dawned upon us, should they again chance to see an advertisement of a "Teacher Wanted."

[*Curtain falls.*

THE UNWELCOME GUEST.—H. Elliott McBride.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Edward Simpson.
Mrs. Emeline Simpson, his wife.
John Simpson, his brother, and a guest.
Mr. Martin Jones.
Mrs. Eliza Jones, his wife.

SCENE—*A room in Edward Simpson's house. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson discovered.*

Mrs. S. Edward, I may just as well say plainly that I think we must do something to get your brother off our hands. He has been here now over two weeks, and he stays and stays just as if this was his home, and as if he hadn't the slightest idea of ever going away.

Mr. S. You are quite right, wife; we must get him away. I thought it possible, when he came here, that he had

plenty of money; but that idea has vanished entirely. If he had money, he would not go around so shabbily dressed. He had the audacity to hint to me, yesterday, that I might buy him a new coat; just as if I hadn't enough to do to buy new coats for myself and my children.

MRS. S. Oh, the impudence of some people! I am sure we have done very well in keeping him these two weeks, and not charging him a cent for his boarding. And now he wants a new coat, does he? I wonder he didn't ask for a full suit; he certainly has need of it; but he needn't expect to get it here. But are you *sure*, Edward, that he didn't bring any money home with him?

MR. S. Yes, quite sure. I didn't say anything to him about it, but John was never the man to go in rags if he had any money in his pocket. He has been away for fifteen years, you know, and he might have made plenty of money in that time; but it is my impression, that if he did make anything, he spent it all before he started for home.

MRS. S. Well, what are we to do with him?

MR. S. Send him to the poor-house, I suppose. I don't quite like to do that, either; for people *will* talk, and they will say that I ought to have kept him in his old days.

MRS. S. Let them talk. It's nobody's business but our own, and it will all blow over in a week or two. Of course we can't have him on our hands as long as he lives, merely because the neighbors will talk a little about our sending him to the poor-house.

MR. S. No, of course not. Here he comes now; we must inform him of our decision.

Enter John Simpson, shabbily dressed.

MR. S. John, we have been talking about you.

JOHN. So I supposed. I thought I heard my name mentioned. You were considering that matter about the coat, were you? I hope you will think favorably of it.

MRS. S. (*bridling up.*) No, sir; we were not thinking of buying you a coat, but we were speaking of your audacity in making such a request.

JOHN. Ah! were you? Don't you see I am old now, and dreadfully crippled with rheumatism? And, of course I am

not able to work to buy myself clothes. If my brother will not take care of me now, who will?

MRS. S. That's just what we are going to talk about.

MR. S. Wife, allow me to speak to John about this matter. (*To John.*) It may sound a little harsh and unpleasant, but we have come to the conclusion that we cannot keep you any longer. You know that we are not very well off in this world's goods; we have not much house-room, and we have three children that demand our attention. We have kept you two weeks, and we think we have done very well. We feel that you would be considerably in our road here, and we have concluded to send you to the poor-house.

JOHN. The poor-house! I always did hate the poor-house. It must be so lonesome there; and then, I don't think the boarding will be good. Must I go to the poor-house?

MR. S. Yes, we have decided. We cannot keep you.

JOHN. I thought, when I was away, that if I could only get home again, I would find my brother willing to take me under his roof, and allow me to end my days there. But I was mistaken. When must I go?

MR. S. I will have the papers made out, and be ready to take you to-morrow afternoon.

JOHN. Send for Eliza Jones and her husband. They will not want to keep me, either, I suppose—how can I expect them, when they are a great deal poorer than you? But send for them. I want to see them, and say good-bye, before I go away.

MR. S. Emeline, tell Parker to run across to Jones' for his Uncle Martin and Aunt Eliza. [*Exit Mrs. S.*

JOHN. If they do not treat me well at the poor-house, what shall I do? Cut stick and run off, or sue them for breach of promise?

MR. S. (*aside.*) It seems to me, he takes it exceedingly cool. But it is better he should do so, than to make a noise about it. (*To John.*) I think you will be well treated. The Superintendent is very kind to all under his care, and is considered a perfect gentleman.

JOHN. A gentleman! I'm glad of that. (*Sarcastically.*) Ah! Edward, it is a great thing to be a *gentleman.*

Mr. S. I am glad you are willing to go without making any fuss about it. You know people *will* talk; and they would talk a great deal more, if you should be opposed to going. I hope you will not think unkindly of us, because we have concluded to take this step; you see that we can not well keep you here; and as you are getting old, and are greatly afflicted with rheumatism, you will be better attended to there than you could be here.

John. Yes, yes, I understand. Don't fret about me, Edward. I suppose it isn't much difference where I live, and where I end my days. But, Edward, I *think* I would not have treated you so. However, one hardly knows what one will do when one comes to the pinch. If I had brought home a market-basket full of ninety-dollar gold pieces, perhaps I would not have taken up so much room in your house, nor crowded your children so dreadfully.

Enter Mrs. Simpson, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. J. (*running to John.*) O John, my brother, they want to send you to the poor-house! You shall not go! you shall not go!

Mr. J. No, John, you shall not go. While we have a crust of bread, you shall share it with us.

John. But I never did like to eat crusts.

Mrs. S. That's him, for you! He doesn't want to pay anything for his board, but he wants to have the best.

John. And he doesn't like to eat dirt.

Mrs. S. Do you mean to say that I am a dirty cook?

John (*whistles "Yankee Doodle"*). Come, if I am to go to the poor-house, let me be off.

Mrs. J. You shall not go. We are poor, but you shall stay with us. We can find room for you, and we will be provided for, I'll warrant, someway.

Mrs. S. People oughtn't to be rash about taking on a load they can't carry.

Mr. S. Emeline, if Martin and Eliza want to keep John, let them do so; don't say a word. Of course, I think they have quite enough to do to keep their own heads above water; but if they want to keep John, it is their own business.

JOHN. Yes, it is their own business; and if they were on the point of sinking, would *you* raise a finger to keep their heads above water? *No!* Edward.—I cannot call you brother,—I know you now. I leave your house to-day, but I do not go to the poor-house. I have money enough to buy and *keep* a hundred such little farms as yours, and a hundred such *little men.* I do not need your coats nor your cringing sympathies; I wanted to find you out. I wanted to know what kind of a man you were, and *I know.* When I came home, I determined to find out, in some way, whether you or the Jones family were most deserving of my money. I have found that out; and I go with them, to make my home there.

MRS. S. But we didn't know ——

JOHN. Ay, I know it. You thought I was a beggar; you thought I had no money and no clothes. If you had believed otherwise, you would have received me with open arms. Come (*to Mr. and Mrs. Jones*), we will go. I shall not forget you for your kindness. I will make my home with you; and if it is true that you have had hard enough work to keep your heads above water, it shall be so no longer. (*To Mr. and Mrs. Simpson.*) I had almost forgotten. Here are twenty dollars, for my two weeks' board (*throwing down the bills*). You see that although I may have a *shabby appearance,* I am yet able to pay my way in the world. Good-day, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson. (*Exit John Simpson, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones.*)

MRS. S. Isn't this dreadful! (*Rushes out at one side of the stage.*)

MR. S. Confound the luck! (*Rushes out at the other side of the stage.*)

[*Curtain falls.*

NOTE.—The above is taken from "Model Dialogues," which contains a pleasing variety of material for grown people, embracing humorous and character sketches, together with a host of Dialogues, Acting Charades, Tableaux, etc., for the young folks. 382 pages, in cloth binding, price $1.00.

DID YOU EVER SEE A GHOST?*—Robert C. V. Meyers.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Josiah Skeptic.
Mrs. Josiah Skeptic.
Mr. Timothy Jester.
Miss Arethusa Scoffer, Mrs. Skeptic's sister.
Matilda, the maid.

SCENE—*Interior of the Skeptic drawing-room. Mr. Skeptic reading a newspaper, Mrs. Skeptic and Miss Scoffer doing some fancy work, Mr. Jester leaning back in an easy chair regarding Miss Scoffer.*

Mr. Skeptic (*indignantly*). Another authenticated ghost story (*throwing down the paper*). To me it is simply disheartening that in this practical Nineteenth Century, there should still exist idiots sufficiently flagrant to believe in palpable spirits, appearances of disembodied essences and the like. I consider a newspaper highly culpable for giving space to such trash. To-morrow I write to the editor of this sheet, telling him that I withdraw my subscription.

Mrs. Skeptic. Josiah, what's the use of getting out of humor over a mere ghost?

Mr. Jester (*lazily*). You act as though you had been accused of making one.

Miss Scoffer (*laughing*). Timothy, you are really too bad. I consider Josiah in the right in objecting to the nonsense. A ghost is said to be of the shape of the sound of a drum. How I should like to see one!

Mr. J. One what?—one sound of a drum?

Miss S. One ghost! I think I said ghost, Timothy. Pray do not take me up so hastily.

Mr. J. It was you taking up the ghost hastily, Arethusa.

Mrs. S. There! you are both put out. How is it that engaged couples never argue but they become warm? Now old married people, such as Josiah and I, argue and argue, and keep as cool as possible; don't we, Josiah?—we never have differences of opinion, do we, Josiah?

Mr. S. Jennie, I don't like the way my remarks are taken. I am naturally angry about the triviality of any one

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who will assume a belief in that impossibility which is called a ghost. Timothy laughs at me, Arethusa calls the subject under discussion the sound of a drum.

Miss S. Why, I thought I was on your side, Josiah.

Mr. J. I am sure I was.

Mr. S. Well, you take the matter entirely too cheerfully. I say it is simply scandalous that ——

Mrs. S. And so do we.

Mr. S. Jennie, will you allow me to speak? I object to being choked off.

Mrs. S. Why Josiah! I was only choking off the ghost.

Mr. S. There you are again with your burlesque. I tell you the subject is one of importance.

Miss S. A little while ago you insisted that there was no such thing as a ghost, and now you speak as though you defended such awesome creations.

Mr. S. Arethusa, I forgive you everything for that word "creations." All ghosts are creations; no man in this world ever saw one, and no man ever will see one.

Mr. J. How about ——

Mr. S. If you please, Timothy, we will not cite instances of people who vow that they have entertained such visitors. All creations of the fancy, sir, all creations of the fancy. I own that I am a little heated just now, and I trust you will pardon me; but I am eminently calm and practicable, if I am anything, and (*becoming more and more emphatic*) when I see a paper of the standing of this one, giving publicity to such maunderings, I am justified in falling—(*In his excitement he has come to the edge of the chair and now tumbles to the floor. He picks himself up and rescats himself.*) I was about to observe that I am justified in falling ——

Mrs. S. You appear to have taken the justification for granted, in your manner of precipitating yourself from the furniture.

Mr. S. I will be obliged to you, Jennie, if you will allow me to express myself. I say that I am justified in falling out with the editor for using his journal as a means of disseminating in the Nineteenth Century such preposterous imbecilities which—well, without making a speech about it, I give up this paper in the morning.

Mr. J. And yet there are people who vouch for these appearances. I will acknowledge a pet weakness of mine, I have always longed to see a ghost and upset its gravity. Often when I am about retiring, say at midnight ——

Miss S. Midnight! You leave our house every night at 10.30, and it only takes you five minutes to get home!

Mr. J. Can't a fellow be wakeful simply because he's engaged? Do you consider a strong affection a sort of soporific?

Miss S. I was only thinking ——

Mr. J. That I went to clubs and lodges after 10.30.

Mrs. S. Really, if the casual mention of a ghost is going to ruin the tempers of all of us, we might as well change the subject.

Mr. J. Not at all; I was never in better humor. Ha! ha (*frowning fiercely*)!

Miss S. Nor I. He! he (*frowning and slapping her fancy-work*)!

Mr. J. I was on the point of remarking when I was interrupted ——

Miss S. By me; I am extremely rude,—a perfect bear; I wonder that you ever fancied me.

Mr. J. (*loudly.*) When I retire about midnight ——

Miss S. (*loudly.*) And you leave our house at 10.30!

Mr. J. (*shouting.*) I often hope that I shall see a ghost!

Mrs. S. Arethusa and Timothy, behave yourselves. Do you desire me to think that you care nothing for one another, when you are so easily touched as this? Let us talk sensibly, as Josiah suggests, about these intangible nothings. Timothy has mentioned twelve o'clock as the hour when he sometimes thinks of ghosts. Now why is it that ghosts are always associated with midnight? Why should they not appear at any hour, this hour,—six in the evening, as well as half a dozen hours later? What have ghosts to do with time? That indispensable qualification which makes all ghost stories equally incredible to me is the persistence of the vapory visitors using midnight as the moment of their disclosure. And with Timothy I must confess that sometimes at midnight ——

Miss S. He leaves our house at 10.30!

MR. J. Any one who did not know you, might suppose you jealous.

MISS S. (*laughing.*) Jealous!

MR. J. Don't insult me, Arethusa!

MISS S. (*weeping.*) You're *always* insulting *me;* and you *do* leave our house at 10.30!

MR. J. I never denied that important fact; I only said ——

MISS S. I know what you said; and then you bit off my head because I repeated it. You said you retire at midnight, and I said that you leave our house at 10.30; and I don't care who contradicts me, I insist that it is 10.30, and five minutes added to half-past ten never *yet* made twelve. I consider your conduct perfectly cruel, sir, and if you cannot treat me with more consideration, we had better part!

MR. J. I coincide with you; it would be far better to part now, than to carry on a life of continual bickering and jealousy.

MRS. S. Hush! hush! this is your first quarrel, and neither of you mean a word you say.

MISS S. *I* do; it is 10.30!

MR. J. And *I* do; we had better part!

MRS. S. (*rapidly.*) I was saying that a ghost might as well present itself at this moment as to come some hours hence. Suppose we should see one now, what would we all do?

MR. S. (*who has been glowering at them all.*) Jennie, *will* you put an end to this frivolity in reference to a subject so near my conscience?

MRS. S. Josiah, don't be so ridiculous.

MR. S. Your terms are beautifully selected.

MRS. S. The idea of treating nonsense seriously!

MR. S. Nonsense!

MRS. S. Yes, nonsense, or ghosts, whichever *selected* term you like best. And here we are all quarreling, and all about your old ghost!

MR. S. *My* old ghost, indeed! Adhere to facts!

MRS. S. Oh, he says that I prevaricate! You should be ashamed of yourself, Josiah! And married life *is* a snare; there! and I hope Arethusa and Timothy will take warning by us and—oh, that I should be called false! I do believe

you wish me dead—I believe you wish I were a ghost; oh ——

Mr. S. I could hardly wish that; I do not believe in ghosts.

Mrs. S. And you don't believe in me,—you have just said so, Arethusa and Timothy heard you. I also know that not one of us by any possibility could believe in a ghost, so you are the more preposterous in taking it all so seriously. Do you believe in ghosts, Timothy?

Mr. J. (*laughing.*) A needless question.

Mrs. S. And I can answer for Arethusa; it is not in our blood. As for Josiah ——

Mr. S. You can answer for me, also. I want all this silliness to end; here we are, a quartette of pleasant people, becoming thoroughly ridiculous over nothing. If I should allow myself to descend to your level ——

Mrs. S. } *Descend* ——
Mr. J. } Sir, my level!
Miss S. } The Scoffer's level!

Mr. S. If I should allow myself to treat the matter lightly, then there would be no end to the hilarity I should excite; I should say to his ghostship or her ghostship, should he or she put in an appearance, that we had no time for such antics, and—in fact, I should say all that you would say.

Mrs. S I should say nothing—I should see nothing; consequently you believe in them more than I do.

Mr. J. I just said he acted as though he had made one.

Mr. S. (*menacingly.*) Timothy Jester, I would have you to know that I no more believe in a ghost than you do. If I should at this moment see a so-called shadowy presence in this room, I should, as the boys say, "go for it," and unearth a burglar or a sneak-thief. If at this moment there should come a sharp sepulchral knock ——

Sharp knock on door.

Mrs. S. (*starting to her feet.*) What's that?

Miss S. (*bundling up her work and rising.*) It sounded *something* like a knock,—a sepulchral knock.

Mr. Skeptic and Mr. Jester look at each other.

Mrs. S. Did we all hear it? [*No reply.*

Mr. S. It was only some one at the door.

Mrs. S. Then open the door, Josiah.

Mr. S. Jennie, reserve your orders for Matilda, the maid.

Miss S. But I actually did hear something. Timothy, if Josiah is afraid to open the door ——

Mr. S. Arethusa, do you call me a coward?

Miss S. Timothy, show yourself a man and open the door.

Mr. J. It's not my place; this is Josiah's house, not mine.

Miss S. It is not my house either. Jennie, it is part your house; open the door—Josiah's afraid.

Mr. S. Don't say that again, Arethusa! Jennie, your sister desires you to open the door. She despises and maligns me, but I do not deny you the right to open the door. As for me, I shall have nothing to do with the door; it may remain shut till doomsday, for all I care.

Knock on the door again.

Miss S. I think it sounded like chains this time.

Mrs. Skeptic and Miss Scoffer run to side, front of stage; Mr. Skeptic and Mr. Jester follow.

Mrs. S. Did we all hear it?

Miss S.
Mr. J.
Mr. S. } Yes!

Mrs. S. It's a judgment on us; and I almost invited it by scouting at the idea of its coming at six o'clock in the evening; and Josiah said—Josiah, don't you dare to go near that door—I shall forcibly hold you back!

Mr. S. (*feebly.*) Yes, I will go, Jane; you have all insisted that I should open the door, and you shall take the consequences of my opening it. Don't hold my coat-tails, Jane, for I insist upon opening the door—oh, I thought you had hold of my coat-tails.

Mrs. S. (*grasping the coat-tails.*) So I have now. No, Josiah, you shall never obey a summons like that; you are a married man!

Miss S. (*seizing Mr. Jester's coat-tails.*) And Timothy is going to be a married man one of these days. Oh, Timothy, forgive my terrible words of jealousy relating to 10.30; forgive my sarcastic taunts! This may be our last hour—who

can tell! I am not positive that I did not hear a groan besides the chains. It is all Josiah's fault!

MR. S. How is it my fault, dear Arethusa? I will confess that ——

MR. J. Josiah, she refers to your angry unbelief in anything approaching the supernatural.

MRS. S. Josiah, you are responsible for a spirit coming in the spirit of revenge. You never would take my advice; and now see what you have done! We are unquestionably destroyed; to-morrow our hair will be bleached white. Forgive me all my unkind words, Josiah; we were never angry before. (*Knock on the door. She and Miss Scoffer cower in a corner, the men near them.*) Tell it, Josiah, that you were but using braggadocio—tell it that not only do you believe in it, but that you always did, and—oh, tell it anything; you needn't mind a fib to a ghost.

MR. S. (*opens his lips and tries to speak, then whispers hoarsely.*) Jennie, my voice is gone.

MISS S. Oh, poor Josiah, poor Josiah; he is frozen with terror, and no wonder, for he has brought this on us! Timothy, how is *your* voice?

MR. J. Arethusa, my voice is all right; but my legs ——

Knock on the door. They crouch closely together. The door opens, and Matilda, the maid, puts in her white-capped head for a moment, when, seeing them all, she withdraws it and closes the door again.

MRS. S. I saw it,—a hideous, awful face!

MISS S.
MR. J.
MR. S. } I saw it!

MR. S. Male or female, should you say?

MRS S. It was all that was awful in the face of man or woman. It may have been gory.

MISS S. With a gash in the throat!

MRS. S. The head completely severed! [*Knock.*

MR. S. (*tottering.*) Something ails my legs too. I may have been bold in my language a little while ago, but, Jennie, I meant no disrespect ——

MISS S. You were as disrespectful as you possibly could be of ghosts! [*Knock.*

MRS. S. There, Arethusa, you did that; you caused that deathly knock by foolishly saying "ghost." [*Knock.*

MISS S. And you did that. There are legions here; I thought it looked like two when it put its bloody face in the room.

Door opens—Matilda appears.

MRS. S. There it is again!

MR. S. (*sinking to the floor.*) Unhappy, injured spirit, I abjure thee— Speak to it, Timothy!

MR. J. Observe the rules of polite society—it is not my guest, but yours!

MATILDA. If you please ——

MISS S. That voice! It is a hollow echo,—a perfect grave-yard chorus! Timothy, Jennie, Josiah, say your prayers, for ——

They hide their faces, leaning against each other.

MATILDA. My good gracious! Whatever has come over them? Here I have been knocking and knocking, and getting no answer! (*In a loud voice.*) Missus, Missus, I've come to say that tea is ready, and the muffins won't wait for nobody.

ALL (*raising their heads and recognizing her*). It is Matilda!

MATILDA. Who did you think it was? You look as if you had all seen a ghost.

Miss Scoffer and Mrs. Skeptic cry out.

MRS. S. Don't say the word, Matilda, for we—we—we—

MR. S. Are ready for tea. and—and—

MR. J. The muffins won't—

MR. S. It's all this confounded paper's fault; I'll horsewhip the editor to-morrow (*flies at paper and tears it savagely*)!

MRS. S.
MISS S.
MR. J. } It's all the paper's fault!

They fall on the paper and tear it into shreds, Matilda looking on in amazement, as curtain falls.

DRAMATIC EXTRACTS

—FROM—

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 11.*

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COURTSHIP UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

CHARACTERS.

SNOBBLETON, a practical joker.
JONES, in love with Prudence.
PRUDENCE, in love with Jones.

SCENE.—*A fashionable watering-place. Snobbleton discovered.*

Snobbleton. Yes, there is that fellow Jones, again. I declare, the man is ubiquitous. Wherever I go with my cousin Prudence we stumble across him, or he follows her

*"100 Choice Selections No. 11," contains two other short dramatic articles which are not included in these leaflets, viz.: SCENE FROM DOUGLAS, introducing Norval, Glenalvon, and Lord Randolph; and the CLOSET SCENE FROM HAMLET. Among the other attractive readings in No. 11, we would especially mention "Laughin' in Meetin'," by H. B. Stowe; "Gone With a Handsomer Man," by Will Carleton; Max Adeler's "Political Stump Speech," "Lord Dundreary Proposing," "She would be a Mason," "The Drunkard's Dream," "Execution of Montrose," "Red Jacket," "Charlie Machree," "Rock me to Sleep" "Temptations of St. Anthony," "The King's Temple," "The Man with a Cold in his Head," and many others of all shades, variety, and purposes, embracing such authors as Victor Hugo, Bret Harte, Robert Lowell, Peter Pindar, Mrs. Partington, J. G. Holland, J. G. Whittier, Geo. W. Bungay, Thomas Hood, Robert Southey, Mary E. Hewitt, John G. Saxe, Charles Dickens, N. P. Willis, Owen Meredith, and others, besides a host of waifs and gems from unknown sources.

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like her shadow. Do we take a boating? So does Jones. Do we wander on the beach? So does Jones. Go where we will, that fellow follows or moves before. Now, that was a cruel practical joke which Jones once played upon me at college. I have never forgiven him. But I would gladly make a pretence of doing so, if I could have my revenge. Let me see. Can't I manage it? He is head over ears in love with Prudence, but too bashful to speak. I half believe she is not indifferent to him, though altogether unacquainted It may prove a match, if I cannot spoil it. Let me think Ha! I have it. A brilliant idea! Jones, beware! But here he comes.

(*Enter* JONES.)

Jones. (*Not seeing Snobbleton, and delightedly contemplating a flower, which he holds in his hand.*) Oh, rapture! what a prize! It was in her hair—I saw it fall from her queenly head. (*Kisses it every now and then.*) How warm are its tender leaves from having touched her neck! How doubly sweet is its perfume—fresh from the fragrance of her glorious locks! How beautiful! how—Bless me! here is Snobbleton, and we are enemies!

Snob. Good-morning, Jones—that is, if you will shake hands.

Jones. What! you—you forgive! You really—

Snob. Yes, yes, old fellow! All is forgotten. You played me a rough trick; but, let bygones be bygones. Will you not bury the hatchet?

Jones. With all my heart, my dear fellow!

Snob. What is the matter with you, Jones? You look quite grumpy—not by any means the same cheerful, dashing, rollicking fellow you were.

Jones. Grumpy—what is that? How *do* I look, Snobbleton?

Snob. Oh, not much out of the way. Only a little shaky in the shanks,—blue lips, red nose, cadaverous jaws, bloodshot eyes, yellow—

Jones. Bless me, you don't say so! (*Aside.*) Confound the man! Here have I been endeavoring to appear romantic for the last month—and now to be called grumpy—shaky-shanked, cadaverous,—it is unbearable!

Snob. But never mind. Cheer up, old fellow! I see it all. Egad! I know what it is to be in—

Jones. Ah! you can then sympathize with me! You know what it is to be in—

Snob. Of *course* I do! Heaven preserve me from the toils! What days of bitterness!

Jones. What nights of bliss!

Snob. (*Shuddering.*) And then the letters—the interminable letters!

Jones. Oh yes, the letters! the *billet doux!*

Snob. And the bills—the endless bills!

Jones. (*In surprise.*) The bills!

Snob. Yes; and the bailiffs, the lawyers, the judge, and the jury.

Jones. Why, man, what are you talking about? I thought you said you knew what it was to be in—

Snob. In debt. *To be sure* I did.

Jones. Bless me! I'm not in debt—never borrowed a dollar in my life. Ah, me! (*Sighs.*) it's worse than *that.*

Snob. Worse than that! Come, now, Jones, there is only one thing worse. You're surely not in love?

Jones. Yes, I am. Oh, Snobby, help me, help me! Let me confide in you.

Snob. Confide in me! Certainly, my dear fellow! See, I do not shrink—I stand firm.

Jones. Snobby, I—I love her.

Snob. Whom?

Jones. Your cousin, Prudence.

Snob. Ha! Prudence Angelina Winterbottom?

Jones. Now, don't be angry, Snobby! I don't mean any harm, you know. I—I—you know how it is.

Snob. Harm! my dear fellow. Not a bit of it. Angry! Not at all. You have my consent, old fellow. Take her. She is yours. Heaven bless you both!

Jones. You are very kind, Snobby, but I haven't got her consent yet.

Snob. Well, that *is* something, to be sure. But, leave it all to me. She may be a little coy, you know; but, considering your generous overlooking of her unfortunate defect—

Jones. Defect! You surprise me.

Snob. What! and you did not know of it?

Jones. Not at all. I am astonished! Nothing serious I hope.

Snob. Oh, no! only a little—(*He taps his ear with his finger, knowingly.*) I see, you understand it.

Jones. Merciful heaven! can it be? But really, is it serious?

Snob. I should think it was.

Jones. What! But is she ever dangerous?

Snob. Dangerous! Why should she be?

Jones. (*Considerably relieved.*) Oh, I perceive! A mere airiness of brain—a gentle aberration—scorning the dull world—a mild—

Snob. Zounds, man, she's not crazy!

Jones. My dear Snobby, you relieve me. What then?

Snob. Slightly deaf. That's all.

Jones. Deaf!

Snob. As a lamp-post. That is you must elevate your voice to a considerable pitch in speaking to her.

Jones. Is it possible! However, I think I can manage. As, for instance, if it was my intention to make her a floral offering, and I should say (*elevating his voice considerably,*) "Miss, will you make me happy by accepting these flowers?" I suppose she could hear me, eh? How would that do?

Snob. Pshaw! Do you call that elevated?

Jones. Well, how would this do? (*Speaks very loudly.*) "Miss, will you make me happy—"

Snob. Louder, shriller, man!

Jones. "Miss, will you—"

Snob. Louder, louder, or she will only see your lips move.

Jones. (*Almost screaming.*) "Miss, will you oblige me by accepting these flowers?"

Snob. There, that *may* do. Still you want practice. I perceive the lady herself is approaching. Suppose you retire for a short time and I will prepare her for the introduction.

Jones. Very good. Meantime I will go down to the beach and endeavor to acquire the proper pitch. Let me see: "Miss, will you oblige me—"

[*Exit* JONES.]

Enter PRUDENCE.

Prud. Good-morning, cousin. Who was that speaking so loudly?

Snob. Only Jones. Poor fellow, he is so deaf that I suppose he fancies his own voice to be a mere whisper.

Prud. Why, I was not aware of this. Is he *very* deaf?

Snob. Deaf as a stone fence. To be sure he does not use an ear-trumpet any more, but one must speak excessively high. Unfortunate, too, for I believe he is in love.

Prud. (*With some emotion.*) In love! with whom?

Snob. Can't you guess?

Prud. Oh, no; I haven't the slightest idea.

Snob. With yourself! He has been begging me to obtain him an introduction.

Prud. Well, I have always thought him a nice-looking young man. I suppose he would hear me if I should say (*speaks loudly,*) "Good-morning, Mr. Jones?"

Snob. (*Compassionately.*) *Do* you think he would hear *that?*

Prud. Well, then, how would (*speaks very loudly,*) "Good-morning, Mr. Jones!" How would that do?

Snob. Tush! he would think you were speaking under your breath.

Prud. (*Almost screaming.*) "Good-morning!"

Snob. A mere whisper, my dear cousin. But here he comes. Now, do try and make yourself audible.

Enter JONES.

Snob. (*Speaking in a high voice.*) Mr. Jones, cousin. Miss Winterbottom, Jones. You will please excuse me for a short time. (*He retires, but remains in view.*)

Jones. (*Speaking shrill and loud, and offering some flowers.*) Miss, will you accept these flowers? I plucked them from their slumber on the hill.

Prud. (*In an equally high voice.*) Really, sir, I—I—

Jones. (*Aside.*) She hesitates. It must be that she does not hear me. (*Increasing his tone.*) Miss, will you accept these flowers—FLOWERS? I plucked them sleeping on the hill—HILL.

Prud. (*Also increasing her tone.*) Certainly, Mr. Jones. They are beautiful—BEAU-U-TIFUL.

Jones. (*Aside.*) How she screams in my ear (*Aloud.*)

Yes, I plucked them from their slumber—SLUMBER, on the hill—HILL.

Prud. (*Aside.*) Poor man, what an effort it seems to him to speak. (*Aloud.*) I perceive you are poetical. Are you fond of poetry? (*Aside.*) He hesitates. I must speak louder. (*In a scream.*) Poetry—POETRY—POETRY!

Jones. (*Aside.*) Bless me, the woman would wake the dead! (*Aloud.*) Yes, Miss, I ad-o-r-e it.

Snob. (*Solus from behind, rubbing his hands.*) Glorious! glorious! I wonder how loud they *can* scream. Oh, vengeance, thou art sweet!

Prud. Can you repeat some poetry—POETRY?

Jones. I only know one poem. It is this:

You'd scarce expect one of my age—AGE,
To speak in public on the stage—STAGE.

Prud. (*Putting her lips to his ear and shouting.*) Bravo—bravo!

Jones. (*In the same tone.*) Thank you! THANK—

Prud. (*Putting her hands over her ears.*) Mercy on us! Do you think I am DEAF, sir?

Jones. (*Also stopping his ears.*) And do you fancy *me* deaf, Miss?

(*They now speak in their natural tones.*)

Prud. Are you not, sir? You surprise me!

Jones. No, Miss. I was led to believe that *you* were deaf. Snobbleton told me so.

Prud. Snobbleton! Why he told me that *you* were deaf.

Jones. Confound the fellow! he has been making game of us.

FALSTAFF'S BOASTING.—SHAKSPEARE.

CHARACTERS.

FALSTAFF. PRINCE HENRY. POINS. GADSHILL. PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Falstaff. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them, and foot them, too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

Prince Henry. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack, too! There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man: Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything: A plague of all cowards, I say, still.

P. Hen. How now wool-sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins. 'Zounds, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee hanged ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack; I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain, thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I. [*He drinks.*

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs, how was it?

Gadshill. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us.

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the others.

P. Hen. What, fought you with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

Poins. 'Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,——

P. Hen. What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,——

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken, they began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. Oh, monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But as it happened, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained, knotty-pated fool; thou tallow-keech!——

Fal. What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason; what sayest thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I——

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;——

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, you stock-fish!—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck:——

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth.——Mark now how

plain a tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your mountain sides away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard a calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

Fal. Ha, ha, ha! I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir-apparent. Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money.——Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content,—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

THE TREES OF THE BIBLE.—M. B. C. SLADE.

All.— Let us look through sacred story,
Song and psalm, until we see,
In their beauty and their glory,
Forms of many a fair, green tree:
Trees that shaded saints and sages,
Trees that waved where prophets trod,
Trees that live through all the ages,
In the ancient Word of God.

First.— When the captives wept for Zion,
For her power and glory gone,
What fair tree, with drooping branches,
Hung they, sad, their harps upon?

Answer.—"By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the WILLOWS."—[Ps. cxxxvii: 1.

Second.— When the prophet sang the story,
Zion's grandeur yet to be,
Sang her beauty and her glory,
Spake he then of any tree?

Answer.—"The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the FIR-TREE the PINE-TREE and the BOX together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary."—[Isa. lx: 13.

Third.— When he gives the invitation,
Come ye thirsting, thirst no more,
How in joyful proclamation,
Tells he of the good in store?

Answer.—"Instead of the THORN shall come up the FIR-TREE, and instead of the BRIER shall come up the MYRTLE-TREE, and it shall be to the Lord for a name."—[Isa. lv: 13.

Fourth.— What says he, when men, forsaking
God most high, the living Lord,
Out of wood their gods are making
That can never speak a word?

Answer.—"He heweth him down CEDARS, and taketh the CYPRESS and the OAK, which he strengtheneth for himself among the trees of the forest; he planteth an ASH, and the rain doth nourish it. . . . He maketh a god and worshippeth it."—[Isa. xliv: 14, 15.

Fifth.— On the hills and mountains, burning
Incense unto gods thus made,
Israel, far from Zion turning,
Sought what trees' most pleasant shade?

Answer.—"They sacrifice upon the tops of the mountains, and burn incense upon the hills, under OAKS and POPLARS and ELMS, because the shadow thereof is good."—[Hos. iv: 13.

Sixth.— When another prophet telleth
Of God's judgments falling fast,
Whilst his heart with sorrow swelleth,
How speaks he of glories past?

Answer.—"The VINE is dried up, and the FIG-TREE languisheth; the POMEGRANATE-TREE, the PALM-TREE also, and the APPLE-TREE, even all the trees of the field are withered; because joy is withered away from the sons of men."—[Joel i: 12.

Seventh.— After words of solemn warning
To the people in their sin,
Then what hope, like gleams of dawning,
Through the prophet's voice flows in?

Answer.—"But yet in it shall be a tenth, and it shall return. As a TEIL-TREE and as an OAK, whose substance is in them when they cast their leaves: so the holy seed shall be the substance thereof."—[Isa. vi: 13.

Eighth.— Unto Israel returning,
Hear the promise of his Lord;
God to his dear children turning,
Speaks to them what precious word?

Answer.—"I will be as the dew unto Israel; he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon; his branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the OLIVE-TREE."—[Joel xiv: 5, 6.

Ninth.— When God called the "weeping prophet,"
When he said, "What dost thou see?"
Lifting up his eyes, what saw he?
Spring's first brightly-blooming tree?

Answer.—"The word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Jeremiah, what seest thou? And I said, I see a rod of an ALMOND-TREE."—[Jer. i: 11.

Tenth.— When Elijah's spirit failed him,
And he asked that he might die,
When the angel touched and hailed him,
'Neath what did Elijah lie?

Answer.—"But he himself went a day's journey into the wilderness, and came and sat down under a JUNIPER-TREE; and he requested for himself that he might die."—[I. Kings xix: 4.

Eleventh— When the Lord directed David
Out to battle how to go,
O'er against what trees, then said he,
They should come upon the foe?

Answer.—"Come upon them over against the MULBERRY-TREES. . . . And it shall be when thou shalt hear a sound of going in the tops of the MULBERRY-TREES, that then thou shalt go out to battle."—[I. Chron. xiv: 14, 15.

Twelfth.— What tree, that now on Lebanon,
In solemn beauty reigns,
In the grand days of Solomon
Grew, like, upon the plains,
Another tree, whose branches bore
In a far later day,
Zaccheus, who ran on before,
When Jesus passed that way?

Answer.—"And the CEDAR-TREES made he as the SYCAMORE-TREES that are in the low plains in abundance." . . . . . "And Zaccheus ran before and climbed up into a SYCAMORE-TREE to see Jesus."—[II. Chron. ix: 27; Luke xix: 4.

Thirte'th.—What trees that Hiram sent, with gold
From far across the seas,
Made terraces, as we are told,
And harps and psalteries?

Answer.—"And the king made of the ALMUG-TREES pillars to the house of the Lord."—I. Kings x: 12.

Fourt'th.— Of what trees did Ezekiel write,
Strong, beautiful, and fair,
When he Assyria's strength and might
And beauty would declare?

Answer.—"The CEDARS in the garden of God could not hide him; the FIR-TREES were not like his boughs; and the

CHESTNUT-TREES* were not like his branches, nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty."—[Ezek. xxxi: 8.

Fifteenth.—And now what tree more fair than all
May priest and prophet see,
And yet its wondrous leaves may fall
To bless both you and me?

Answer.—"In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river was there the TREE OF LIFE, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."—[Rev. xxii: 1, 2.

TEMPERANCE DIALOGUE.—E. MURRAY.

Room in Town Hall. A number of men consulting Chairman at the table. Enter a man with a box, cover tied on.

Applicant.—Good morning, gentlemen.

Committee.—Good morning.

Chairman.—Will you take a seat and wait a moment, please? We are making up our estimates of expenses for last year.

Applicant places box down carefully at a little distance and seats himself. Committee write, consult, etc.

Chairman.—Now, sir, what can we do for you?

Applicant.—If you please, I would like a permit to raise and exhibit rattlesnakes.

1*st. Com.*—Raise what?

Applicant.—Rattlesnakes, sir.

2*d. Com.*—What did you say?

Applicant.—Yes, sir, rattlesnakes, like these, sir (*lifting the box-lid a hair's breadth*).

All the Committee (*excitedly*).—Shut the lid! Shut it down! I say, sir, shut it, shut it!

Chairman (*sternly*).—What do you mean by bringing these creatures into our council-room, sir?

Old gentleman.—Don't you think—ah—that box—ah—had better be removed?

*The Chestnut-tree of the Scriptures is the Plane tree, such as—
"The Persian adorned with mantles and jewels."

3*d. Com.*—Second that motion.

Applicant.—But, sir, I assure you that they are perfectly harmless, if you do not meddle with them.

4*th. Com.*—Meddle with them! Why, man alive, what if they meddle with us?

Applicant.—They are in a box, no one need open it that does not choose to.

5*th. Com.*—Suppose they should get loose.

6*th Com.*—Fortunately I have an umbrella handy.

Old gentleman.—Suppose—ah—with your leave, I'll open—ah—the door. It might be necessary—ah—to retreat precipitately.

Applicant.—Your alarm is entirely unnecessary, gentlemen.

Chairman.—We had better get rid of the man and his snakes together. What do you want?

Applicant.—A license, gentlemen, to keep and exhibit rattlesnakes.

Chairman.—Where do you intend to keep them?

1*st Com.*—In our council room, it appears.

Applicant.—No, sir, certainly not, sir. In my store on one of the principal squares. I intend to have a show of snakes, tame ones, make a small charge, say five or ten cents for handling them, have a band of music to make it pleasant for the young people. I expect to make such a profit that I can afford to pay a good price for a license. Help to reduce your expenses, gentlemen.

2*d. Com.*—But what if your tame snakes should bite some of those who handle them?

Applicant.—Oh, well, of course, that is the fault of the person who handles them. They should handle them gently.

3*d. Com.*—(*Poking the box with a cane.*) Are they tame now?

Applicant (*uneasily*).—Take care, please, sir; I am not sure what temper they are in just now. What will be the price of the license, please?

4*th Com.*—Now, I like that. "Pretty City Fathers" you must think we are to let young people walk into a store where they can handle poisonous snakes. We would deserve to be hung as high as Haman.

Applicant.—But you license whiskey stores.

5*th. Com.*—Why, the fathers and mothers would mob us.

Applicant.—But, you license—

6*th Com.*—They would indict us, and justly, too.

Applicant.—But you license whiskey—

Chairman.—Come, you take yourself and your snakes off.

Applicant.—But you license whiskey selling, and I can prove by statistics that *that* poisons more people than all the snakes in the world.

1*st. Com.*—I move that the petitioner has leave to withdraw.

Applicant.—But you license—

2*d. Com.*—I second the motion.

Applicant.—Whiskey selling.

Chairman.—Are you ready for the question?

Applicant.—But, sir; no, sir.

Committee.—Question! Question!

Applicant.—Whiskey selling poisons more people—

Chairman.—All in the affirmative say Aye.

Applicant.—Than my poor snakes.

Committee.—Aye! Aye! Aye!

Chairman.—Negative, by the usual sign.

Applicant.—But, gentlemen, why do you license whiskey selling?

Chairman.—It is a vote.

Applicant.—But, gentlemen, gentlemen, my rattlers are tame.

Old gentleman.—Tame, fiddlesticks.

3*d. Com.*—Take them away, at once, sir.

Applicant (*snatching up the box and untying it*).—Just see, gentlemen. Take care, sir.

Fourth Committee tries to push him out, the box falls, and there is a general stampede, leaving old gentleman on a chair, swinging the umbrella and crying "Fire!"

—*Popular Educator.*

FIGHTING THE RUM-FIEND.—Julia M. Thayer.

CHARACTERS

Wiley and Ketchum, rumsellers.
Lawyer Julep, a moderate drinker.
Dick Guzzler, a hard drinker.
Fred and Will, students.
Boys and Girls, belonging to the Cold-Water Army.

Scene.—*Genteel drinking-saloon; glasses and decanters containing colored water. Ketchum, lounging, with a newspaper in his hand and hat on. Enter Wiley, with demijohn.*

Ketchum. What now, Wiley; inspecting stock? Strange how I've got in the way of leaving all that to you!

Wiley. That's what it is to have an enterprising partner, old man (*busying himself with decanters*), and one that understands the tricks of the trade. I didn't serve an apprenticeship with old Scrooge for nothing, ha! ha! ha!

Ketchum (*with a puzzled look*). Wiley, there's some mystery about you; I can't believe —— What do you mean by the tricks of the trade? You surely don't water the whisky, as old Scrooge did his molasses?

Wiley. Ha! ha! ha! Ketchum, you're a perfect baby, and I don't know as it is best to enlighten you, for I verily believe you've got a conscience, though there is a *little* India rubber in it. So you didn't know that our best liquors owe their sparkle and *tang* to the doctoring I give them?

Ketchum. "Doctoring!" What do you mean?

Wiley. Why, only a little *arsenic* in this, and a little *copperas* in that, ——

Ketchum. Why, these are deadly poisons!

Wiley. And a little *white lead*, and *vitriol*, and *opium*.

Ketchum. They are *poisons*, I tell you!

Wiley. And *nux vomica*, and *cocculus indicus*, and a few other harmless little things that are a great saving; and besides, that sort of liquor puts a fellow in such a condition that he can never get enough of it.

Ketchum (*growing excited*). Wiley, what makes you think I'd give *my* consent to the wholesale slaughtering of my fellow-men? You're joking, surely!

Wiley. Pshaw! Ketchum, you're sanctimonious, all at once! What have you been doing ever since you were in

the business? How many of the fellows who have "Rattled their bones over the stones" to a pauper's funeral, got their first and last glass from *you?* And all right, Ketchum, for if you hadn't sold it, somebody else would. Take this for your motto: "If I don't sell the liquor, others will."

KETCHUM. Bless your soul, Wiley, you needn't lay such things to my charge! Everybody has got to die, and I only do my best to make life jolly for them while it lasts; but all fair and square and honorable, mind you,—a *good article,* and "*scripture measure,*"—those are my principles.

WILEY. Principles! (*Laughing immoderately.*) Principles Ha! ha! ha! ha! Principles! a rum-seller's principles! I didn't know they had any,—*I haven't.* It's my private opinion that rum is a *curse,* but who is responsible for its invention? Not you; not I. And it *is* a melancholy sight to see sixty thousand fine fellows, every year, reeling along to ruin; but, we can't help it, and we might as well have the profits.

KETCHUM (*lounging*). Do stop your noise, Wiley! You make my blood run cold. I'd as lief hear a temperance lecture.

Enter Lawyer Julep.

JULEP. Temperance, eh! How long since you began to preach that here?

WILEY. What'll you take?

JULEP. A little something to keep the cold out; make it strong,—not so *very* strong; just a little, you know, for I'm only a moderate drinker. (*Drinks.*) That *is* good; I think I'll have another, just a little stronger and a little more of it, for I'm only a moderate drinker; but these temperance folks have been badgering me, and I'm unstrung; (*drinks*) yes, kind o' unstrung; yes, all unstrung. Look here (*pulling out a pocket-flask*); "Wind's in the east," you know; I don't believe in drinking to excess, for I'm a *moderate* drinker, you see. (*Counts the change as Wiley fills the flask.*) I always allowance myself. Good-day! (*Starts off, stops and drinks from the flask.*) Just a little taste, for I assure you I'm a moderate drinker. [*Goes out.*

WILEY. Wish he'd settle down in these parts. You can rely on the custom of these moderate drinkers.

KETCHUM. It strikes me, Wiley, I've seen that man before. Who *is* he? Yes, now I have it—why, that's Julep,

Lawyer Julep, a smart fellow in his day; but they say he's drunk half the time now. "*Moderate!*"

WILEY. It's amusing to see how these moderate drinkers fool themselves! The fact is, folks have got to progress either forward or backward. Well (*wiping the table*), these are the fellows that are needed to keep up the figures,—the "sixty thousand a year" of the temperance lecturers.

KETCHUM (*impatiently*). Stop dinging that in my ear! I'd rather hear a dead-march on a hand-organ!

WILEY (*jingling money*). But how do you like *that* music?

Enter a ragged, forlorn specimen, with a jug. Ketchum reads his paper; Wiley turns away, humming a tune.

GUZZLER (*drumming on the counter*). I say, who keeps this consarn? Who tends it, anyway? Ha'n't you got something to cheer a fellow up? I'm dry.

WILEY. Yes, yes, you're always dry! Never knew you when you weren't. Got any change? We don't credit.

GUZZLER (*confidentially*). Tell you what, Wiley, I *am* a little short jest now, but expect a job of work week after next.

WILEY. Bother week after next! We don't trust! do you understand?

GUZZLER. But, Wiley, I'm awful thirsty! Can't get along without my bitters,—I need it. I'm weak, Wiley. (*Whimpering.*) I've been a good customer, Wiley; gi' me a quart, just for medicine.

WILEY. Oh, get along! This is a respectable establishment; we don't entertain paupers and vagabonds.

GUZZLER (*doubling his fists*). Now see here, you, calling me a pauper and a vagabond! Who made me so, eh? Whose work is it, eh? Hear the old spider! You've got my farm, and my tools, and my wife's wedding-gown, and now can't trust me for a drink of whisky! I'm *disgusted!*

KETCHUM. Give him a little, Wiley, and be rid of him.

WILEY. Can't—can't do it. It's against my principles. Thought I hadn't any, but I guess I have. Can't give away whisky, that's against my principles.

GUZZLER (*fumbling in an old pocket-book*). Look here, friend, here's something; I don't want to part with it. *She* doesn't know I've got it, but it's good gold. What'll you gi' me for it (*holding out a plain wedding-ring*)?

WILEY (*matching ring and dropping it in drawer*). All right! What'll you have? whisky? (*Gives him a glass, which he drinks.*

GUZZLER. I say, how much you going to gi' me for it?

WILEY. Oh, you'll trade it out fast enough!

GUZZLER. But, consider its value! That's a wedding-ring! That's a memento, Wiley,—that's a memento of happier days, all done up with hopes, and hearts, and white flowers, and white ribbons, and all that. (*Wiping his eyes.*) It—it—it kind o' makes a fellow feel blue to part with it; and then consider Sarah Ann's exasperation when she finds it out! Consider all that, and pay accordingly, Mr. Wiley.

WILEY (*fills the jug, hands it to him, and pushes him out*). You'd better go now, you're getting foolish. [*Exit Guzzler.*

Enter Fred, and calls for a glass of wine; Will follows, hastily seizing his hand.

WILL. Don't Fred, don't! Think of your mother and sisters; think of the consequences; think ——

FRED. Oh, bother! Will, don't preach; I *will* enjoy myself.

WILEY. Right, my young friend! Enjoyment is a good thing; get all you can of it.

WILL (*stepping between Fred and the glass*). Stop, Fred, I've something to tell you. Some of our friends are coming round here, directly; let's go with them to the Cold-Water Temple.

FRED. What for? What's the fun?

WILL. Oh, we have music and speeches, and a nice time, and go home with clear heads and light hearts.

FRED. That's well enough. I believe in cold water and all that, but I *must* have one little glass to steady my nerves; that examination was awful hard on a fellow.

WILL. And you passed it splendidly! Now don't spoil all, and shame your friends, by giving way to temptation. Come!

WILEY. Look here, young man, seems to me you might as well put on a white choker, and carry a psalm-book. Why can't you let your friend have a mind of his own?

FRED. Yes, that's it, Will! If I want to drink, it is none of your business; I'm old enough to take care of myself.

WILL. But if I saw a venomous serpent in that glass, Fred, would it be "none of my business?" Yet that is just what I *do* see. And if I saw that man aiming a deadly weapon at you, would that be "none of my business?" Yet

that is what I do see. He who offers poison to his neighbor ought to be seized by the strong arm of the law; and I'll ——

KETCHUM. Come, young man, none of your threats! Our business is all fair, and as for the buyers, a man has a right to do as he pleases, and *right* wrongs nobody. (*Cold-Water Army, with banners and badges, approaching.*) What's that? Con-fusion! bolt the door, Wiley.

WILL. That's our Cold-Water Army! Come on! come on! here's a stronghold of King Alcohol. Now for a skirmish! Come, Fred, which side will you take?

Good Templars take their stand on one end of the platform.

FRED (*irresolute*). I—I—it seems to me I'm "on the fence!"

WILEY (*sneering*). A milksop!

WILL. Fred, you know where you *ought* to be. Step out, like a man!

FRED. I—believe—I—will. Here goes! (*Joins the line and is received with cheers.*)

KETCHUM. Now, if you'll be good enough to tell us, what's all this hullaballoo about?

LEADER. We come, Mr. Rumseller, in the interest of humanity, to declare war against all that can intoxicate.

SECOND BOY. We have come to do battle in behalf of weeping wives, starving children, and sorrowing parents.

THIRD BOY. We want to save fresh, young souls from guilt and misery.

ALL. And we are going to do it! (*Cheers.*)

VERY LITTLE BOY (*shouting*). And then, Mr. Rumseller, you'll *have* to shut up shop!

KETCHUM. Did ever anybody see the like? Here we are, minding our own business, meddling with nobody, and in comes a raft of impudent youngsters, raising a tornado about our ears. Wiley, call the police.

WILEY. Oh, never mind, Ketchum; let's hear them talk.

KETCHUM (*suspiciously*). Who knows but they are armed?

FIRST GIRL. We *have* weapons, Mr. Rumseller, but they are spiritual ones.

SECOND GIRL. Who hath woe?

THIRD GIRL. Who hath sorrow?

FOURTH GIRL. Who hath contentions?

FIFTH GIRL. Who hath babbling?

SIXTH GIRL. Who hath wounds without cause?

SEVENTH GIRL. Who hath redness of eyes?

ALL. They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine.

FIRST GIRL. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup.

SECOND GIRL. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

WILEY. I don't see that you hit us.

THIRD GIRL. How is this?—Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink!

FOURTH GIRL. Or this?—That puttest thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken.

KETCHUM. Wiley, this is getting disagreeably personal.

WILEY. Nonsense, I call it! (*To children.*) Come, let's talk a little sense. What right have you to come here, meddling with our business?—that's what *I* want to know.

KETCHUM. You've already taken off half our profit by your tee-total tomfoolery!

LEADER. As we said before, Mr. Wiley, we have come in the interest of humanity, to ask you to stop this wicked traffic. We come in the spirit of Him who has said, Love thy neighbor as thyself.

WILEY. But *I* tell you we're doing a lawful business, and we don't want to be interfered with; let everybody take care of himself. Besides, if we didn't do it, somebody else would, so what would you gain?

FIFTH GIRL. Mr. Wiley, if you could realize what you are doing, I am sure you would consider us as your best friends. Why, the midnight assassin, the highway robber, and the murderer are merciful compared with you!

WILEY. Come, come, that's a little *too* much!

FRED. The murderer kills: but what nerves his hand? Felons fill the prisons; but what makes the felons? Crime, want, and misery stalk abroad through the land ——

ALL. And for *this* we call you to account!

KETCHUM. Good gracious! I can't stand this. What do you want? We'll try and make it square, somehow.

FIRST GIRL. Make it square? Hear him! Can you gather up the raindrops that have fallen? Can you paint the rainbow on the midnight cloud? Can you mend the deli-

cate vase you have crushed to atoms? *Then* you may hope to restore broken hearts and ruined households, wasted health, shattered intellects, and hopes that are quenched in the midnight of despair.

KETCHUM (*talking to himself*). Unreasonable! nonsense! It cannot be true.

SECOND GIRL. Ah! Mr. Rumseller, can you give back to the drunkard his lost manhood, his peace of mind, his strength of will?

LITTLE BOY. I want to have father, dear father, come home, Mr. Rumseller.

LITTLE GIRL. We want our lost brothers, Mr. Rumseller.

ANOTHER. We want the mothers that have died with broken hearts, Mr. Rumseller.

KETCHUM (*stopping his ears*). Enough! enough! for heaven's sake, *stop!*

WILEY. Where's my hat, Ketchum? Let's be off.

GUZZLER (*re-entering*). Stop, stop, old friend, *I've* a leetle mite of a favor to ask of you afore you go. Jest you gi' me back Sally Ann's wedding-ring, that's a good fellow. She's that exasperated that I daren't come within ten foot of her! Gi' me back Sally Ann's wedding-ring, I tell ye! (*Wiley flings it on the table.*) Thankee, sir. (*Puts it in an old pocket-book.*) Now, if you please, I'll take that little farm you got away from me. You made me crazy with your doctored liquors, till you got every rag I had in the world but these I've got on. Purty lookin' sight ain't I, to be in respectable company,—out at the elbows, out at the toes, empty pockets, no friends, no character, no home, and *who's done it?* And now I give you fair warning,—*I'm going over to t'other side!* The cold-water chaps can make something of old Dick, if anybody can. [*Joins the ranks; Templars sing:*

Tune, "Mountain Maid's Invitation."

Come, come, come!
Never mind your ragged clothes,
Join our band—forsake your foes,
Bid good-bye to all your woes,
Be a man once more!
Gladly leave the tyrant king,
Want, and woe, and suffering,
Join your voice with ours and sing
As in days of yore.

WILEY. Youngsters, I call this a pretty big joke; what do you mean by it, any way?

LEADER. We mean, let's have a hearty surrender; give up this traffic, and we pledge you our aid in earning an honest living. Confess you are ashamed of your business!

WILEY (*dubiously*). How is it, Ketchum? *Are* we ashamed of ourselves?

KETCHUM. Upon my word, Wiley, I believe we are! We've had our misgivings all the while; haven't we, Wiley?

WILEY. Well—perhaps so! Any way, these youngsters have ruined our business, and we may as well close in with their offer.

KETCHUM. That's mean! Own up that you're human, Wiley; for *my* part, I can't resist the logic of these young heads. I'll give in entirely; I'll smash the bottles, and empty the casks, and join the Cold-Water Army heart and hand. (*Gives his hand to the leader; cheering and applause.*)

WILEY. Hold on! Crows are getting too honest to steal corn! I'll tell you, boys and girls, *I'm* not the great Fee-fi-fo-fum, and I'll come over if you'll make no noise about it. *He goes over, and is received with cheers. Singing:*)

Come, come, come!
Join our merry, merry band,
Quit the wrong, and nobly stand
For the right, with heart and hand!
No middle ground we know.
Conscience clear and happy heart
Evermore shall be your part,
If from sin you now depart,
And help subdue the foe.

[*All face the audience.*

Come, come, come,
Every one your aid now lend;
Come, our banner to defend,
Father, mother, lover, friend,
Come, the foe subdue.
Strike the tyrant Alcohol,
Till the dastard faint and fall,
Till we see the nations all
Wear the ribbon blue.

Waving badges and banners, as curtain falls.

DRAMATIC SUPPLEMENT

—TO—

One Hundred Choice Selections, No. 12

PEPITA, THE GIPSY GIRL OF ANDALUSIA.

AN OPERETTA IN FIVE ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

DON CARLOS, a Spanish nobleman.
DON ENRIQUE, his nephew.
JOSE, a gipsy chief.
LIEUT. BEVERLY HOWARD, an American sailor.
DAYTON, MOORE, BEN BOLT, } Sailors.
DONNA INEZ, wife of Don Carlos.
PEPITA, their daughter.
DOLORES, Pepita's nurse.
MARGUERITA, daughter of Dolores.
SAILORS, GIPSIES, SERVANTS, RUFFIANS.

ARGUMENT.

Pepita, the daughter of Don Carlos and Inez, is the heiress of her father's large estate. Enrique, the nephew of Don Carlos and cousin to Pepita, would be the heir in case of her death.

In the opening scene, Enrique persuades Dolores, Pepita's nurse, to steal the child and deliver her to Jose, the gipsy, and, in return, he (Enrique) will marry Marguerita, Dolores' daughter. This conversation having been overheard by Marguerita, she meets Jose and makes him swear he will not harm the child. Don Car-

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los and Inez return home and are told that Pepita is missing. After a protracted search she is given up as dead.

After some years Enrique is declared the heir and is in a fair way to have his plans succeed, when Lieut. Howard and three of his sailors stray into a gipsy camp to have their fortunes told. Howard immediately sees that Pepita is not a gipsy. He prevails on her to meet him and she tells her history as far as she knows it. He promises to find her parents, guided by a talisman which she gives him. Enrique enters unobserved, recognizes Pepita, and surmising that Howard will make an effort to find Pepita's parents, determines on his death, and securing a band of ruffians, attacks him and his sailors. Just as he succeeds in stabbing Howard, Jose enters and inflicts a mortal wound on Enrique. The latter, on his death-bed, confesses to Don Carlos and Inez that he was instrumental in stealing their daughter. Meanwhile Pepita is betrothed to Howard, and having been traced to the camp by her parents, is taken home. Jose is kindly received and all ends happily except for Dolores, who comes to grief.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Dolores alone, sewing. Enter Enrique.*

Tune, "Captain with his Whiskers."

ENRIQUE. Good morning, Dolores! You're looking quite bright!

DOLORES. Oh my, Don Enrique! I've got such a fright!
I really don't know when I've had such a scare;
But why do you stand, sir? Sit down, here's a chair.
I was just going to say I was lonely to-day,
For little Pepita has gone out to play,
But she'll tear all her dresses, which I'll have to mend.

ENRIQUE. I'll soon show a way for your sewing to end!
My cousin Pepita, I hate her, I do,
And if she were dead, I would be the heir, too,
Of the castles and grounds of my uncle, the Don,
And all of his treasures I would lay my hands on.
I hate her blue eyes, peering round everywhere,
Looking ever at me, 'neath that mass of light hair.

She shan't live a day longer, Dolores, that's flat!

DOLORES. Oh, my, Don Enrique! How can you say that?

ENRIQUE. Now nurse, just you wait till you hear what I say,
For you soon will perceive 'tis a very nice way
To get rid of the young one without any fuss,
I know you will like it!

DOLORES. No, never! Law, suz!

ENRIQUE. Hush, hush now, I tell you, and lower your voice,
For, as I was saying, you'll surely rejoice
To see Marguerita, your daughter, *my wife*,
And that, too, shall happen as sure as my life.

DOLORES. Go ahead, Don Enrique! That would really be nice.

ENRIQUE. All right, we will settle it up in a trice.
You know that the gipsies are camped in the wood,
And José will do it if any man could;
So he'll do the work, and I'll pay him in gold,
Ere the moon shall have changed from the new to the old;
Your girl gains a husband, and you gain—a son!

DOLORES. Shake hands, Don Enrique! A bargain!

ENRIQUE. 'Tis done!

SCENE II.—*Jose, alone.*

Tune, "Wait for the Wagon."

JOSE. Of all the pretty maidens,
That Spain has e'er possessed,
My peerless Marguerita
Is loveliest and best!
Her eyes are like the diamond,
Her hand is like the snow,
Her merry laugh rings sweeter
Than music's rippling flow.

Enter Marguerita.

MARGUERITA. Quickly, dearest, from the castle
I have come at last,
Daring not to haste and meet thee
Till the hour was past.

JOSE. Oh, my dearest Marguerita,
Long I've watched for thee,
Till the silver stars, high risen,
Shed their beams on me.

MARGUERITA. Now, José, I want to tell you,
Why I meet you here!
JOSE. Well, go on, my Marguerita,
Say, what is it, dear?
MARGUERITA. Now, you see that scamp Enrique
Has been telling ma,
How he hates our dear Pepita,
Tho' he loves her pa.
So he says that he will hire
You to steal the child,
And you must—but do not kill her!
That would drive me wild!
He told ma that he would wed me,
When the deed was done.
JOSE. *He*, the villain! He! I'll kill him!
MARGUERITA. Do! 'twould be such fun!
Now by all the stars in heaven,
Raise your hand and swear
That you will not harm Pepita.
Swear, José!
JOSE. I swear!
MARGUERITA. Promise she shall be protected,
By your constant care.
That you will watch o'er her always.
Swear, José!
JOSE. I swear!
By my honor as a gipsy,
By my love for you,
By the heaven that spreads above us,
What I've sworn, I'll do!

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Dolores and Servants.*

Tune, "Nelly Bly."

1ST MAID. What makes Dolores look so queer?
Why trembles so her hand?
Her cheek is pale, her eye is wild;
We do not understand!
2ND MAID. I'd like to ask, but I'm afraid
She'd snap my head off, quite;
There's something surely troubling her,
I know all is not right!

ALL. Pray, ma'am; say, ma'am,
Ain't you feeling well?
We'd get you anything you like,
If you would only tell!

DOLORES. I've got a large and aching tooth
That nearly drives me mad!
I never in my whole life long
Such dreadful torment had!

(*Aside.*) I feel as though I'd told a lie!—
But it is true, of course!
How shocked they'd be, if they could see
That tooth was called *Remorse!*

ALL. Why, ma'am; why, ma'am,
Don't you have it out?
A single jerk would do the work,
Before you'd have time to shout!

Tune, "Days of Absence."

DOLORES. Yes, I hear the coach is stopping,
Oh dear me, what shall I do?
Now here comes Senora Inez—
Soon we'll have Don Carlos, too!
Oh, alas, how can I tell them,—
Tell the dread and awful news?
Sh! sh! sh! sh!—she is coming!
I can hear her high-heeled shoes!

Enter Inez.

Oh, my lady—Miss Pepita—
We have lost and cannot find!
She was missed this afternoon, mum,
In that fearful gale of wind!

ALL. Oh! oh! oh! oh!—oh! oh! oh! oh!
Oh! oh! oh! oh!—oh! oh! oh! (*twice.*)

DON CARLOS. Oh, my Inez! Broken-hearted!
We no longer have a child!
Our Pepita has departed!
Inez, do not look so wild!
Speak, and break this fearful silence,
Weep, and let the free tears come!
Do not thus in silence languish—
Ah! despair has struck her dumb!

Fainting tableau. Don Enrique appears at the door and smiles sardonically upon the group.

SCENE II.—*Enrique and Don Carlos.*

Tune, "Shed not a Tear."

ENRIQUE. Much do I yearn for our darling's return,
But she is dead—she is dead!
Deep in my heart does the sorrow still burn,
Many the tears I have shed.
All, all is dark, and of joy there is dearth,
Gloomy and sad to me now is the earth;
Everything speaks of her beauty and worth,
But she is dead—she is dead!

So day by day I have wasted away,
Look at my thin pallid cheek!
Heart-sick and sad, from the world I will stray,
And I a cloister will seek.
Ne'er will I taste the world's pleasures again,
But far removed from the dwellings of men,
There will I pass the few years that remain,
And ———

DON CARLOS. But nay, nay,—hear me speak!
Friends are so few, that I cannot lose you,
You must remain with me still!
If you should leave us, your presence we'd miss,
While we're descending life's hill.
Here in this house, which with sorrow is rife,
Oh, be the comfort and joy of my life!—
Oh, be a son to my poor, stricken wife!

ENRIQUE. Uncle, dear uncle, I will!

SCENE III.—*Jose under Dolores' window.*

Tune, "We won't go Home till Morning."

JOSE. Say now, wake up, Dolores,
Why are you snoring so?
What! Are you dead, old woman?
If you are, why, tell me so!
Hurry and put your head out!

Dolores appears.

How do you do, my dear!
Oh, that is quite becoming,—
Very expensive, I fear!

DOLORES. Why, are you here, you rascal?
Why can't you quiet be?

Do you want to wake Don Carlos?
Do you want to ruin me?

JOSE. Now don't get into a passion
Till I'm out of the way;
Then you may talk till daylight,—
Then you may have your say.
So hand me over the money,
Then I will say good-night.

DOLORES. Where have you carried Pepita?

JOSE. Hum!—I guess that's all right!

DOLORES. Surely you have not killed her?

JOSE. Well, she'll not trouble you.

DOLORES. If she were dead, 'twere better
To die while her sins were few.

[*Dolores drops money, and exit.*

Tune, "Old Lang Syne," or "Antioch."

JOSE. Oh, what a fool that woman is
To think she'd get round me!
But I'm too old a bird for that,
As any one may see!

She thinks the child is really dead,
And I have got the gold!
Oh, how she'd shake her nightcapped head
If she should find she's sold!

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Howard, Dayton, Moore, Ben Bolt, sailors; rowing.*

Tune, "Trancadillo."

ALL. Oh, come, maidens, come
O'er the blue rolling wave;
The lovely shall still
Be the care of the brave.
Trancadillo, etc.
By moonlight or starlight
We'll roam o'er the billow.

(*Spoken.*)

HOWARD. How sweet it is, beneath the skies of Spain,
To hear the old songs of our home again!

In this fair scene, this land of tropic heat,
The well remembered music sounds as sweet
As dear, familiar voices, such as seem
To whisper to us in some happy dream.

DAYTON. Come down, young fellow, from your lofty height,
And let us talk about our plans to-night!
When lovely Luna lights her silver lamp,
Let us betake us to the gipsy camp.
Beyond yon grove, and in a shady dell,
José and his companions lately dwell,—
The famous gipsy chieftain, strong and bold,
Who'll gladly cross our palms with coins of gold.

MOORE. Yes, let us go! I'd like to learn my fate;
To-night we'll sally forth beyond the gate,
And bid the gipsy maids to us reveal
Our fortune, whether it be woe or weal.

Gipsies heard singing, in the distance.

Tune, "Vive l'Amour."

GIPSIES. Oh, gay is the life that we lead here in Spain,
Hetai, roi, cheretè,
With plenty of sunshine and little of rain,
Hetai, roi, cheretè.

Tune, "Comin' thro' the Rye."

HOWARD. Listen, boys,—just hear that singing!
Say, what is it, Ben?

BEN. Well, I rather guess they're mermaids,
Tho' they may be men;
For I've often heard the critters
In my watch below.

HOWARD. Oh, that's nonsense; don't be fooling!

BEN. I ain't fooling—so!

MOORE. Don't you know, Ben, they are gipsies
Who have made a camp
In a grove that's close at hand here?
Ah, you know, you scamp!

DAYTON. Yes, I saw a black-eyed beauty
In the street to-day,
And I'm sure they'd tell our fortunes
If we'll only pay.

HOWARD. Well, we'll go, boys, if you wish it;—
DAYTON. I do!
MOORE. I!
BEN. And I!
HOWARD. Then come on, boys; soon we'll get there,
For it is close by.
Why, hello, Ben! What's the matter?
Don't you like the plan?
Do you fear the gipsy maidens?
We'll stand by you, man!

Gipsies, in the distance.

Tune, "Vive l'Amour."

GIPSIES. Oh, we'll tell your fortunes by scanning your palm,
Hetai, roi, cherctè.
We'll tell you of good, and we'll warn you of harm,
Hetai, roi, cheretè.

SCENE II.—*Gipsy camp, with men and women.*

Tune, "Blue Juniata."

ALL. Merry is the gipsy's life, in the woodland shady,
Where we pass the time as gay as any lord or lady.
Bright is the yellow gold of the friends that greet us,
Bright as the flashing eyes of Spanish senoritas.

Many are the fortunes told by the gipsy maiden,
And they cheer fair ladies' hearts, when with sorrow laden.
Ne'er do we make mistakes, but we tell them rightly,
Wondrous secrets can we read, when the moon shines brightly.

Enter Dayton, Howard, Moore, Ben, and sailors; standing aside.

(*Spoken.*)

MOORE. It's really not the least like I expected!
We could not have a better time selected.
The situation really is dramatic,
The scenery and the grouping operatic.
It makes me think—although my mind's a-whirl—
Of stolen children, the Bohemian girl.
DAYTON. Hush, Moore, the chief is looking now this way;
Don't let him hear the jesting words you say.

I'd much prefer to end my days, my boy,
In my own home in Springfield, Illinois,
Than taste the temper of this fellow's steel!

BEN. Yes, *sir!* and that's exactly how I feel!

HOWARD. I own our host *does* look a little shady!
But, Dayton, Moore, say, do you see that lady?
That delicate flower was never born to bloom
In the rude limits of a gipsy's home!

Jose advances toward them.

Tune, "Music in the Air."

JOSE. Now, welcome to our woods!
Will you have your fortunes told?
There are many maidens here
Who can all your fate unfold.
Come, Pepita, come this way!
Juanna, Lola, do not stay;
Quickly to these sailors tell
What you three can read so well.

HOWARD, *to Pepita.* Now, gipsy, tell me truly
What the future has in store!

PEPITA. But first you must cross my hand
With the silver bright, senor!

HOWARD. Fair Pepita, if you know
How to read the future so,
Haste and tell me who is she
Who will be beloved by me.

BEN, *to Lola.* Say, sis, come over here
And look within this fist,
And tell me if you can
If this poor fellow's missed!
Eyes as bright as yours, my girl,
Lately set my brain a-whirl;
Do you s'pose she thinks of me?
Look ye here, just look and see.

PEPITA. Ah, senor, in thy land
No maiden waits for thee,
But in a foreign clime
Thy true love thou shalt see!
Ah, beware, her eyes of blue
Must have caught the heaven's hue,

And her sunny locks flow free
As the waters of the sea.

And with her by your aid
You shall cross the ocean's foam,
And seek 'neath colder skies
A peaceful, happy home.
Joy and wealth shall both be thine,
Children's arms about thee twine,
And thy life shall glide away,
Like a long, bright, summer day.

HOWARD. Now, Pepita, as I have
Many things to say to you,
And my comrades must be gone,
Say if this for me you'll do:
When the moonlight softly falls
On fair Cadiz' city walls,
Will you meet me there to-night?
Will you come, my gipsy bright?

PEPITA. Oh, yes, senor, I promise,
I'll surely meet you there!

HOWARD. Thanks, thanks, my pretty maiden!
Ah, they're coming now,—take care!

BEN. Oh, look here, Lieutenant Bev.,
Do just see what luck I hev!
Some one loves me off in Maine,
And her name is Susan Jane!

Gipsies repeat chorus as before.

Tune, "Vive l'Amour."

GIPSIES. Oh, gay is the life that we lead here in Spain,
Hetai, roi, cheretè,
With plenty of sunshine and little of rain,
Hetai, roi, cheretè.

SCENE III.—*Howard and Pepita, outside the walls of Cadiz.*

Tune, "Je vous dois tout." Mme. Angot.

PEPITA. Senor, you fain my story would hear,
Hark while I tell it, slight though it be.
Strange it will sound to your listening ear,
Sad are the thoughts it awakens in me.

Yes, you have asked me all to reveal,
Nothing to hide, and nothing conceal.

HOWARD. Ah, gentle lady, plainly I see
Ne'er were you born a wild gipsy maid;
Some cruel fate, some mystery
Dooms you to dwell in this forest glade,
Far from your home and parents forlorn,
By the rude hand of destiny torn.

PEPITA. Yes, senor, yes,—long, long ago
Can I recall a different home;
Fond, loving care then did I know,
Far, far away, beyond ocean's foam.
There did I know a mother's caress,
There did a father guard me and bless.

HOWARD. Maiden, I pray, list to my vow,
Pledged thee beneath the blue arch of night:
Quiet and rest ne'er will I know,
Till all thy story is brought to the light—
And when I find thy parents and land,
Then, sweetest maid, I'll ask for thy hand!

PEPITA. Ah, kind senor, take then this charm,
All that is left of my childhood to me;
José has said it guards me from harm,
Surely your talisman then it should be!
By this rich jewel haply you'll trace
The gipsy maiden's lost dwelling place.

They examine the charm. While doing so, an opportunity is afforded to sing a duet, such as, "When I know that thou art near me," by Abt. At the conclusion of which, Enrique enters.

Tune, "Billy Boy."

ENRIQUE. Ah, good evening to you both! 'Tis a very pleasant night
To be walking with a lovely senorita—
(*Aside.*) Ah is it? Can it be? But that charm—it must be she!
Ah, yes! It is my cousin Pepita!
I thought she was dead, when I paid the gipsy man,
And now here's an end to all my plotting!
But I'll win the battle yet, if assistance I can get,
And his blood soon the ground will be spotting!

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Howard, Dayton, Moore, and Ben Bolt.*

Tune, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

ALL. Oh, we are a jolly crowd, and we sail the waters blue.
In the good ship "Falcon," speeding far and fast,
And we hail the stars and stripes with a glad and free hurrah,
As we see them floating proudly from the mast.

Yes, yes, yes, we love our banner,
And we love our country, too,
And as long as heart is brave,
And the arm is strong to save,
We will rally round the Red, the White, the Blue.

Enter Enrique, with ruffians.

Tune, "America."

DAYTON. What ho! What have we here?
See these roughs drawing near!
What can they want?

MOORE. They come with foul intent,
On mischief surely bent,
But soon they will repent!
Villains, avaunt!

Ruffians advance with drawn swords.

HOWARD, *to Enrique.* What have I done for thee!
What dost thou ask of me?
I ask thee why—

ENRIQUE. I saw you yesternight,
Walk in the pale moonlight
With a young gipsy bright—
Die! stranger, die!

Stabs Howard, who falls, wounded.

HOWARD. Ah me, his cruel knife
Has found my very life—
I faint! I fall!

Music to end of verse. Enter Jose, who advances to Enrique.

JOSE. Ha! ha! my noble Don,
I have looked for you long!

ENRIQUE. We are well met!

Where is Pepita, say?
I saw her yesterday
Walk in the pale moon's ray.

JOSE. This squares the debt!

Stabs Enrique, who falls, mortally wounded.

DAYTON. Thanks, thanks, my noble chief!
Thanks for this prompt relief
Which you have brought.
Still does he live—he sighs—
And now he opes his eyes:
Lift him from where he lies,
And leave the spot.

SCENE II.—*Gipsy camp. Gipsies.*

Air, "Maryland, my Maryland."

ALL. There was a high-born Spanish maid,
Peerless Magdalena;
She wandered from her father's shade,
Peerless Magdalena.
The gipsy chieftain found her there,
With sunburnt cheek and raven hair,
And sweetly smiled that maiden there,
Peerless Magdalena.

And now her father sought in vain,
Peerless Magdalena.
She was not with her gipsy train,
Peerless Magdalena.
The gipsy wooed, as gipsies can,
He had her heart,—she gave her hand;
For him she left her house and land,
Peerless Magdalena.

During the singing, enter the sailors, carrying Howard, wounded. Pepita rushes forward.

Tune, "Juanita."

PEPITA. Howard, my Howard,
Tell me why this blood I see!
Howard, my Howard,
Look once more on me!

Howard, my Howard,
Let me die, if you must die!
Howard, my Howard,
Hear my anguished cry!

Dearest, I love thee!
Love can keep thee from the grave!
Dearest, I love thee!
Love is strong to save!

SCENE III.—*Don Carlos and Donna Inez.*

Tune, "Lily Dale."

DON CARLOS. It is now many years since our darling was lost,
But our grief is as fresh now as then,
And deep in our hearts springs the sorrow anew,
When the year brings the summer again.
Oh, how often I think how her laugh might have rung
Thro' the halls of our far away home,
And our eyes might be cheered with her sweet, winning ways,
What a blessing she might have become.

Enter servant, bearing letter.

SERVANT. Here's a note, sir, just left at the door, and the bearer will wait till 'tis read.

DON CARLOS (*reading letter*). Ah! our nephew, Enrique, is wounded, it seems,
And is injured severely, I fear;
And he begs us to hasten and come to his side,
For the hour of his death draweth near.
He has something to say ere he passes away,
We must hasten, so come and prepare.
We must fly to him now, and receive his last word,
The servant will soon guide us there.

SCENE IV.—*Don Enrique's apartment; Don Enrique, Don Carlos, and Donna Inez.*

Tune, "Home, Sweet Home."

ENRIQUE. Oh no, I'm not worthy, you must not kiss me!
If you knew all my guilt, deep your hatred would be.

Nay, nay! Take your hand from my wild, throbbing brow.
I have something to say, and it must be said now.
Back, back! touch, touch me not!
How little you know how I've saddened your lot!

DON CARLOS. Don't heed him, my love, he is crazed with pain!
The anguish he suffers unsettles his brain.
But still it were better to yield to his whim;
How strange he should fancy us injured by him.

ENRIQUE. No no, I'm not mad!
I tell you 'tis I who have made your life sad.

I have dwelt in your house, and your love I have shared,
Since earliest childhood, for me you have cared.
O'er me you have watched, and for me you have prayed,
Now see how your kindness and love I've repaid!
No, no, I'm not wild!
But hate me you must, for *'twas I stole your child!*

But hush, do not speak till I've finished my tale,
No wonder you tremble with rage, and grow pale!
Pepita still lives, and is now close at hand,
With the gipsy José, and his wild roving band.
Still! Still! Pepita lives still!
For Heaven has preserved her whom I meant to kill.

DON CARLOS. And you were the traitor that blasted my life!
You have laid this great cross on myself and my wife!
Dare you ask for forgiveness? Nay, nay, on your head,
Base wretch, be the heaviest —— Ah! he is dead!
Come, come, now let us go!
Our love or our anger no longer he'll know.

ACT V.

Pepita and Howard.

Tune, "What would you do, love?"

HOWARD. What would you do, love, if I should leave you?
Would it much grieve you, my darling one?

PEPITA. Tho' my heart were breaking, I would forgive you,
And while I did live, I would love you.
BOTH. That ne'er can be,—we love forever,
Death cannot sever our hearts so true,
And day by day, with love increasing
And never ceasing, we'll pass life through.

Enter Don Carlos, Donna Inez, and Marguerita.

Tune, "Kingdom Coming."

DON CARLOS. Oh, here she is, my long-lost daughter
Whom we have missed for years,
But now our grief is turned to gladness,
These are joyful tears!
PEPITA. Oh, is it true that you're my father,
And can this my mother be?
I little thought such wondrous pleasure
Was e'er in store for me.
But here's another you must cherish
For your dear Pepita's sake,
And if you claim me for a daughter,
You a son must take.
HOWARD. My noble sir, I am a sailor,
And come from Freedom's land;
I have fought and bled for your Pepita,
And now I claim her hand.
My name, it is Lieutenant Howard.
DON CARLOS. Oh yes, I know you well,
And many stories of your courage
I have heard the people tell.

Enter Jose. (*Aside, to Marguerita.*)

JOSE. What, are you here, my Marguerita?
How came you in this place?
I little thought to find my darling,
But I'm glad to see your face.
MARGUERITA. Oh yes, José, and strange things happen,
As these few days will show,—
Enrique's dead, they've found Pepita,
And Pepita has a beau!

Enter Ben Bolt.

BEN. Oh, here you are, my brave lieutenant,
In a pretty jolly crowd;

I guess there's something going to happen,
For they're laughing pretty loud!
Hello! my boy—now let me hug you—
I thought that you were dead!
They said that scamp Enrique'd killed you,
And then cut off your head!

HOWARD. But, Ben, you see I had good nursing,
And it soon grew on again—
It was the gipsy girl that cured me,
And not the gipsy men.

BEN. And if it's the one who told your fortune,
I s'pose 'twas nice for you—
But see! just look at that old woman!
What is she going to do?

Dolores has entered, unperceived, and is feeling the blade of a large, rusty knife.

Tune, "Comin' thro' the Rye."

DOLORES. Now my plans are all defeated,—
Marguerita's found José;
Enrique's dead; they've got Pepita,—
I'm beaten every way.
I cannot live to see them happy,
And so I will not try!
My knife is sharp, my hand is steady,
And so—and so—I die!

[*Kills herself.*

NOTE.—The various tunes named are given more as suggestions than an absolute necessity. If there are others more familliar or attainable to the performers, they can, in most cases, be readily substituted. A closing chorus of a personal and local nature can also be added if desirable. The writer has seen this done with marked effect. This, however, should apply to the special occasion and its objects, and unless *well done*, had better not be attempted.

A FIFTY-DOLLAR MILLINER'S BILL.—Helen Booth.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. Alexander Crow.
Mrs. Alexander Crow.
Mr. Adolphus Pigeon.
Mrs. Adolphus Pigeon.

Scene.—*Drawing-room at Crow's. Mrs. Crow embroidering; Mr. Crow frowning and walking up and down the room.*

Mr. Crow. I tell you, Imogene, that it is simply ruinous for people in our circumstances to have fifty-dollar milliner's bills!

Mrs. Crow. And I tell you, Alexander, that the bill cannot be more than twelve dollars.

Mr. C. It is fifty. It came in this evening's mail.

Mrs. C. The amount is certainly a mistake.

Mr. C. Straw & Co.'s bookkeeper is a very accurate accountant.

Mrs. C. I don't care a straw for Straw's bookkeeper; I never had a bill for fifty dollars for bonnets. Where is the bill?

Mr. C. I tell you I have mislaid it. It came with my cigar account, and I have put both away and cannot find them.

Mrs. C. Of course your cigar account is for a small sum.

Mr. C. Of course; a few dollars.

Mrs. C. Of course.

Mr. C. I don't like your tone of saying "Of course."

Mrs. C. Of course *not*, then.

Mr. C. No one but my wife would so insult me.

Mrs. C. (*throwing down her work.*) Insult! It is no insult to accuse me of fifty-dollar bonnets!

Mr. C. You bring it on yourself. The bill is not to be accused of prevarication. Or perhaps you prefer the prevarication should be mine?

Mrs. C. It is not the first time that ——

Mr. C. That I have prevaricated? Really, Imogene, this is unbearable!

Mrs. C. I was about to remark when you so inelegantly interposed, that it is not the first time that you have made a mistake.

MR. C. Reminiscences of my wedding-day go to prove that fact!

MRS. C. Sir!

MR. C. You bring it on yourself.

MRS. C. You did indeed make a mistake on your wedding-day; you should have married some rude, ill-tempered girl who ——

MR. C. Who would contract fifty-dollar milliner's bills!

MRS. C. Such brutality! (*Weeping.*) I don't believe the bill—there! Why don't you show it to me?

MR. C. I have told you that I mislaid it.

MRS. C. Yes, your passion had the control of you and you threw away the bill in a paroxysm of temper.

MR. C. *My* temper! As for your own ——

MRS. C. I have always had a ridiculous temper,—reminiscences of my wedding-day prove that.

MR. C. Madam!

MRS. C. I *am* ridiculous; you know I am. I am the most foolish person in the whole world. Malvina Pigeon told me that you had a temper.

MR. C. Malvina Pigeon, your bridesmaid, and now a bride herself! A delightful woman *she* must be!

MRS. C. She *is* a delightful woman. And if her husband heard you malign her he would—he would (*sobbing*)—oh! oh!

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Pigeon.

MRS. PIGEON. Mercy, mercy, mercy! Why what is the matter, Imogene?

MRS. C. Good-evening, Malvina. I—I have a slight touch of—of milliner's neuralgia.

MR. PIGEON (*laughing*). Milliner's neuralgia!

MR. C. Yes, Pigeon, caused by high bonnets.

MRS. P. Not high-priced bonnets?

MR. P. My love, you have positively said a witty thing.

MRS. P. Adolphus, I hope I can be witty on occasion.

MR. P. I know it, darling.

MRS. C. (*hysterically embracing Mrs. P.*) O Malvina, always keep this love and sweetness for Adolphus; never degenerate into a hopelessly wedded wife.

MRS. P. Why how strangely you act! Of course I shall always love and be sweet to Adolphus.

MR. P. As I shall love and be sweet to Malvina.

MR. C. Oh, of course.

MR. P. What do you mean by that, Crow?

MR. C. I used to be that way, Pigeon.

MR. P. What way, sir?

MR. C. A prophet of the future.

MRS. P. And pray, Mr. Crow, what has altered your opinion of your powers of prophecy?

MR. C. Experience, Mrs. P., experience.

MRS. P. Experience of what?

MRS. C. Of me, Malvina, of me. Oh, my sweet friend, we need keep nothing from you.

MR. C. Considering that Mrs. Pigeon long ago informed my wife that I had a temper.

MRS. P. Did I really? Well, all men have tempers.

MR. P. Have I ever shown my temper, dearest?

MRS. P. Not so far.

MR. P. As much as to say that I shall some time!

MRS. P I am confused, and the confusion makes me cross. We came for a friendly call ——

MR. C. And find us in an unfriendly squall.

MRS. C. It all means that my milliner's ——

MR. P. Neuralgia?

MRS. P. Really, Adolphus, I wish you would keep quiet.

MR. P. Keep quiet! Positively, Malvina, such a command from you is scarcely graceful.

MRS. P. Then don't gabble so!

MR. P. Gabble, Malvina, gabble! I am astonished.

MRS. P. Are you? Well, don't be angry, too.

MR. P. Angry! (*Pacing the floor.*) I never was so frightfully accused!

MRS. P. But, Imogene, you were saying ——

MRS. C. That my milliner's bill has caused all this confusion. A poor little bill of twelve dollars.

MR. C. Possibly fifty dollars!

MRS. C. Twelve dollars, Malvina.

MR. C. Fifty dollars, Pigeon.

MRS. C. Two six-dollar hats, Malvina.

MR. C. One fifty-dollar bonnet, Pigeon.

MRS. P. You hear, Adolphus; two six-dollar hats.

MR. P. I hear you, Crow; one fifty-dollar bonnet.

MRS. P. Adolphus, how dare you!

MR. P. Crow, I sympathize with you; our wives ——

MRS. C. Speak of your own wife, not of me, Mr. Pigeon!

MR. P. When my own wife openly quarrels with me and accuses me of gabbling, I can expect anything,—thousand-dollar glove bills or anything!

MRS. P. When my husband makes a rude jest about milliner's neuralgia at the moment when my dear Imogene is suffering from the brutality ——

MR. C. Referring to me, Mrs. P.?

MR. P. Upon my word, Crow, I wish you'd address my wife more respectfully!

MR. C. What's the matter with you, Pigeon?

MR. P. As a husband I insist ——

MR. C. Don't be a fool, Pigeon!

MR. P. (*assuming a threatening attitude.*) Sir!

MR. C. (*opposing him.*) Sir!

MRS. P. Adolphus, behave yourself!

MRS. C. Alexander, recollect that you are not at a sparring exhibition!

MRS. P. And also recollect, Mr. Crow, that your position as host demands a little politeness on your part.

MRS. C. Yes, yes, Malvina, but Alexander does not require to be told that he should learn politeness.

MRS. P. It strikes me that an occasional lesson in the art of behaving himself would not be amiss.

MRS. C. Cease! For even if you were my bridesmaid, Malvina ——

MR. C. And accused me of having a temper ——

MR. P. Mr. and Mrs. Crow, you must not forget that Malvina has a protector in me.

MRS. P. (*embracing him.*) O Adolphus! to think that Imogene should treat me thus!

MRS. C. Why, I am not treating you at all. I begin to tell you my trouble, when you at once fly at me.

MR. C. That's because her name is Pigeon.

MRS. P. Adolphus, can you hear me spoken to so coarsely?

MR. P. (*pulling off his linen cuffs.*) Crow, I have stood as much of your croaking as I intend to stand. The Pigeons are as good as the Crows, any day!

MRS. C. Alexander, I forbid you to fight.

MRS. P. Adolphus, do not sully your hands with him.

MRS. C. Beware, Malvina!

MRS. P. I won't beware, Imogene! Your old fifty-dollar milliner's bill is the cause of this.

MRS. C. I told you it was twelve dollars!

MRS. P. Mr. Crow says it is fifty dollars!

MR. C. Forgive me, Mrs. Pigeon, my rudeness was terrible; and the bill was certainly fifty dollars.

MR. P. Crow, you have been unpardonably impolite. Malvina, Mrs. Crow has assured us that the bill is twelve dollars. Mrs. Crow's word should not be lightly treated.

MR. C. While mine should, I suppose?

MRS. C. Oh, stop this! stop this! I shall become distracted! Malvina, dear, when this twelve dollar bill came ——

MRS. P. You are too apt to correct me, Imogene. You are sure the bill was not fifty dollars?

MRS. C. Malvina Pigeon!

MR. C. Pigeon, I sincerely apologize for my ill-behavior. Imogene began to rail at me and speak about my cigar bills.

MR. P. (*shaking Mr. C.'s hand.*) Crow, I am as much to blame as you. And—yes, women always pit us with our cigar bills.

MRS. P. So, Imogene, your poor little twelve-dollar milliner's bill ——

MR. P. Malvina, you just now said it was fifty dollars.

MRS. P. We pit you about cigar bills, do we? Imogene says it was twelve.

MRS. C. And it was twelve.

MR. C. (*excitedly.*) And I insist that it was fifty dollars! I tell you —— Here! I had my cigar bill along with it; I *must* have put them into this coat-pocket (*searching pocket*).

MR. P. We do not doubt your word, Crow.

MRS. P. Adolphus, it was twelve dollars. Would you accuse me of prevarication?

MRS. C. As Mr. Crow accuses me?

MRS. P. Adolphus!

MR. P. Malvina, don't be silly.

MRS. P. Silly! This is too much! I return to papa tomorrow!

MR. P. Very well, madam.

Mrs. C. And, Alexander, after this it may be as well that I should pay mamma an unlimited visit.

Mr. C. (*still searching pockets.*) Suit yourself, Imogene. But first let me prove the truth of my assertions. Ah (*pulling out papers*)! here! here are the two bills. This is my tobacconist's,—I know it by the yellow paper. This is Straw & Co.'s,—a pink *billet*. Without opening either paper I submit them to our guests. Pigeon (*handing bill*), here is Straw & Co.'s. Mrs. Pigeon (*handing the other bill*), here is my tobacconist's. Prove the truth of my assertions!

Mr. P. (*examining bill.*) I wait for you, madam. I—I—

Mrs. P. (*brightening up.*) After you, Mr. Pigeon.

Mrs. C. Alexander Crow, you are simply atrocious! You have bred dissension between our dearest friends. To-morrow I visit mamma!

Mr. C. I merely wish to prove the truth of my assertions and endeavor to make myself less of a falsifier than you have reported me to be.

Mr. P. Madam, if you will not read the tobacconist's bill, I shall read the milliner's. (*Reads.*) "To ——" Why what is this? Crow, I—I ——

Mrs. P. Imogene! This bill —— (*Approaches Mrs. C.*)

Mr. C. (*smiling sarcastically.*) Read, Pigeon!

Mrs. C. (*waving off Mrs. P.*) Read, Malvina!

Mr. P. O Malvina, my darling!

Mrs. P. O Adolphus, my life!

Mr. and Mrs. P. throw papers down and rush into each other's arms. Mr. C. gets milliner's bill, Mrs. C. gets tobacconist's.

Mrs. C. Behold! (*Reads.*) "To cigars for one month, fifty dollars!"

Mr. C. Imogene! (*Reads.*) "To"—ah! "To two hats at six dollars each, twelve dollars."

Mrs. C., Mr. and Mrs. P. laughing. Mr. C. falls on his knees before his wife and offers her a roll of bank-bills, as curtain falls.

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